

PARENTAL  
**ADVISORY**  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Canibus Lyrics

"Patriots"

(feat. Free & Pras)

[*Canibus*]

I make your bitch crew shit stools; I put a pistol  
in your mouth and pull, then I feed you to the pitbulls  
Don't even talk about guns; the only "nine" you got  
is a five dollar bill and four ones  
So I don't give a fuck what none of y'all niggaz say  
Cause anything that can't penetrate ricochets  
Rhymin with me on a record? You might as well have died  
and went to hell instead of heaven cause my rhyme weapon  
is like a medieval torture method -- your four limbs  
tied to four horses all pulling in different directions  
In this profession I get busy without a question  
Seein me is like seein a vampire's reflection  
Fast or slow flows connect like electrodes  
I make cassette tape decks blow when I'm in wreck-mode  
Explode leavin areas abandoned  
with more radiation behind than spots UFO's landed in

[*Pras*] Is that all soldier?

[*Can*] Yes, sir!

[*Pras*] Is there anything you need?

[*Can*] No, sir!

[*Pras*] Report back to me before debriefing. At ease!

[*Can*] Are you a Navy Seal?

[*Free*] Yes, sir!

[*Can*] Then say it like you mean it!

Tell them who Free from the Navy Seal Team is!

[*Free*]

Free be the one rockin shit, special operatives  
Specializin in weapon diagnostics  
My survival tactics be drastic, like Rambo  
I'm stranglin niggaz with my bow and arrow elastic  
Whoever said you couldn't be five feet and thoroughbred  
never witnessed the cerebral cortex in my head  
How many gigabytes does your hard drive hold?  
or does your hard drive fold once the signal hits the node?  
Beyond mission control the theory behind your thought  
Marie Antoinette, behead me, I still rock  
While you choke and suffocatin off your own testosterone  
I'm known for breakin levels down to the values unknown  
A specimen with extraterrestrial estrogen  
Kick your intestines in, sell your testicles to Mexicans  
I bring the force like a nutcracker  
Annihilate rhyme hackers, Navy Seal linebacker

The last Oedipus remains, unclaimed  
So if you buck against Free you better tattoo your name  
on your teeth -- I disintegrate those that oppose  
Disintegrate hoes with they assholes in they nose  
I suppose you wanna run your mouth like a ??  
I put bitch niggaz to rest in the bitch bassinet

[Can] Is that all soldier?  
[Free] Yes, sir!  
[Can] Is there anything you need?  
[Free] No, sir!  
[Can] Report back to me before debriefing. At ease!

[Can] Are you a patriot?  
(Sir, yes sir!)  
[Can] Then say it like you mean it!  
Tell them who Canibus from the Navy Seal Team is!

[Canibus]  
I'm the meanest motherfucker on this whole Navy Seal team  
And I can kill anything if it bleeds or breathes  
Yo, callin all bitch-ass niggaz and bitch-ass bitches  
I got a Howitzer bigger than any four-fifth is  
Rappin is a raw business  
But as an individual I'm as different as anybody's fingerprint is  
If foreign is the norm I'm the antonym  
Put me in the same category you would put Marilyn Manson in  
Bugging like a satanic evangelist  
Jogging buttnaked down Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles  
Every MC in your crew will get ruined or wounded  
You talk the bullshit, and be too scared to do shit  
I'm the type of nigga that'll prove it, produce shit  
Spent so much time in the studio I had to move in  
A soldier, who practices West Indian obia  
I can drink the poison from a king cobra  
Cause long after y'all are dead and gone  
I'll survive the nuclear holocaust like a roach [?]

[Pras] Is that all soldier?  
[Can] Sir, yes sir!  
[Pras] Is there anything you need?  
[Can] Sir, no sir!  
[Pras] Report back to me before debriefing. At ease! [echoes]

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Get Retarded"

"I-I-I, want, to.."  
"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"  
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"  
"Get re-Get re-Get retarded"  
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"  
"I, want, to.."  
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

### [Canibus]

Yo -- niggaz is phony frontin like they Master of Ceremonies  
None of you suckers are even remotely close to me  
To be nice I sacrifice things like no sleep  
I keep a library of lyrics on microfiche  
Creating concepts so deep, niggaz quote me  
They rewind and interpret my rhymes to they homies  
I did things beyond your flows, eons ago  
It's inevitable in ninety-eight I'ma blow  
Ever since eighty-four, I've been in it to win it  
But see back then we used to battle by spinnin on the ce-ment  
You can't even absorb the rhymes I record  
or resolve the deep laws of the physics involved  
I travel to the end of the universe and beyond  
Parsecs, out of range from a cellular StarTec  
From the galaxy of Andromeda; I puzzle niggaz  
like crop circles and other unexplained phenomena

### [Chorus: Canibus]

Aiyyo, nine out of ten of these rap artists is garbage  
"G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"  
You spineless, rhymeless, niggaz is heartless  
"Get re-Get re-Get retarded"  
Aiyyo, I came to see that hip-hop is never tarnished  
"G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"  
So I [echoes]  
"I, want, to.."  
"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

### [Canibus]

Aiyyo, all I really want is you niggaz to stop bitin  
All I really want is you niggaz to start writin  
All I really want is you niggaz to be original  
and start spittin some lyrical shit that I can listen to  
You haven't written the perfect rhyme yet  
You don't even know the sequences to the Human Genome Project  
You haven't come to terms with your God yet  
And you refuse to believe in Unidentified Flyin Objects  
When I bomb shit, I get retarded; probably more than you bargained

I'm talkin about rippin mic off your arm shit  
Hype shit, blow up a mic shit, you might get  
beat the fuck up in broad daylight with a nighstick  
To the British, I'm Ghandi  
To the Japanese I'm an American pilot flyin over Nagasaki  
To the AIDS patient I'm your last antibody  
Sittin and waitin for a cure from modern biology

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Yo I be lookin directly into the human eye to see if you pussy  
And completely ruin your ability to lie to me  
I pull a nine on a bully, cock back the cannon  
God damnit, I don't think you fully understand it  
Ask nine out of ten niggaz on the planet  
who the best is, the question'll go unanswered  
til I step up, to the front line with rhymes  
Revin my engines like they were powered by Lemans  
Murderin niggaz with lyrics manufactured within  
my DNA's double-helix, I leave you in troubled spirits  
I'm absolutely the purest, breed of MC  
from the United States of America to Europe I deserve it  
However you wanna word it, I'm perfect  
Touch my microphone on accident and get murdered on purpose  
Motherfucker!  
"I, want, to.."  
"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

*[Chorus]*

"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"  
"Get re-Get re-Get retarded"  
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"  
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Nigganometry"

*[Chorus: samples (Canibus)]*

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

*[Nigganometry, nigga-nom-nom-nometry]*

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

*[Nigganometry, nigga-nom-nom-nometry]*

*[Canibus]*

Now if a bitch sucks yo' dick, for five dollars per square inch  
and gets forty dollars, includin a five dollar tip

How big was the dick she just sucked? (Say what?)

Say how big was the dick she just sucked? (What?)

If you a nigga with a watch, that's iced out  
with enough rocks to make the hottest room temperature drop

How long will it take for you to get robbed? (Say what?)

How long will it be before you get robbed? (What?)

Now if your song played on the radio for the first time  
four days ago, now the shit is rotational

Who got paid off to play it? (I ain't scared to say it)

Say who the fuck got paid off to play it? (I ain't scared to say shit)

If you sign a recordin deal for less than a quarter mill'  
and your advance is a hundred-thousand dollar automobile

I know the vehicle was probably beautiful (Yeah it's tight)

But did you ask your lawyer if it was recoupable?

It's nigganometry.. *[echoes]*

*[Chorus: all except first line]*

*[Canibus]*

You had five shots of coke and vodka, then you convinced  
your designated driver to smoke a pound of marijuana

How the hell you gonna get home?

Say how the fuck you gonna drive yourself home?

You got a mansion, a Benz, a Bentley and a Range  
and ain't none of that shit in your government name

What pieces of property do you own? (You don't own nothin)

What pieces of property do you really own?

You don't own a god damn thing, nigguh)

Now if you take a glass of water then add two cubes of ice  
you should see the cup's water level slightly rise, right?

You need to watch what I'ma show you (Watch this)

You need to look closely at what I'ma show you  
(Listen to this right here)

If you remove every living animal out of the sea

then wouldn't the world's ocean water level decrease?

This means the planet wasn't three-quarters water (that was deep)

This means the planet wasn't three-quarters water (that shit was deep)

It's nigganometry...

*[sample of Big Bird from Sesame Street cut and scratched saying "N"]*

"Hey, I've been sitting here trying to think  
of what we can do with this here letter 'L'..."

"F", "U", "C", "K", "L-L.."

# Canibus Lyrics

"Second Round K.O."

*[in the first section Tyson speaks over the "Rip Rock" instrumental]*

*[Mike Tyson]*

Yo Canibus man, whassup man?  
I caught you on that cut with Wyclef man - you were boomin  
But I caught these foul slouch-ass niggaz, youknowmean?  
Talkin foul bout you the other night  
on the corner of the boulevard man - I wasn't with that  
but I ain't know you well enough to defend you though right?  
But you seem like you got true game  
But.. peep game man, they've been playin me all my life man  
You know I won the title a couple of times, did right, youknowmean?  
But they can't hurt us man, we gon' do it  
Get up in this ring man put on these gloves  
Let me show how to handle yourself man  
You don't got nobody out there with you  
I gots to show you man, get up in there move that head man  
Come on to me man, but when you come man you gotta come for blood man  
Come up to me man, come on bust that nigga whole man  
Niggaz talkin that shit about you..

Hey Mike Tyson here speakin with the Canibus man over here  
Yo Canibus your main objective out here is to do nuttin but  
eat eat eat eat MC's, for lunch, breakfast  
Hey man they been playin me all my life man  
You know I won the title a couple of times did right  
No but they can't hurt us man  
We gonna do it, get up in this ring man, put on these gloves  
Let me show you how to handle this yourself man

*[Canibus]*

So I'ma let the world know the truth, you don't want me to shine  
You studied my rhyme, then you laid your vocals after mine  
That's a bitch move, somethin that a homo rapper would do  
So when you say that you +Platinum+, you only droppin +Clue's+  
I studied your background, read the book that you wrote  
Researched your footnotes, bout how you used to sniff coke  
Frontin like a drug-free role model, you disgust me  
I know bitches that seen you smoke weed recently  
You walk around showin off your body cause it sells  
Plus to avoid the fact that you ain't got skills  
Mad at me cause I kick that shit real niggaz feel  
While 99% of your fans wear high heels  
From Ice-T to Kool Moe Dee to Jay-Z  
Now you wanna fuck with me? You must be crazy!  
You drippin with wack juice, and you can't get it off  
You betta be prepared to finish what you start, nigga

*[Referee]*

Hey hey hey hey, you just hold it right there  
(Yo, get off me man)  
We got an illegal low blow on the fighter in the blue trunks  
(Yo, yo get the fuck off me man)  
If I see one more of those, you're outta here brotha  
(Yo get out my way man, yo he started this shit)  
You understand? (Fuck you!)  
You'll be disqualified (I'll bite that nigga again!)  
Stop bein a bitch (Get the fuck off me man!)  
We came to see a fight

*[Mike Tyson]*

Yo Canibus man you gotta hit harder than that man  
You don't want no bitch ass niggaz hangin out wit me man  
We're warriors man, when we go into battle  
we come out, or don't come out at all

*[Canibus]*

Yo  
You better give me the respect that I deserve or I'ma take it by force  
Blast you with a 45 colt, make you summersault  
Shock you with a couple hundred thousand volt thunderbolts  
Before you wanted a war, now you wanna talk  
It's about who strikes the hardest, not who strikes first  
That's why I laugh when I hear that wack ass verse  
That shit was the worse *[pause]* rhyme I ever heard in my life  
cause the greatest rapper of all time died on March 9th  
God bless his soul rest in peace kid  
It's because of him now at least I know +What Beef+ is  
It's not what I would call this (nah) see this is somethin different  
A faggot nigga tryin ta make a livin offa dissin  
Somebody that he gotta know is betta than him  
but he feelin himself, cause he got more cheddar than him  
Well lemme tell you somethin, you might got mo' cash then me  
But you ain't got the skills to eat a nigga's ass like me  
And if you really want to show off, we can get it on  
Live in front of the cameras on your own sitcom  
I'll let you kick a verse, fuck it, I'll let you kick em all  
I'll even wait for the studio audience to applaud *[cheers]*  
Now watch me rip the tat from your arm  
Kick you in the groin, stick you for your Vanguard award  
In front of your mom your 1st, 2nd and 3rd born  
Make your wife get on the horn call Minister Farrakhan  
So he could persuade me to squash it, I saw naw he started it  
He forgot what a hardcore artist is  
A hardcore artist is a dangerous man, such as myself  
trained to run 20 miles in soft sand  
On or off land, programmed to kick hundreds of bars off hand  
from a lost and forgotten land, you done did it man  
You done spitted some wack shittit  
And probably thought that because it's been a minute I'll forget it

Fuck that, cause like Common and Cube I see +The Bitch In Yoo+  
and I'ma make the world see it too, motherfucker

*[Referee]*

Ladies and gentleman, we have a new lyrical weight champion  
By second round knock out, 3 minutes and 40 seconds Can-i-bus

*[Mike Tyson]*

Yo Canibus man, you movin like Mike Tyson Jr. man  
You in and out and you're agile with you flow man  
But dig right, you got you gotta eat man, that's your name Canibus  
Your whole agenda is to eat these niggaz man  
They have no business to be in the same stage with you  
holdin the mic with you

But dig right...

But dig right...

But dig right...

But dig right...

Hey Mike Tyson here speakin with the Canibus man over here  
Yo Canibus your main objective out here is to do nuttin but  
eat eat eat eat MC's for lunch, breakfast, dinner  
That's your agenda baby  
Your your agenda to to consume them  
Their whole existance, they can't exist in your presence  
The Canibus is here to rule forever  
Mike Tyson, on the death

# Canibus Lyrics

## "What's Going On"

"What's.. what's.."

"What's going on? What's going on?" [x4]

[*Canibus*]

The club scene is a regular hangout spot for unclean  
women in tight jeans frontin like queens

Chickenheads who should be home takin care of their eggs

Instead, they always in the club flirtin with men

No I don't care about no hype-no-holic bitches; all I'm concerned with  
is who's bringin they burners in to burn niggaz  
While security practice is mediocre proportions  
Niggaz is still stealthily sneakin they firearms in  
Often, niggaz be acting like they're marksmen  
but couldn't hit a stationary object

So how you gonna hit a movin target? Especially if you alcoholic

The party was coconuts until you spoiled it

Nigga what's goin on?

[*Chorus: Canibus + samples*]

"What's going on? What's going on?"

[*Can*] What's goin on these days?

[*Can*] Can't do no hip-hop shows without the gunplay

"What's going on? What's going on?"

[*Can*] What's goin on? Why is everybody packin?

"While you rappin, I'm busy tryin to sneak the gat in" -> Havoc

"What's going on? What's going on?"

[*Can*] What's goin on these days?

Can't do no hip-hop shows without the gunplay

"What's going on? What's going on?"

[*Can*] Before you blaze, think about the lives at stake

[*Biggie*] "You got a gun up in your waist, please don't shoot up the place"

[*Canibus*]

Aiyyo

The other night I seen some kid gettin loud, runnin his mouth  
Til somebody pulled the thang-thang out, then shots rang out

This nigga in front of me got his back blown out

On the floor with a piece of his small intestines hangin out

I had to scream on the bouncers to carry him out

They said, "Nah, them niggaz is still bustin in the crowd"

Then they ducked down close to the ground as the bullets whizzed by

Prayin to Allah cause they don't wanna die

But neither do I, fuck it, I gotta be here

As a rap artist, it's a vital part of my career

I swear, y'all niggaz need to chill with that

Bringing your handguns to every God damn club I perform at

Everything from semi-autos to macs

Chrome or black, plastic gats and all that  
Believe it or not - the government wants that  
So they can use that as an excuse to shut down rap  
What's goin on?

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Yo

All of my hip-hop niggaz should feel what I'm speakin upon  
A subject that was touched by Nas and Pharoahe Monch  
Bullets - bein shot from guns, guns bein carried by thugs  
who come to the clubs to shed blood  
Bear in mind, that everytime a nigga reaches for chrome  
he jeopardizes more lives than his own  
To some this record ain't even relevant until you experience  
how a bullet can shatter your dreams in a millisec'  
By some thug cats who didn't take that  
by bustin a gat, they could render somebody handicapped  
and trapped, in a wheelchair over nothin  
With the gift of walkin and runnin snatched from them  
What the fuck is goin on?

*[Chorus x2 to fade]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "I Honor U"

(feat. MB^2)

### [Chorus One: MB^2]

We'll never part (through) sickness and health (health)  
You are my heart -- I love you more than I love myself  
(Yeahayeahh) But in the middle of the night  
I heard you cryin in your sleep it'll be alright  
I'll be there for you (just for you)  
if you tell me all your secrets  
Yet in the middle of the night  
I heard you cryin in your sleep I held you tight  
I'll be there for you (youuooooh)  
if you tell me all your secrets

### [Canibus]

Aiyyo, boy meets girl, boy really likes her  
Boy loses contact with girl but he finds her  
Girl has no clue that boy is a liar, and he has no honor  
So she dates him regardless, cause she thought he was harmless  
And he had her believin he was the man she wanted  
to spend the rest of her life with -- the words "I love you"  
are priceless, unpredictable like rollin dice is  
None-the-less, inspite of the frightenin repercussions  
you might get, people still risk they necks  
Of course it's nice, the feelin of courtship, roses and stuff  
Women never get it often enough  
And the reason people love they mother so much  
besides the fact she carried you for nine months, is trust  
It's a five letter word, that should only occur between him and her  
before the bees and the birds (WORD!)

### [Chorus One]

### [Canibus]

Aiyyo I heard a soft moan in the middle of March  
Then I felt a powerful force push me forward like a dart  
On your mark, get set, GO!  
I was off, flagella was my propellor wiggin back and forth  
Then I set a course for the border  
Mother Nature's karma callin me to the rock of Gibraltar  
The competition tried to be smart, but I was smarter  
My competitors were swimmin fast, so I swam harder  
Submerged in water, prayin to my heavenly father  
If I don't make it through I'm a goner  
Screamin out "Death before dishonor,"  
Because I'm awesomely stronger, my stamina last longer  
I was destined to be a son instead of a daughter  
XY is the male chromosomal order

One'll stay alive, and survive, the rest'll be dead  
Cause I'ma be the one to fertilize that egg [echoes]

[Chorus Two: MB^2]

In the middle of the night  
I heard you cryin in your sleep I held you tight  
I'll be there for you..  
if you tell me all your secrets

[Canibus]

Aiyyo mommy I'm up in your stomach, buggin  
Whenever you rub it, I love it  
Like a comforters covers you warm as a oven  
Your husband -- stubborn, how can you love him?  
Smokin cigarettes by the dozen when he knows that I'm comin  
Bad move, you hopin that daddy improves  
Knowin in your heart that's bull, because he's too cruel  
You've been abused, used, you've got, wounds and scars  
Think with your mind not with your heart, let's go to grandma's  
Terminate the lease, call the landlord  
Give your job two weeks notice, pack up the car, and go to New York  
What part? They got a little borough called The Bronx, Mom..  
And I heard that's where hip-hop is gonna start  
Hell yeah! I think we need to be right there  
Four months in your stomach and I already chose a career  
When you cry, I hear, and I wish I could dry your tears  
but I can't cause I'm stuck in here  
Five months from bein able to lay against your chest  
I can't even hold you in my arms, cause they ain't developed yet  
But I swear to you, as to God's Almighty Truth  
I'ma be there for you.. I'ma be there for you..

[Chorus One w/ variations]

[MB^2]

Tell me! (Tell me all your secrets)  
All.. all.. (Tell me all your secrets)  
And I will be there for you (Tell me all your secrets)  
Tell me your secrets (Tell me all your secrets)  
Oooohoooh, tell me.. (Tell me all your secrets)

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Hype-Nitis"

*[skit first 30 seconds of song, speaking over "Rip Rock" instrumental]*

Yo whassup, wassup son?  
(Oh are y'all ready? Y'all ready?)  
Yea yea yea we ready  
Whassup, whassup son?  
Whassup, what's the deal?  
Yeah yeah  
Yeah, aight, so... so all we gotta do  
is do the shit we've been workin on  
Word  
When we add this new, Canibus nigga, yaknowhatl'msayin  
(Yeah, yeah)  
Niggaz gonna feel that nigga  
Oh, that's the old to the new! The old to the new!  
(Yo, that's gon' bring us back, that's gon' bring us back)  
That's gonna bring us back  
(Yeah that's gon' blow)  
Aight? So let's... so let's work on this shit *[clears throat]*  
Y'all ready? Two times, from the top

*[goes into an old school style rap]*  
I hold the mic (YEAH) real tight (YEAH)  
And yo grab the mic and make the shit sound tight  
Hold the mic (YEAH) real tight (YEAH)  
And yo, grab the mic and make the shit sound tight

*[Chorus: Jenny Fujita]*  
The hype.. nitis.. is in.. your eyes  
That look.. that smile.. in disguise *[echoes]*

*[Canibus]*  
Aiyyo, can you feel it?  
I know that everybody's heard of that (The Vapors!)  
But this is the ninety-eight version of that  
BizMark, one of the founders of this art  
Discovered evidence, of the disease, and documented it  
Now the name of the virus is called "Hype-nitis"  
A terminal condition that effects all biters and liars  
Hype-no-holics can't require my respect  
Cause they snakes and I can smell the venom on they breath  
Hype-nitis

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*  
Alright now, I'm about to break the hype-nitis down  
It's characterized by a certain type of lifestyle

People that treated you foul just wanna be nice now  
Smile and raise they eyebrows when you come around  
I remember when I first started to work  
and tried to get this job as a label intern  
Them niggaz was, killin me, cause wasn't nobody feelin me  
A&R's wouldn't even risk demo-dealin me

*[speaking over chorus]*  
Can you believe that shit? That's how it was back then

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*  
Aiyyo, I know  
most the niggaz I exchange pounds with or lounge with  
wouldn't be around if my career was spiralin downward  
They'd crowd around me til I'm surrounded  
Ask me who I'm down with, til I replied, "The Navy Seals outfit"  
They told me my album was coconuts so they rewound it  
I knew they was hype-no-holics by how they voices sounded  
I pull a silver can out of my trousers  
Made a public announcement, about the Hype juice  
and then I bounced kid *[echoes]*

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*  
To me hype-nitis is like the measles, cause it's a disease too  
Studies show it affects one in every five people  
It's so lethal, the cure can't be achieved through  
hypodermic needles or the ingestion of medicine in teaspoons  
If you feel the need to, here's a toll-free number  
They'll send you an eight page pamphlet to read through  
(800)-7932, there'll be available hype-no-holics  
standin by for you to speak to *[echoes]*

*[Chorus]*

*[Jenny Fujita]*  
The hype..

# Canibus Lyrics

## "How We Roll"

(feat. Panama P.I.)

*[Canibus]*

I never freestyle for free, without chargin niggaz a fee  
It'll cost a brain cell just to cypher with me  
I'm the type of MC, that rocks for the glory  
I don't give a fuck if you ignore me or camcord me  
Freestyle or written, spittin with infinite ammunition  
for anybody tryin to go the distance  
I promise ya no less than a hundred-thousand kilometres  
My bomb threats'll have you evacuatin your continent  
I'm barbaric with the alphanumeric  
Hittin you with lyrics that separates your body from your spirit  
This is for wack niggaz doin shows and shit  
Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it  
([Rakim:] "Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holdin it")

*[Chorus: Panama P.I.]*

I roll with the wildest niggaz  
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz  
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz  
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz

*[Canibus]*

We savages, snatchin microphones from amateurs  
Cause like women who get abortions, I ain't havin it  
I rip you, my metaphor content, will split you  
into little, powderlike crystals, so I can sniff you  
What I say should be displayed at the Smithsonian  
Your rhymes are phonier than cubic zirconias  
Have you any idea what I do to crews like you  
How many niggaz in my career, I ran through?  
Comin afta ya, blastin ya, with the shotgun  
like a front seat passenger  
You must be askin fa', some sort of a massacre  
I'll attack ya cardiovascular  
Shatter you like glass in automobile crashes  
when I smash that ass into blackberry molasses  
Rip your speaker to ashes, and kick a hole in it  
cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it

*[Chorus: Panama P.I.]*

You see I roll with the wildest niggaz  
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz  
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz  
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz  
See I roll with the wildest niggaz  
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz

The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz  
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz

*[Canibus]*

I'm the illest lyricist in America -- MC's can't see me  
cause I'm too quick, for the human retina to regista  
    I roll up on ya crew quicker than long sleeves  
At a (Speed) that would confuse Keanu Reeves  
    So ask yourself, who am I?  
I'm the illest MC that you ever seen in your fuckin life  
    I hop into the backseat of a cab and rhyme  
                til the meter says 9, 9, 9  
Line for line I battle any kind of MC at any time  
    whether they signed or unsigned  
Wit many lines, more lines than a million pair of Adidas  
    More lines than the bible quoted from Jesus  
    More lines than a African herd of zebras  
Niggaz just ain't fuckin wit the 'cannabis seteva'  
    This is for ALL you niggaz doin shows and shit  
    Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it  
([Rakim:] "Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holdin it")

*[Chorus: Panama P.I.]*

See I roll with the wildest niggaz  
West Indian Island, unemployed jobless niggaz  
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz  
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz  
    See I roll with the wildest niggaz  
West Indian Island, unemployed jobless niggaz  
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz  
    Some hostile violent  
    .. chemically ..imbalanced ..nigga!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Channel Zero"

*[Canibus]*

Approximately fifty years ago  
under the direction of President Harry Truman  
and in the interest of national security  
A group of twelve top military scientific personnel were established  
This group's primary objective  
was to desensitize us to the truth  
And to suppress the material evidence that our planet is being visited  
by a group of extraterrestrial biological entities called the grays

Tune in to channel zero [x8]

*[Canibus]*

Yo, sometimes the road to the truth is, so elusive it's confusin  
And reality becomes illusion  
If I showed the masses where we was at or where we was goin  
I'd shatter the social balance of the world as we know it  
I'm talkin bout the grand deception, of 1947  
When our souls were sold to the heavens  
for technologically advanced weapons  
Crystal enhanced, brain implants, and mind control methods  
MJ-12 is not majestic  
And the focal point of our problems on this planet are not domestic  
You can accept it or be stupid and be a skeptic  
and fail to recognize the secret society's deathwish  
Ninety-seven percent of our Presidents were Masons  
Responsible for launderin trillions of dollars from the nation  
for the construction of underground military installations  
Abductions and cattle mutilations  
Experiments on human patients  
can take place in several subterranean bases  
A hundred and fifty stories below a basement  
With knowledge of genetic information, you need to fear science not Satan  
Cause through the manipulation of certain biological agents  
they create strange creations  
Top secret special operations  
Low frequency sounds and lasers, people like Carl Sagan  
that didn't believe in the Drake equation  
were tryin to keep Western civilization on the need-to-know basis  
Well you need to know that this is a game  
and we're bein betrayed and played in the worst way

Tune in to channel zero [x8]

*[Canibus]*

Yo, the holy script from Genesis 1-26  
says, "Let us make man in our image under our likeness"

First of all who's THEY? You see if God  
was truly a single entity that's not what he would say  
We as the Elohim, Gods and Goddesses  
possess a marvelously monstrous subconscious  
Lifeforms that speak, in very high pitched sounds and squeaks  
Short staccato clicks and beeps  
A highly advanced form of speech  
Even though to us it seems like they only chatterin they teeth  
They used to swim deep in the oceans beneath  
Til they fins transformed into limbs and they started to creep  
Then they evolved into mammals with feet  
And walked right from the shorelines onto the beach  
They used gravity, cause it's actually the only force around  
that could slow time and the speed of light down  
The energy grid network, opened the gateway from Earth  
to any point in the universe  
Livin organisms and various, geomagnetic gravitational, anomaly areas  
Space expedition teams in the lunar regions  
reported seein, decapyramids and tetrahedrons  
Liquid filled shoes, is what they used  
to walk across the moon without leavin a clue  
of where they been for the past twenty-three billion years  
Before life on the surface even appeared  
I hope you become aware what I'm spittin in your ear  
was intended to stimulate your left-brain's hemisphere  
I know it sounds weird, all these motherfuckin answers  
and questions to the grand deception

Tune in to channel zero [x16]

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Let's Ride"

*[Canibus]*

Yo, yo

If you just listen to my lyrics every day for a couple of weeks  
My techniques will eventually kill you just like red meat  
The Bhagavad Gita beliefs I speak be so deep  
Most critics get mad because there's nothin to critique  
Whenever I'm rappin or rhymin  
with irrefutably remarkable timin  
I'm like, Charlie Chaplin pantomimin  
If you John Blaze, or you James Flames  
or you Jack Cremation, I'm Jermaine Propane (Jermaine Propane)  
No pain no gain in this rap game  
For the fortune and fame in order to remain  
Most real MC's, learn to adapt to the change  
or get washed away like tears in the rain, in the rain y'all

*[Chorus: Wyclef, Product, Pras]*

*[Clef]* Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride  
Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride  
*[Pro]* When you in the streets and you're drivin in your V  
if you can see what I see, you're prepared for the jackers  
*[Can]* Old school, old school  
*[Pras]* Everybody got to pack a mac now

*[Canibus]*

Yo, if you wanna know, how I kick a flow  
when I rip a show, with my lyric-al, I'ma let you know  
It's difficult, cause I'm a part spiritual, part para-physical miracle  
And I'ma blackout in a minute too  
Spittin like Bone-Thugs like  
"Nigga-what? I'm-fin-to-get-a-gun and stick-em-up"  
then crush a Thug's Bones with a chrome slug  
The black Cyrano DeBergerac of rap  
with the ghetto Anglo-Sax' poetic syntax  
In fact, nigga don't even give me dap when I see you  
Just don't give me no ice grill eye contact either  
When you see me, whylin like Beenie on the speakers  
"Zim zimma -- who got the fire for my reefa?"

*[Chorus: Product, Pras, Wyclef]*

*[Pro]* You came home from a bid a nigga was in your crib  
And the whole time you thought your girl was celebreate  
*[Can]* Old school old school  
*[Pras]* You locked up and she need some di-ick  
*[Clef]* Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride  
Just ride in the hood, just ride, all my .. uh, ah just ride

*[Canibus]*

Yo physically I move at a velocity  
that'll break your stopwatch if you clockin me  
My concrete jungle is like Jumanji  
Iller than what you seen in the cinema  
A five foot eight, nigga with more horsepower than eight cylinders  
My brain consists of twin Pentium chips  
Double the clock speeds of a 586  
And nothin about my physical matrix is BASIC  
I kick flavor beyond what your tongue is capable of tastin  
You'll be so surprised you won't believe your own eyes  
It's like a Jamaican seein the snow for the first time  
Rhymes of a sort, that distort space and time  
It's like explainin color to a man that was born blind

*[Chorus: Product]*

*[Pro]* Crimes on the street, come from a lack of eatin  
It's not my cup of tea, but I'll give them the BEST  
Motherfuckin BEST  
And if you still out here I kick yo' ass tomorrow  
*[Can]* Old school, old school (c'mon!)

*[Pro]* And if you still out here, I kick yo' ass tomorrow  
*[Can]* Old school, old school (c'mon y'all)  
*[Pro]* Frontin like you buyin food but you buyin crack bottles

*[Wyclef]*

Ah just ride, ah just ride  
Everybody in the East just ride  
Ah just ride, ah just ride  
Everybody in the West just ride  
Ah to the South, down South  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Ah just ride

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Buckingham Palace"

[*Canibus*]

Aiyyo I stand outside the gates of Buckingham Palace  
Selling reefer, puffin the chalice with the Beefeaters  
Gettin so high that whenever I drop shit  
it'll land on the window of your airplane cockpit  
Canibus with the hot shit, "Crazy I. Click"  
Niggaz is bloody idiots thinkin that they can stop this  
I'll increase my strength, to a super human extent  
Nigga your rhyme ain't worth sixpence  
And if you can hear, smell, see, touch, and taste  
then you don't need six senses to feel me punch you in the face  
From Brixton, to Clapham Common, my lyrics invade Europe  
like Joseph Stalin, and murder niggaz for rhymin  
Spittin fire, with gasoline for saliva  
As drunk as Lady Diana's driver wit reporters behind her  
Alcohol in the hands of a minor  
I got you panickin like bombs, with 30 second timers  
Clear the buildin, evacuate women and children  
Fuck what you feelin nigga, I came here to kill em  
Straight shittin, from New York to Great Britain  
And when we do shows we make the Queen pay admission, what!

[*Chorus: Canibus and crowd*]

When I say "Can-I" you say "Bus"  
Can-I (BUS!) Can-I (BUS!)  
Yo, when I say "Can-I" you say "Bus"  
Can-I (BUS!) Can-I (BUS!)

[*Canibus*]

Yo.. yo..  
Yo prepare for the worst  
This next verse is the face of death  
Me without lyrics is like a porn flick without sex  
Illmatic, my lyrical skills are Jurassic  
With more flavor then Skittles when I'm digitally mastered  
I go off like a cannon and blow up the planet  
with "No Fear," like them clothes white boys be wearin  
I'm tougher than denim, lethal like venomous snake bites  
The marijuana makes my eyes bright red like brake lights  
There ain't a party I couldn't rock, believe that  
There ain't a microphone brave enough to give me feedback  
I'm strong, my word is Bond like James  
Niggaz be tryin to test, but they 'week' like seven days  
MC's run away when I kick it; they act so chicken  
they should come with a large drink and a biscuit  
My style's radioactive, massive atomic  
I plan to push the Earth in front of Halley's Comet

Breakin the (Facts of Life) down like Tudy, I'm raw like sushi  
with more (Vocab), than three fuckin Fugees  
So recognize or be hospitalized  
cause lyrically on a scale of one to ten I'm twenty-five

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Yo, yo, a little bit of weed and some Henessey  
got me ready to set it with kinetic energy  
See I need much more energy then my enemies  
If I wanna make more Bill's then Bellamy  
So I could be on MTV  
with women constantly tellin me I resemble Billy Dee  
I make fly rhymes to get my name on the scene  
Then when I'm on the scene I do shows to get the green  
Then I take the green, buy a automobile machine  
for that thing on page 43, in Jet Magazine  
Canibus is the ultimate executioner's dream  
Swingin the guillotine, cause whenever the head is severed  
from the human body with a sharp enough weapon  
the brain remains conscious for ten seconds  
Long enough for me to give you one last message  
And when you get to Hell you can tell Lucifer I said it  
Don't ever get it confused, fuckin with Canibus  
the human Rubix Cube like you got somethin to prove  
Yo, whoever grabs the mic after me'll get booed  
Get everything in the club thrown at you and your crew  
From Moet bottles to bar stools, fruits and foods  
You got a album out, you get hit with your CD too  
Runnin outside, cryin, lyin, denyin  
that you ain't The Gay Rapper, but you got fucked by him  
What's the difference? Y'all niggaz still ain't in lyrical fitness  
Too busy mixin your bid'nness with your bitches  
While I be in the lab composin forbidden scriptures  
So wicked I got, Satan ejaculatin on his fingers  
Like Dirk Diggler, in the middle of +Boogie Nights+  
Sniffin white, livin the hype, he ruined his life  
But I'm a MC of a different type, yeah that's right  
Make sure your shit is tight, or I'ma snatch yo' mic, nigga!

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Rip Rock"

[*Canibus*]

C'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon, c'mon!

Rock! [*echoes*]

Rock! Rock! Rock!

[*Verse 1: Canibus*]

Jump up and down if you love the sound

We Rip and Rock until we tear shit down

Rip Rock stands for Hip-Hop mixed with Rock'n'Roll

I'm hardcore to my inner soul

Hold on as I swerve outta control

Directly into the unknowns of a black hole

All my real niggaz, with fucked up neurotransmitters

wavin glocks and swastikas

I'ma take twenty shots of this hard liquor

and swigga, til I'm drunk as the Mississippi River

Even though I know the shit is fuckin up my liver

Tomorrow when I wake up, I won't even remember {"Rock!"}

how I got home - or where I got this tattoo of a mic on my arm from

Or when I fucked them bitches last night, I shoulda used a condom

(I guess not) Now that's what I call Rip Rock!

[*Chorus 1: Canibus*]

Rip, Rock, Rip (c'mon) Rock

Rip, Rock, Rip (c'mon) Rock

Rip, Rock, Rip (c'mon) Rock

Rip (c'mon) .. Rock! (yeah)

[repeat chorus 1]

[*Chorus 2: Canibus x2*]

You want Rock'n'Roll? (We got it)

You want Hip-Hop? (We got it)

You wanna wreck shop? (We got it)

We got it got it

We got it got it got it

[*guitar interlude - like a heavy metal snake charmer's song*]

[*Canibus*]

C'mon! [*echoes*]

Rock!

Rock! Rock! Rock!

[*Verse 2: Canibus*]

Yo, I want you to sucker-punch whoever you standin next to  
if you ready to rock with a ReFugee rebel

A Navy Seal underwater in a submarine vessel  
Shittin on niggaz above sea level  
I'm tired of you MC's talkin bout loot (LOOT!)  
I'm tired of you corny drug-induced rap groups (GROUPS!)  
I'm tired of the lies, the cries, the screams  
Tired of gettin my name misspelled in magazines {"Rock!"}  
I'm tired of you two-faced disc jockeys  
Non-believers, suckin on my arch enemy's penis  
You know who you are, I'm talkin to you  
You need to recognize I'm tryin to introduce somethin new  
Somethin I would sacrifice my life or die for  
Somethin if I was already dead I would rise for  
Somethin that would make a fool a hundred times wiser  
Somethin that will help all mankind to prosper  
I die with laughter, lookin at you wack MC's  
with your craft unmastered, bastards  
Hip-Hop in it's rarest form, crossbreeded  
with Rock'N'Roll, now Rip Rock is born, motherfuckers!

*[Chorus 1]*

*[Chorus 2]*

*[Canibus]*

C'mon! *[echoes]*

C'mon!

C'mon c'mon c'mon! *[echoes]* (Yeah!)

C'mon! *[echoes]*

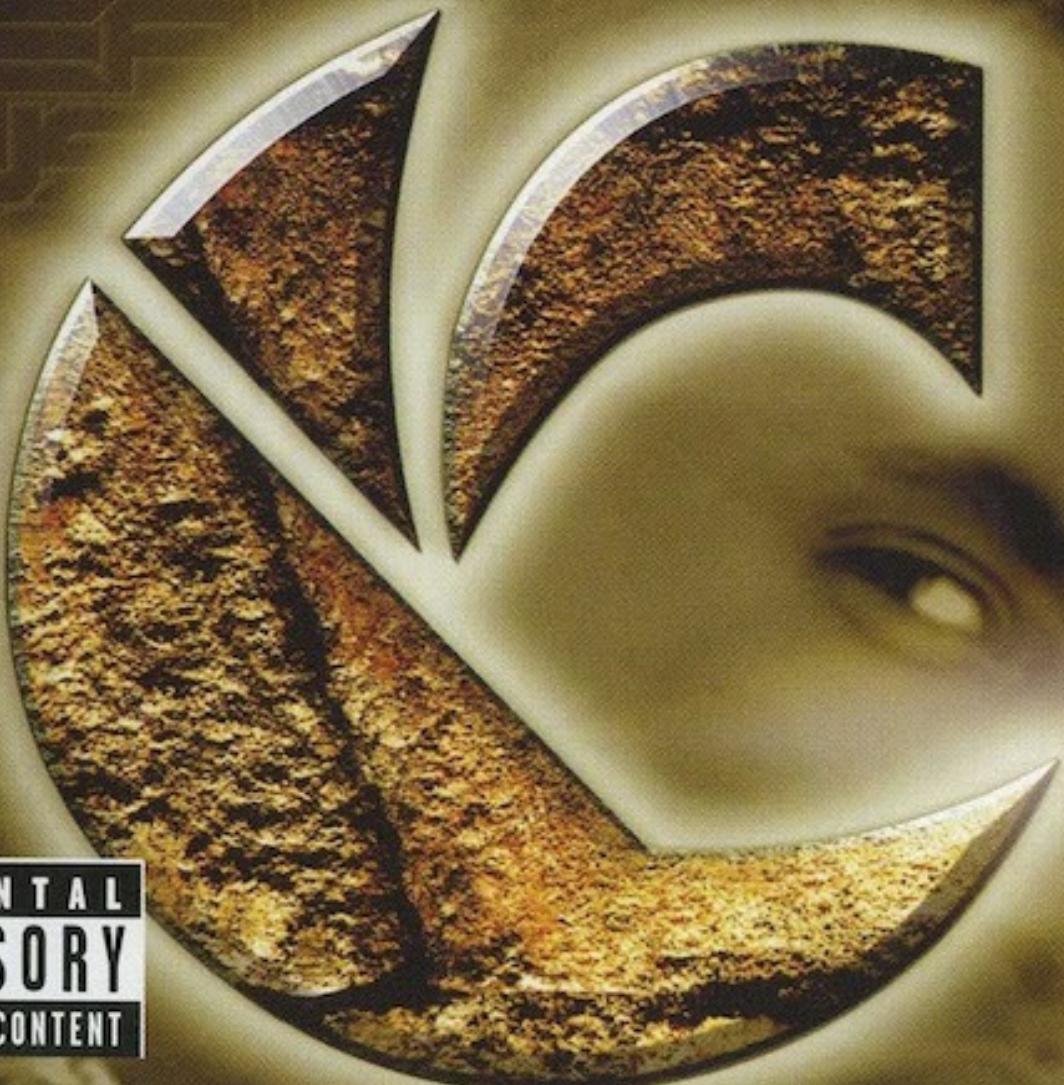
C'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon! *[echoes]* (Yeah!)

C'mon! Rip Rooooooooooooooooooooock!

# CANIBUS

## 2000 B.C.

(BEFORE CAN-I-BUS)



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The C-Quel"

*[Overlapped lines from songs in the past]*

*[OVERLAP 1]*

"I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh  
I'll battle you over the phone you can call me collect"

"Verbally vicious, telekenetically gifted,  
Took a minute to exhibit that I'm sick with it"

"Have you any idea what I'll do to crews like you  
How many niggaz in my career I've ran through"

"At 1000 degrees celsius I make Emcees melt,  
Fuck my record label I appear courtesy of myself"

"Canibus is the type to fight for mics,  
beatin' niggaz to death and beatin' dead niggaz to life"

"While you niggaz is babblin' my lyrics is travelin'  
like a javelin to stab you in the abdomen"

"The intellectual athelete accurately rappin' so rapidly,  
Yet he makes perfect sense mathematically"

"I walk the B-Lock with the G-Lock, C-ocked,  
trynna' get the DR-op on the C-ops"

"The Canibus is a animal with a mechanical mandible  
comin' to damage you spittin' understandable slang at you"

"Rhymes richocet off the inner walls of my lungs  
and go past the tongue faster than bullets come out of guns"

"Whenever the head is severed from the human body  
with a sharp enough weapon the brain remains conscious for 10 seconds"

"What's the matter with ya'll, I'll spatter ya'll,  
against the muthafuckin' wall with these raw lyrics I catapault

"I'll hop into the back seat of a cab and rhyme,  
Till the meter says 9, 9, 9, 9!!!"

*[Verse 1]*

Yea, it's the C-Quel, the C-Quel, Yo!  
I'm hardcore from the nappy follicles in my pores  
To every single pore in my skull  
Hard from my mouth to my jaws  
>From my jaws to my torso where my organs are stored

And from my balls in my draws to the floor  
I pray to God they hurry up and start the third World War  
So I can start World War 4 and murder us all  
I don't give a fuck if you rich or you poor  
Don't give a fuck if you got ya' picture in the Source of Forbes  
I don't give a fuck who won an award  
On stage tryna' thank God I'll chop ya' tongue off wit' a sword  
Let them blood pour all on the floor  
If it ain't a cordless, you gettin' punched in the jaw and hung wit' the cord  
I'll leave ya' corpse stiff as a board  
Like frozen meat tryna' thaw then bury you under the morgue  
Gettin' in my way is like jumpin' in front of a car  
Breakin' the sound barrier, that means the car is in front of the horn  
By the time you hear it blowin', it's too late to respond  
By the time you feel it hit chu, I'm gone  
I'll send ya' to hell where you belong  
So by the time ya' body hits the floor  
Ya' spirit won't be in it no more  
Who could flow for 4 minutes or more  
Without breaks, without mistakes, without flaws  
I got millions of styles and I mastered'em all  
A metaphor matador fast enough to make the bullcharge and crash in the wall

[OVERLAP 2]

"Whoever grabs the mic after me'll get booed  
Get everything in the club thrown at you and ya' crew"

"I'm the illest nigga alive, watch me prove it,  
I'll snatch ya' crown with ya' head still attached to it"

"I battle you the respect, I'll battle you over a blank check  
I'll battle you with a gun to my neck"

"Ambushin' emcees, jumpin' out the trees like Vietnamese  
in fatigues covered with leaves"

"Next year, you'll be walkin' around the "How Can I Be Down"  
conference with a laminate, that said "I Got Shitted-On By Canibus""

"Turn ya' head round gimmie the cheddar,  
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever"

"Fuck ya'll, you don't impress me and no one can test me,  
an emcee so ill I got AIDS scared to catch me"

[Verse 2]

Canibus is what the hardcore niggas is waitin' on  
Debatin' on what the fuck is takin' so long  
Well I'm here now, verbal ass whippins bout to get shared out  
Wack niggas bout to get aired out  
Faggit niggas get they ass teared out  
Grab a wise man by his goatee and rip his fuckin' beard out  
Cold beat a niggas ass like Stout

Then bust a shot in the muthafuckin' courtroom and watch it clear out  
A hundred thousand mile warranty  
Metaphorically, I'll use a hundred thousand styles and murder you orally  
I took a lion on tour wit' me, made him respect authority  
Smacked him in the head for trynna' roar at me  
Lyrics got my undivided loyalty  
And there ain't nothin' on this God damn planet that's worth more to me  
In the name of Hip-Hop niggas could corner me  
Torture me, slice me then stitch me up like embroidery  
Way back before gold-plated male and female  
RCA jacks was used for crystal clear playback  
I was trynna' blaze ADATS, and if a nigga said my demo was wack?  
I'd beat his ass and took my tape back  
"Yea nigga" [smack] "What? Yeah nigga take that"  
Anybody get outta' line, get they face slapped  
Quick fast, the Can-I-Bus'll buss yo' ass  
Then I'll bust you wit' a shotgun blast  
It's not fun so I don't laugh  
To me this rap shit is as serious as, the death of a loved one  
You know how you be feelin' sad  
That's how I feel when I grab the microphone but niggas don't understand  
Canibus is unequivocably the illest killin' machine in the industry  
For the 20th century  
Trapped in a max security building  
Sufferin' from a severe illness called brilliance [echoes]

# Canibus Lyrics

## "2000 B.C. (Before Canibus)"

*[Canibus]*

Yo! My offense is a mixture of Mike and Muhammad  
Knock a nigga unconscious and talk shit  
In bare-knuckle boxin', speed is the object  
Weavin' and dodgin' with defensive blockin'  
So in the ring, you cannot win  
The top ten become nine dead if I ever decide to hop in  
With the one-two, one-two shot to the chin  
knock you out like ten shots of vodka and gin  
The beautiful blend of power and strength  
From the top of my head, down to where my toe cuticles end  
I verbally burn a nigga,  
Lyrically hurt a nigga,  
Pull a voodoo verse on a nigga,  
Kennedy curse a nigga,  
Who can spit the words quicker than the average man?  
Who can embarrass a man?  
Bite you with fangs and mangle ya hands  
On candid cam, the Canibus can  
The Canibus can with the stamina to damage a man

*[Chorus]*

It's been a long time,  
I shouldn't have left you,  
Without a strong rhyme to step to  
I told y'all (C'mon!!) I roast y'all (C'mon!!)  
So come on (Hold on) Hold on!!  
It's been a long time,  
I shouldn't have left you,  
Without a strong rhyme to step to  
I told y'all (C'mon!!) I roast y'all (C'mon!!)  
So come on (Hold on) Hold on!!

*[Canibus]*

Yo! I spit for it (lie for it!)  
Live for it (die for it!)  
Back out the nine, commit a homicide for it  
If I'm handcuffed with the right to remain silent for it  
I'ma blow trial and do the federal time for it  
you mad at the last album, I apologise for it,  
Yo, I can't call it, motherfuckin' Wyclef spoiled it,  
But this time for 99 I got 5 on it  
You should double up and put a dime on it,  
Matter of fact, triple your nickle and put 14.99 on it  
I'ma shine on it,  
Watch Flex drop a bomb on it  
About ten times on it

Watch people call a request line for it  
Cypher sounds keep pushin rewind on it  
Look out for the album with the Canibus design on it  
12 O'Clock in the morning you'll be standin on line for it  
I'm a live poet, with a sharp ear and eye for it  
Coz I tear down mics and put a out of order sign on it

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*  
Yo, I rip shit with the ballistic characteristics  
Of a hollow tip at point blank distance  
I flip shit when I spit shit  
Father forgive Bis,  
I just snatched the Jesus piece off some Christians  
Coz they sounded like idiots  
They went from silver to gold to platinum  
After the millenium they'll probably be wearin' Iridium  
They so gassed, if a bitch sucked they dick they'd probably cum helium  
Y'all niggaz can't be serious, I was nice before ice  
Before Christ, before the words let there be light  
And a light took over the night  
I was born with a mic  
Lord of the mic before all plant and animal life  
Took this rap shit to new heights  
Before the Wright brothers took flight  
Before dog fightin' and aerial strikes  
Before MC's picked up pens and started to write  
Before promotional marketin' and ?posterlights?  
The Can-I-Bus'll bust up mics  
Punch out lights  
Punch out your motherfuckin eyesight  
For the title bought fight  
Ask Top Phife, I snatch the track for half price  
The Canibus is too nice  
Gimme that mic!

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

"Life Liquid"

(feat. Journalist)

(blood spillin in the street)

(the what?)

(blood spillin in the street)

(the what?)

[Journalist]

Yo, Wit two precise niggas

Holdin the right biscuits

There'll be alot cats leakin out their life liquid

Niggaz who actin hard this ain't Columbia Pictures

When we throw two in your ass while you huggin on your mistress

From Philly, wit cats quick to mute you at

Cuckoo cats, twist back your Fubu cap

Crucial, black

Two chicks to screw you at

Then they shove a poolstick where you doodoo at

While you checkin on your pagers

Weapons in your faces

Shot blazin

Cops section off the pavement

Hoppin out with gauges

Prepare for the occasion

We throw about eight in

The house that you was raised in

Mouthin off, fakin will make you a ?mouth? patient

Achin, with your arms in a alcohol basin

And while your brain's achin'

Imma have your dame slavin'

Cocaine and apron

Over a flame bakin'

[Hook]

[Journalist] Niggas take it for granted -

until they layin dead on the granite

[Canibus] Innocent bystanders gett shot by standard

[Journalist] y'all better duck when you hear the cannon

[Both] Or y'all be checkin for leaks -

Niggas'll have your blood spillin in the street

[Journalist] Niggas take it for granted -

until they layin dead on the granite

[Canibus] Innocent bystanders gettin shot by standard

[Journalist] y'all shoulda ducked when y'all heard the cannon -

Now you layin deceased

[Both] Niggas'll leave your blood spillin in the street

*[Canibus]*

Can you feel it? Nothin can save ya  
Cause this is the season of the infrared laser  
And since I got time, What I'm gonna do  
Is show you how you can get spotted by one too  
Cause I don't give a fuck  
I just cock back and bust  
With more arms than an octopus  
As if one gun wasn't enough  
I fuck around and pull eight out  
Blast your face off or blow your brains out  
Nigga, I'll leave you laid out  
Then I pull the gat in my waist out  
Put it in your mouth  
And keep squeezin till the whole clip is sparyed out  
Take the gun in my ankle brace out  
Shoot you in the stomach till I see the last meal you ate drain out  
Your face look spaced out  
I gut you like a trout  
And scream my name out while I'm scrapin your rib cage out  
Squeeze with the index, spray like a bottle of windex  
Bullets buzzin by your head like insects  
From your head to your mid-sec'  
And I ain't even shoot you in the legs or your limbs or your dick yet  
Your masculinity is questionable  
You probably a homosexual  
Just the thought of havin a woman lay next to you probably threatens you  
You probably look at grapes and see testicles  
You probably fantasize about vegetables  
like cucumbers and bananas havin sex with you  
And you probably let gerbles crawl up your rectum too  
Shame on you  
I defecate on you and simultaneously (urinate) on you  
Pour some acid rain on you  
I stop your heartbeat with heat  
You weak nigga, I'll leave your blood spillin in the street

*[Hook]*

*[Both]*

Ayyo Journalist what you workin with?  
Old school burners with  
-Barrels big enough for you head to fit in the circle shit  
What you holdin Canibus?  
30 bullet banana clips  
Just to handle a kick I gotta glue it to my hands and shit  
We got permits to murder shit  
We critically injure niggas who deserve the shit  
Put em in a tourniquet  
Bomb proof Suburbans with [?]track to tread size?  
so we can ride through the dirt with it  
Drive over curbs with it  
[?] in it, even over slippery surfaces

We can swerve in it  
And crash into niggas who don't insert their shit  
Try stoppin it dudes  
You gotta be bruised, cockin the tools  
And knock you out your socks and your shoes  
We'll leave you shoeless and keep shootin  
Look how much life liquid you losin  
You need a blood transfusion  
In the back of a medic truck  
Shots in your neck and gut  
While we holdin our weapons up  
I'm still reppin' Philly - what?

blood spillin in the street  
the what?  
blood spillin in the street  
the what?

*[Hook]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Shock Therapy (Interlude)"

Yeah, nigga, get the fuck..  
Ow, what, man?!  
The fuck! *[\*activates taser\*]*  
What the hell is that, man?  
What's up with them beats? Don't worry what that is!  
W-what beats?  
The beats, nigga!  
I told you those are originals, I produced  
I ask you what's the samples on the motherfucking beats!  
There's no samples  
There's no samples? You gon' look me in my MOTHERFUCKING face and tell me ain't no FU- *[\*electrocution\*]*  
AAAAAAH!  
Motherfucker! Oh, shit! YEEAAH!  
I'm telling you man, these are originals!  
YEAH! What's on the beats, nigga?  
There's nothing, there's no samples on them, man  
Oooh, you just gon' play a nigga like~ *[\*electrocution\*]* AAAAAAH! MOTHERFUCKER! What's on the beats?  
Alright, man!  
YEAH! There's a little place, I added little things:  
"I dream of Jeannie"-  
I dream of WHAT?! *[\*electrocution\*]*  
AAAAAAH! Motherfucker! YEAAH!  
Bass' Q\*BERT  
Eh, uh, what??  
I needed the sounds~  
THE GAME??  
DUUUU-WUUUUUH, DUUU-WUUUUU~  
DUU-MOTHERFUCKER! *[\*electrocution\*]* AAAAAAH!  
DUU that!  
I did~  
YEAAH! YEEAAH!  
And the, and the, and the sound from the train  
TOOOOO-TOOOOT! TOOOOO-TOOOOT!  
For what?!  
Toooo~huh?  
What's that for?  
The bass!  
Motherfucker! *[\*electrocution\*]*  
AAAAAAH! The-the bass!  
GODDAMN LIAR!  
The bass wouldn't work without TOOOO-TOOOOOT!  
Get the~ *[\*electrocution\*]*  
AAAAAAH!  
Mother~ DOO! Motherfuck~ YEAAH! YEEAAH!



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Watch Who You Beef Wid"

Watch who you beef wid  
You need to watch who you beef wid  
You need to watch who you beef wid  
Watch who you beef wid  
You need to watch who you beef wid

### [CHORUS]

Yo, you better watch who you beef wid  
You might be walking down the street, then  
Suddenly you hear tires screechin  
Niggaz'll be hoppin out with heat and  
Throw you in the car seat and leave your lady standing there screamin  
The whole weekend, you get blindfolded and beaten  
Nosebleedin, gaspin for air, wheezin  
You got kidnapped and you don't even know the reason  
We even called your fam for ransom, they said, 'Keep him'

Watch who you beef wid  
Yea, it ain't no secret  
Talkin that street shit'll get you in some deep shit  
See, niggaz know who you beef wid,  
Where you be at, when you be gone, when you be back  
All of my niggaz got doctor degrees in thuggonometry  
We all know how to hold the heat properly  
And how to conduct an armed robbery for personal property  
And can go without food or water for 24 hours at least  
We fugitives, who ain't doin a bid, and shoot to live  
Even if it means leavin you for dead  
Cause niggaz like you get scared, look for loopholes  
Pick the phone up and dial 9-uno-uno  
What happened to them truant niggaz that you talk about  
The crew of niggaz that you never walk without  
I know what happened  
You heard about the double-action  
Portable gatling and y'all don't wanna get blasted

### [CHORUS]

Ay yo we run up in radio stations on some unannounced shit  
Catch the DJ off guard and roundhouse him  
Duct tape his mouth then, put a pound to his gut  
And force him to play 5 cuts off the up and coming album  
Just the way I planned it, niggaz'll start to panic  
Brains get hijacked like planes'll crashlandin  
Bitch niggaz pray to the lord  
The black box who was supposed to record  
The pilot's voice got destroyed

So watch who you beef wid  
And watch who you suck your teeth at  
It'll probably be something you regret  
Get wet with horizontal rain droplets  
Miniature rockets, comin out barrels of metal objects  
niggaz get shot in the face  
On the ground shakin like tectonic plates that cause earthquakes  
Now you got your grill in the ground, how that dirt taste?  
You shouldn't have started this shit in the first place

[CHORUS]

Cause niggaz is comin to get you, ready to rip you  
With intercontinental ballistic missiles and pistols  
Put a red dot on your head like you Hindu  
Then put a hole in you big enough to put my open fist through  
We could verbally diss you or we could get physical  
Whatever niggaz wanna do, we could do it too  
Cause you a sinner, I'm a sinner, we all sinners  
We rob niggaz for their presents at their bar mitzvahs  
We rob niggaz for their body organs  
Sold em to the highest bidders  
Things like hearts and livers  
One and a half million in cash when it's delivered  
They go to Yom Kippur and beg for God to forgive us  
So you the type that, find violence real frightening  
Or hold your crucifix tighter when shells is firing  
Sittin by your bed perspirin, tryin to crawl underneath it  
You need to watch who you beef wid

[CHORUS]

Keep that low-down, stinkin motherfucker  
Uh, you need to watch who you beef wid  
You need to watch who you beef wid  
Yea nigga, watch who you beef wid  
Uh, watch who you beef wi

# Canibus Lyrics

"I'll Buss 'Em You Punish 'Em"

(feat. Rakim)

[Canibus] Yeah, I bust 'em... you punish 'em

[Canibus] Yeah...let me bust 'em

[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus] Ra, let me bust 'em

[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em

[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus] Come on Ra, let me bust 'em

[Rakim] Yo Bis, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus]

Yo, yo...

Out on the battling tip my verbal lateral grip

Keeps my tongue glued to the A-Dat when I'm trackin' 'em swift

Let my spit lubricate the chap on my lips

And make you rappers have fits 'cause I'm back in the mix

Forget a pad and a pen, I write rhymes on an IBM

Ebonics is dead, the binary language is in

Canibus practices in a room wit a thousand candles lit

Meditating on this rapping shit

Because my freestyle reigns sovereign

Wit a deeper conscious than the prophet Muhammad was born wit

My brain cavity is enormous

My left hemisphere alone harnesses all of the 7 sharveous

While the right one harnesses darkness

The type of dark that makes a house haunted

The type of dark that people get lost in

The type of dark you fear when you're dead in your coffin

I hear you talkin' but I ignore it

Cause you garbage and your rhymes borin'

So keep standin' on the corner,

the thrash-man will collect you in the mornin'

Thug cats frontin'

Wacker than Blinky Blink

on the back of the wack-ass wagon babblin' about - nothin'

Now that real hood rats could get it on, black

Meet me at The Tunnel where pussy cats get robbed at

Rubber faced rappers get stretched like elastic claymation

characters with verbal vernaculars

Slappin' ya like a white water raft

or an Olympic kayak paddlin' across the - Niagara

Fake MCs haul ass like they runnin' track

Where ever Canibus or Rakim is at

[Canibus] Let me bust 'em

[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em  
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em  
[Canibus] Ra, let me bust 'em  
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em  
[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em  
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em  
[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em  
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em  
[Canibus] Ra, let me bust 'em  
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em  
[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em  
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em  
[Canibus] Come on Ra, let me bust 'em  
[Rakim] Yo Bis, I'ma punish 'em

*[Rakim]*

Be ready and at ya best  
The celebrity match of death  
Heart snatched through your chest, cardiac arrest  
Crack your neck while I break your arms, catch your breath  
Then I asked the ref, "how many cats is left?"  
One on one, who challenging? Come get did  
All I have is a pen and punish you kids  
Abdomen punctured and look what I did to his wig  
Wanna live then I stab 'em in the lung with his rib  
Every word I say detach a vertebrae from your spine  
Rematch wherever we meet at, any place anytime  
Get your snot-box smashed with a 9  
Smacked with a rhyme, push your forehead to the back of your mind  
Try to explain what it's like seeing your brain  
Your insane, soon to be ID'ed as remains  
Then I reincarnate 'em and kill 'em again  
Again and again, again and again

*[Chorus]*

[Canibus:]  
Yo, yo...  
The battle started with a grapple  
He had real long hair so a grabbed a hand full  
And chopped 'em in the Adams-apple  
His partner in back of you tried to attack you  
So I'ma twist 'em up like a pret-zel then I'ma tag you

*[Rakim:]*

I'm on some stone cold shit  
Warn your whole click  
Cartilage get blown until the whole bone split  
Who wanna spit, bang quick, strangle 'em wit his lip He tried to flip  
but I left his body danglin'

*[Canibus:]*

You left 'em danglin'  
I can't believe he wanna grapple again

I swung 'em around like I was dancing wit 'em  
Put his arms in back of his head and snapped 'em again  
Then I grabbed his limbs and put in the figure--"6 subtracted from 10"

*[Rakim:]*

Seven birds, make 'em swerve 'til their vision is blurred  
Turn cats that suped from superb to nerds  
Just say the word, I'll leave your DNA on the curb  
And stick my dick in your ear and fuck what you heard

# Canibus Lyrics

"Mic-Nificent"

*[Canibus]*

Yo, sittin on chrome, sittin on low pro 20 inch firestones  
Grippin the road with the wickedest flow, 'Bis is a pro  
I zigzag throughout sly loam  
Accelerate and decelerate in and out the cones  
Poisonous poems travel through walkman headphones  
Into your dome Osteoperosis your bones,  
Who's the nicest nigga you know in the year two triple-oh  
Spit turn to icicles in the mid air and slit your throat  
Drain your carcass dry rip out your heart bitch  
I write rhymes using your blood for my ink cartridges  
Paleoanthropologists, polish the bones  
of rapper artist after I dip in my hydrochloric waters  
Canibus, with the seams burstin, perfect  
Everyday the earth spins I write verses  
My soul purpose as a verbalist, is to make my words twist  
and connect like letters when they're in cursive

*[Chorus: x4]*

I'll pray on them, spray on them  
First nigga to violate I'll regulate without warning

*[Canibus]*

Yo, Yo, I'm faster than leopards running across the vast desert  
In twenty-two yards per second to catch me to daily delicatessen  
With thirty minutes to eat'em, forty minutes to digest 'em  
And fifty minutes for it to pass through my intestines  
So ask yourself a question - can the Canibus rhyme?  
Is a fuckin porcupine half swine?  
No time to make up your mind, you wanna run or die?  
Clip you while you're running by, trip you up from behind  
My rhymes, confuse niggas like somebody try to gang-bang  
wearin a blue shirt and red pants,  
throwin up signs with their left hand  
Standin out on the corner of wetlands  
with a confederate flag for a headband  
God dam eggplants, niggas gettin me vexed man  
Cause I'm surrounded by garbage like Fred Sav  
and I can't seem to get away from it  
I dreamed that I stabbed Leviathan through the stomach, and ate from it  
In my past life I slayed hundreds, and in the life before that  
I played trumpets, to warn you that I was comin  
There's one billion ways to die, and I already tried  
nine-hundred million nine hundred and ninety nine  
When I aim and fire my rhymes, like a hundred cannon balls flying  
Striking you one at a time, in a parallel line  
Why the art of emceein is steady dyin

That nigga Canibus is still in his prime, bust a rhyme

*[Chorus: x4]*

I'll pray on them, spray on them  
First nigga to violate I'll regulate without warning

*[Canibus]*

Club Dodge, I wrecked that  
Limelight, cursed that  
Envy, I murdered that  
Club SoHo, never heard of that  
Wetlands, dried it up  
Cheaters, decided to club, fired up  
looking for a chicken to tie up  
Club New York, I heard it's hot there  
beats be rocking there  
Too many niggaz be getting stabbed and shot there  
Speed, I slowed it down  
The Tunnel, they hold it down  
Home of the underground, why they always close it down  
Century club, the hot shit  
House of Blues, I rocked it  
One twelve ATL, that's the Dirty South bomb shit  
Synagogue, yeah I be there  
Caribbean City, roll deep there  
Lyricist Lounge, they be some real emcees there  
there there *[fades out]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Die Slow"

(feat. Journalist)

[Canibus]

Yo (Die Slow)

Yea (Die Slow)

Ya niggas better..(Die Slow)

Uh (Die Slow)

All you can do is (Die Slow) nigga (Die Slow)

(Die Slow) [x4]

All you can do is die (Slow)

Yea

(Die Slow) [x2]

Fuck ya'll

(Die Slow) [x2]

Die Slow nigga

(Die Slow)

[Canibus]

Yo

You against me.. No contest

My tongue hydraulics

Strong enough to flip a 64 impala with 3 adult passengers

and a 4 hundred pound driver

And drown you in less than an ounce of your own saliva

Rubberface rappers get, stretched like elastic

Claymation characters wit verbal vernacular

Slappin' ya, like a white water rafter

Or a Olympic kayaker, paddlin' across the Niagara

My afterburners'll be burnin' you after

Ya' body already been splashed with acid

And you turn to ashes

Assassins camouflaged in the grass blastin'

Leavin' blood all over ya' lady like Jackie O'Nassis

I'll fly ya' body outta Dallas

Perform plastic surgery while we airborne and switch caskets

Then lie to the masses

I'll tell'em that you got murdered over some East West beef, between rappers

Radio stations'll express they sadness

Play classics back to back and pass out "Stop The Violence" pamphlets

Just imagine, every night ya' girls fuckin' ya' best friend

While you in hell throwin' tantrums

I'll be lampin' in a mansion somewhere out in the Hamptons

Givin' some pretty ass bitch a spankin'

Nigga you can't win

I'm laughin' cause you a has been

You'll never get ya' groove back

So don't even bother askin', Angela Bassett

You'll just get ya' ass kicked

Get ya' head chopped off and dropped in a basket  
My left arms taken but my right ones free  
That means I could diss another muthafuckin' emcee  
Wit rhymes that appear clearer than liquid crystal  
My lyrical is more visual than television screen pixels  
I fire pistols, hit you wit' miniature missles  
Riddle ya' body wit' holes then watch the blood sprinkle  
Ya probably had no idea what you was gettin' into  
On the mic, Can-I-Bus is invincible  
Fuck you

[CONVO 1]

*["Die Slow" through out the convo]*  
Hey Yo that nigga got an attitude  
Yeah he be actin rude  
And he's always trynna' battle you  
That last album was terrible  
When he's on the radio he never got a clean mouth  
Yeah everytime he freestyles, his words be gettin' bleeped out  
You got the album?  
Naw I heard it was weak  
You got the album?  
I said it was weak  
But the shit don't come out till next week  
Hey Yo I like the nigga's beats  
Yo that shit be comin' bugged out  
Hey Yo that nigga Bis dumbs out  
He waited too long to come out.....

[Journalist]

To you bitch niggas who talk alot  
But walk the block, in halter tops  
Left side of ya chest, mark the spot  
That's where a nigga put it, when i'm hooded  
Then fill you up wit big bullets  
Prepare you for some channel 6 footage  
Know what is, Me and Bis, runnin' through ya courtyard  
Creepin' wit a four-five and reachin for ya door knob  
Throw a gun under ya chin, see how quick your whore rise  
One shot could have a short slide, right out the North side  
Your whole flow is porkrine  
Spit the small oints  
I'm nasty, but my small joints grip the bar point  
Drop on top of the blue line..right beside the red one  
Keep the flow fairsome, 'till the day my career done  
Bring it to ya ass if you the challengin type  
Especially those, surroundin' the mic  
Sound of the light  
To the Journ, ya'll ain't no suitable spitters  
True to you niggas  
Lay you out on MD's, recoupin' ya liver  
Shoutin' my name,  
Ya best to control the noise soldier boy

Or homicide will be all over you poys with Polaroids

[CONVO 2]

*["Die Slow" through out the convo]*

Yea, yo that nigga Journalist gets busy yo

I heard he's from Philly yo

I seen him in Bis video

He's so skinny tho'

Now he's rollin' wit Canibus?

I don't even understand his shit

That nigga sounds like an amateur

Yo i heard Jay manage him

Yo he got some heavy gold shit

Man, that's some old shit

Yea yo the niggas that he roll wit'

probably let 'em hold it

He got alotta Benji's

No he don't

Everytime, when i see him in the back of The Source

He looks [?]

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Doomsday News"

Yo, yo..  
If I had half as many bars in gold  
as I had in lyrics when I flowed  
I'd be the richest man on the globe  
Niggaz wanna know is Canibus gold?  
That's a stupid-ass question motherfucker, is Canada cold?  
Bout a thousand degrees lower than liquid nitro is  
Five thousand degrees hotter than flame throwers  
I reflect light, bounce off walls and wreck mics  
Disconnect your windpipe by cuttin your neck with a knife  
Rip through, everything from tissues to blood vessels  
My ninjitsu, kill you with the art of Tenchu  
I zig zag, zig crushin a kid  
With G-forces violent enough to crush your ribs  
like pilots that fly Russian MIG  
Comin to punish you pigs  
Give a fuck who you is; nigga, Canibus in ya biz  
From the lowest point in the planet to Mt. Everest  
I kick the illest shit, spray-paintin my name across the pyramids  
The rap terrorist, Professor Emeritus  
Fuck forbidden fruit I was eating pussy in Genesis

### [Chorus:]

What you got niggaz that's ready to brawl?  
I'll give you the phone card and the cell to make a call  
What the fuck y'all bitch niggaz actin like y'all tuff for?  
We'll stuff y'all, uppercut y'all, confront y'all  
On stage we break arms, legs, backs and jaws  
Enough damage to cancel your tour (Fuck y'all!)

### [Canibus]

Now I said it once and I'll say it a thousand times  
I got thousands of rhymes, the rechargeable alkaline kind  
You wanna a piece of mind? Fine, we can take it outside  
Otherwise you're wastin your time, cause I'ma shine  
for the one-triple-9, niggaz gamblin damage they eyes  
Goin blind, tryin to keep up with these lyrical lines  
The type of nigga you can't flow behind without a dope rhyme  
You fuck around and get clotheslined til you nosedive  
We can rhyme fair and square or fair in the sphere  
Anyplace, anywhere, you niggaz don't have a prayer  
Cause doomsday is near, faggot niggaz is scared  
They stand and stare as I appear upon a cushion of air  
With a long white beard flamin, hot enough to sunburn Satan  
Hotter than white people takin vacation  
out in Jamaica out in the sun bathin;

sun bakin in gamma ray radiation  
til they skin color look cajun  
Motherfuckers start agin to the point  
where they faces shrivel up like raisins  
and they become cancer patients

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Yo, yo, yo.. I manipulate the metaphysical  
power to hold my breath for half an hour  
Continuously breathin outward; you ain't an MC you a coward  
I make wack rappers lose control of they bladders  
and piss in they trousers  
Pink pussy possum niggaz play dead  
While my heat waves hit, and verbal x-rays evaporate shit  
Water molecules get transformed to vapors  
My lyrics turn the Pacific into a dry lakebed  
Electromagnetic cassettes melt tape decks  
Niggaz battle in space; tryin to hold it down  
but they can't cause they weightless  
Amateur swordsmen gets stabbed through they face mask  
trying to escape death  
A world where the whole globe will contract Ebola  
from drinkin spring water darker than Coca-Cola  
Human with AIDS, computers with Y2K  
I rock rhymes counter-clockwise until doomsday

Fuck y'all, fuck y'all, fuck y'all

# Canibus Lyrics

"Lost @ "C""

[Verse 1]

Yo, yo, yo, now when you see that big ass C, you know I'm comin through  
And when you know I'm comin through, you know what I'ma do  
I never sent to battlin me, would be impossible  
I just think it's highly motherfucking improbable  
You talkin to a nigga, niggas split molecules  
To subatomic particles, strong enough to stop a bull  
Bodies slam, to oxygen, drop a mule  
Urinating rocket fuel, freestylin over gospel tunes  
Rhymes by the thousands, rhymes for hours  
I could kick a rhyme longer than your whole album  
Kickboxer, beatin the shit out niggas proper  
I beat 'em till they holler, beat 'em til the cops come  
Beatin niggas til they have seizures, beat 'em til they start screamin  
Like fax machines when they start receivin  
Beat 'em til my own hands start bleedin  
Beat 'em til they lungs stop breathing and they heart stop beatin  
From 12 am to 12 pm in the evening  
With three 15 minute breaks in between 'em  
Good jesus, that's a really stingy beatin  
That's what you get for fuckin with this lyrical demon  
Bloodstream's been, contaminated for eons  
I got cast out of heaven for treason  
Got cast out of the Garden of Eden for lettin the reptilian beast in  
Got locked up for a DUI and speedin  
A whole legion of half decent emcees get released when  
They spit a hundred bars for they freedom  
See I'm much too nice to compete wit  
Too nice to flow over beats wit, too nice to hold a M I C wit  
Off some diesel Hercules shit, I cold flip  
And start to punch trees til they leafless  
Inhale with two real deep breaths, hold my breath  
Til the whole planet suffocates and then release it (release it)

[HOOK x2:]

Yo, you ain't as cold as us  
Or as bold as us  
When you get thrown to the wolves, you get thrown to us  
(When we in the warzone, we got the chrome wit us)  
Cuz we rollin rough, when the soldiers rush  
Either you roll wit us, or get blown to dust (ashes to ashes and dust to dust)

[Verse 2]

Yo, yo, now for the last couple of months, things been real quiet  
Cuz I ain't heard shit worth buyin  
I'm bout to show you niggas how I'm driven  
The drive comes from my lyrics and my lyrics come from my inner spirit

Five bringin the, faster than 12 cylinder engines with nitrogen in 'em  
Faster than F-1 with light pistons  
Fast enough to give your brain an aneurysm  
Cuz you niggas is slower than fat bitches with tabalism  
The way I rip apart the competition when I be spittin  
The name Canibus might as well be Cannibalism  
Show me a man that can't feel him  
I'll show you a man that'll grab him by the neck  
And put his head to the fan on the ceiling  
Suffer real bad from television shit  
Drop him off the roof of a building and let the news film him  
I hop in front of the cameras and tell 'em how I'm feelin  
I tell 'em how I feel that hip hop, should deal wit it  
Tell 'em how I'm tired of the state rappers in  
Ninety percent of the shit that rappers give is subject matter less  
Not original, but blasphemous, just a bunch of the same characters  
Shootin the same videos, it's embarrassing  
You's in the same formal as the [?]havel head?  
You's are the same actors and actresses, same shit different laxative  
Face it nigga you wack as shit I'm snatchin your mic  
I make you run for your life, children in the daylight  
That track you at night, my global position is satellite  
Got a infrared blaster to test your body's fahrenheit  
Wherever you go, I track you through hail, sleet, or snow  
I track you til you're seizure grows into a afro  
Until you plaid 'em into cornrows  
Track you til your shoe soles develop holes  
And you get, corns on your toes  
Til your teeth develop hollow coses  
But you been goin so long without deodorant you don't even notice it  
Motherfucker

[HOOK x4]

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Phuk U"

Phuk..U [x4]

Ok

Phuk..U [x4]

[Verse 1]

Yo, yo

Ayo, nobody can flow wit Bis

Rock a show wit bis

Or go toe to toe wit Bis

None of yall can co-exist

We livin in an Ice Age and its cold as shit

100,000 dollar price range, niggas is frozen stiff

All I know is this

My felt tip hotter than hell get

186 thousand miles per sec can melt flesh

Give a nigga a tan

Aerosol cans expand and explode in my hand

While I promote that new Canibus jam

Niggas feel it underground wit stalactites hangin from the ceiling

I'm out on tour wit 30 city trips

Every state its like bitches be bulimic for dicks

Screamin the chorus

Half unconscious

I hold my cordless

Smoke the most enormous trees in the rain forest

While the people go insane for us

I pierce a cloud and make it rain on us

Break the equipment and tell the engineer that I ain't payin for it

I freestyle the whole set

Kickin a hundred bars, nigga fuck who's on next

Fuck you!

[Chorus 1]

Phuk.. U.. [x2] Ok

Phuk.. U.. [x4] Ok

[Verse 2]

Fuck- them extra niggas that's always around you

Fuck- niggas that talk about you and try to clown you

Fuck- niggas you run into that never did nuttin' for you

Fuck- niggas thaths lyin tellin people they discovered you

Ok, Fuck- niggas that're jealous cause you nicer than them

Don't give a -fuck- who you offend you gotta fight till the end

If you -fuck- a groupie chicken when you out on tour

Smoke a little bit of weed wit her then -fuck- her some more

Tell her to bring three friends so you can -fuck- all four

Menage-a-trois, what the -fuck- she expect you a dog  
Almighty god blessed you wit a dick and two balls  
So if you like to -fuck- pussy that don't mean that you wrong  
Unless you -fuck- it raw dog  
I -fuck- a nappy dug out  
Bust in her mouth  
Kick her the -fuck- out  
She'll cuss me out, like...

*[Repeat chorus 1]*

*[Verse 3]*

Yo, yo  
Ya superstar status don't mean shit to me  
Lyrically sucker emcees still get frequency  
Try to dis me now  
How you sound?  
Yo, whoever signed you must be runnin the circus cuz you a clown  
You a rapper wit a drug habit, hidin the truth  
Camoflaugin ya needle tracks wit some colorful tattoos  
You was never equipped for this  
Never equipped to spit wit Bis  
I'm swift as shit  
Let me point out the main differences  
You magnificent  
I'm mic-nificent  
Yo, I'd even go out on a limb wit it  
Say you write a little bit  
That don't make you a tight lyricist  
Cause you don't practice or stick with it  
Look at the 60 hour shifts I spend wit this  
I never quit, I got a gift for the art  
A low maintenance cost  
No physical movin parts  
In '98, niggas thought I was God  
How the fuck did that change  
I'm still one of the illest niggas in the game  
So look inside yourself and tell me what you see  
If you see a hungry nigga then you lookin at me  
And its aight if you don't trust me  
Cause I don't trust you  
As a matter of fact I'll probably bust you  
Motherfucker, Fuck you

*[Chorus 2]*

Ok, Phuk.. U.. [x4]  
Ok, Phuk.. U.. [x4] Ok..

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Horsemen"

(feat. Pharoahe Monch)

[Pharoahe Monch]

Yo yo

The sheer fuckin assemblin of these fo' niggas rekindling war  
Seek the Horsemen, we walk the planet Earth on all four's  
Cause your empire to Fall like the season before winter  
Don't get beside yourself like clone twins in the placenta  
Assassinate the mayor through time-travel

The assignment: to reduce all molecules and pass through solid confinement  
The only way you could flooowww [slows down] iiisss iiifff  
I liquidize your rhyme  
Consequently blowin by me crystalizin your mind  
The government assigned sentinals for Horsemen elimination  
Claimin we were mutants of artificial insemination  
Lost my limbs to bomb shrapnel

But through cell regeneration the blood accelerates at twice the speed  
Peep the vindication indeed  
Think tank full when you blink, think syncronicity  
Rob three banks at the same time through Multiplicity shine  
PLEASE!!! These four niggas combine alone  
Bringin a nation of MC's to their knees wit ease  
Seige a soldier and hold men for ransom  
Stop procreation, chop they cocks off so they can't come  
Block off a forty mile radius, bomb your fanbase  
Seeds to abnormally born and scorn wit a man's face  
Indeed watch the moon bleed, we lead by example  
Loop my life in time, stretch it in a nine like a sample

[Canibus (Horsemen)]

We rock quadropeds (Horsemen, enforce men)  
Chop off your fuckin head (We the Horsemen, enforce men)  
Leave you all dead then we eat your car-cus  
(The Horsemen) I'm a Horseman (enforce men)  
I'm a Horseman (The Horsemen)  
I'm a Horseman (The forcemen)  
WE THE HORSEMEN!

# Canibus Lyrics

"Horsementality"

(feat. Ras Kass, Killah Priest, Kurupt)

[Ras Kass]

The beginning of the end niggas!

[Canibus]

Yeah, we gon' rock this shit forever, the alpha and the omega  
The Canibus'll make your eyes redder  
FUCK ya'll niggas talkin bout cheddar

[Ras Kass]

Brought to you by your millennium group The Horsemen

[Canibus]

Four swordsmen (From the land of the lost)  
Ras Kass, Killah Priest and Kurupt wit Can-i-bus  
Throw your 4's up or get your vocal cords cut  
MOTHA FUCKER!!!

[Both] Wavin the four-four!

[Kurupt]

I'm headless nigga, but I packs a big piece  
Blastin, they let assassins loose on the street  
Murderous notes I wrote, I lacerate throats  
I toss fire at niggas  
Mothafuck a six, the condos is supposed to be flip bricks  
All thirty-nine of your bitches, pretty-ass bitch nigga  
I'll throw some fucked up kicks on  
Next is a small tank top, the spot, shot it up  
Beat you in your face wit a rope knotted up  
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the Headless Horseman Kurupt  
See I'm off the wall nigga, Horsementality  
A Horseman nigga and that's all I'll be  
See I'm tired of this Barkley shit  
Niggas talkin shit, I wanna see the streets dark again  
Let the heaters spark again  
Police callin all cars off then  
Powerful as a mothafuckin Vulcan  
My specialty is poetically lyrically energetically ultramagnetically  
Dogg Pound pedigree  
Fuck the shiny shit, fuck a bitch, only grimy shit  
Dirty shit, holocaust thirty-thirty shit  
Missle click, assassin Sicilian  
Kill women and kill men, and kidnap children  
For vengeance in the name of the Horsemen  
Slice your Achilles tendon, the Headless Horseman  
And we abide by the code of the streets

The makings of a real MC nigga  
(C...C...C...C) yeah bitch!

*[Canibus]*

So just abide by what you ride by  
Cuz we abide by what we ride by  
Just abide by what you ride by  
Cuz we abide by what we ride by

*[Killah Priest]*

Mothafucker, it's started, four apocalyptic prophets  
Appearin outta floatin objects  
Wearin mid-western garments  
Long trenchcoats wit our hands in our pockets  
Slappin all you scary-ass rap artists half retarded  
Swear by our forefathers  
Anything you speak, think, or show will be disregarded  
Then I drag your frightened ass through the darkness  
Bring you out the other side as a carcass  
I'm heartless, regardless if you claim to be gods or goddess  
To me, ya'll all garbage  
I see all of ya'll as movin targets  
And my lyrics be the atomic rocket  
Cosmic vomic spittin, hittin at ya Vietnam vets  
Wit military arms and bombs strapped to our chest  
Castin meteor storms and comets  
Now who wanna make the next rise comet  
And be the first one left unconscious  
After I squeeze your head like the Charmin  
Fuck around and see a lightning bolt around your throat  
And squeeze till your head smoke from all the electric volts  
Satanically sacrifice your ass like in a colt  
Have your seance inside of a dark synagogue  
We was lyrically sent to ya'll  
Like demigod to put a end to ya'll  
Spit bites like dogs and get the scent of ya'll  
Horsemen, we be scorchin when we be walkin  
Wit the power to put a graveyard inside a coffin

*[Ras Kass]*

Let's serve it out like the breeze  
Now watch me do one-armed handstands  
And hang these N-U-T's over seven continents and seven seas  
Streets is Lebonese  
Be rockin Bogari wrist watches and sniper marines  
Most of these MC's can't even rap  
Just modeling, go gold and get big-headed like they swallowin colleges  
I spit empty gravesites, rap stars fill em out  
You what? Thirty, forty years old and still wack as fuck  
Me? I'm ain't even in my prime  
When I write my dopest rhyme, western civilization declines  
Catch me hoppin off the A train in a New York state of mind  
But I rep westside, so I keep L.A. time

That's a three-hour difference  
So when my bitch is a six, she really a nine  
In seven days, she'd still be a dime  
Call me Blaze Skywalker hittin jugular veins  
Crack open your skull wit a paperate and suck out your brains  
Kiddo, I be doin my thug-thizzo for shizzo  
And the wife of a careless man is almost a widow  
So what's happening, from P.I. to '99 Madden  
Since police be jackin blacks, I talk to pigs in Pig Latin  
Uckfe uye ichbe echbe a igginebe and free Keith Murray  
[Translation:] Fuck you bitch ass niggas

[Canibus]

Yo yo yo  
I kick a verse at six-hundred and sixty-six meghertz  
Make lightning flash across the sky everytime I curse  
Six-hundred and sixty-six flashes  
Give out six-hundred and sixty-six lashes  
To the backs of six-hundred and sixty-six Master of Ceremony has-beens  
Put a crown of thorns on whoever the king of rap is  
If he's a (Catholic) I nail him to a crucifix  
Then I beat him till he's blackish-blueish  
Then perform acupuncture wit six-hundred and sixty-six toothpicks  
Beat em wit two whips wit pieces of broken glass glued to it  
Your whole crew gets bayed and nuetered  
As i aim and shoot it, you get sprayed with bullets  
Your armored cars and your kevlar vests is useless  
I'ma fuck all of you pussies like group sex  
You get six-hundred and sixty-six years imprisonment  
For bitin off another niggas' shit you bitch  
You got caught, now you on the other side of the law  
Snitchin on mad niggas in a soundproof court  
To get some of your sentence knocked off, na nigga you wildin  
Cuz you still be in Riker's Island gettin forced to toss salads  
You scared of that, wit a phobia fear of that  
I'ma tape it on a digital video DAT and send a copy to Miramax  
Leave you exposed, turn on the fiction and fact so everybody you know  
You a sucker-ass nigga, father-fuckin ass nigga  
That got fucked in the ass by a father figure  
(Battle who?) I'll bruise and bash you, blast you  
Autograph you wit a bullet wound for a tattoo  
Delivering mind blowin rhymes and poems  
Controllin my tongue when I'm flowin like pilot controlled Boeings  
When I get bitten, I bite back  
Quicker than Tyson attacks, I don't give a FUCK if I don't get my license back  
So, take caution  
The Four Horsemen'll chop your head off wit a sword then  
Gallop northward  
MC's take caution  
The Four Horsemen'll chop your head off wit a sword then  
Gallop northward mothafuckers  
Yeah, so just abide by what your ride by

Cuz we abide by what we ride by  
Just abide by what your ride by  
Cuz we abide by what we ride by, HA!

*[All]*

Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Priest, don't hit me no more"  
Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Bis, don't hit me no more"  
Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Ras, don't hit me no more"  
Wavin the four-four! Aiyyo Kurupt, hit them niggas wit the hardcore

*[Kurupt]*

Yeah nigga, I'm headless without thoughts  
Wit my mothafuckin arms crossed  
I transform from a Dogg to a Horse  
Took over the whole race course  
Throw the jockey off the saddle, now who the fuck really wanna battle?

*[Fading]*

Got me a pistol, launch it off like a missle  
Let it whistle, they fall fuckin 'round wit the Dogg  
I'm a hog

# Canibus Lyrics

## "100 Bars"

Yeah!!! That's the beat right there.  
I'm about to black out with 100 bars on some professional shit.  
So don't try this at home, yo.

Yo, yo, yo  
My style of rhymin is ancient like Aztecs and Mayans  
Because I recognize its all about timin  
Me and my freestyle alliance practicin African voodoo science  
In front of 20 ft. bonfires lookin skyward  
Calculating May 5, 2000 the nine planets'll be in alignment  
The arrival of the prophet in the cockpit  
Of a starship the size of the Hale-Bopp comet  
With mercury ion rockets  
And a big ass "Canibus comin soon" poster on the side of it  
I'm known geographically and intergalactically  
That's why I got extraterrestrials that wanna battle me  
They even tried kidnappin me  
And they would've snatched me  
If their craft didn't get trapped in the Earth's gravity  
Engines stalled and failed. Crashed into a farmer's field  
And that's really what caused Roswell  
Undercover operatives workin for COM 12  
Disguised as a nigga signed with a record deal  
Lyrically I'm off scale  
So all hail or get tossed towards Hell, whatever y'all feel  
Briusin niggas, confusin niggas like Chip Fu from the Fu-Schnickens  
Hit you with nuclear cruiser missiles  
Hear the wild wolf growl  
Styles stockpiled for miles from the ground to the clouds  
Wack niggas wanna be down but its not allowed  
Interrupt the cipher unannounced and you'll get punched in the mouth  
With the southpaw southern fist  
I'll bust your shit. Swell your lip and get the Bubba shrimp  
Back the tougher shit. What a wimp  
You giant Goliath. Niggas get shot with a rubber sling  
I'm an experiment gone bad.  
My brainwaves on an encephalograph show that I'm stark ravin mad  
Your whole scientific staff'll get killed in a nuclear blast  
When I throw the formula stashed in my hand  
Flammable liquids in the lab explode  
And you get stabbed with all the flyin glass  
Trained to blow up commercial aircrafts  
Trained in chemical weapons class  
Just to see how long a nigga's breath'll last  
I put him in a leather mask  
Spray his ass with a can of pepper gas  
Then watch him grab his neck and gag

Watch the nigga choke to death as I laugh  
"You wanna battle?" is the type of question you should never ask  
Nigga, pick a tougher task. See who the fuck'll last  
Whoever lose'll get a solderin iron up the ass

You need to recognize  
My hand is quicker than the eye  
Quicker than the 5 speed Jamiroquai drives  
A lifespan longer than 9 lives. Infinite rhymes that can't die

A nigga with a divine mind  
I dedicate this to the wise. Dedicate it to dames  
Dividin myself into 100 ten times  
You can't deny the offerin's an offer

Flows that glow with aurora's the spark of light  
Water fly like a saucer  
With the torque of a Porsche  
Murder a million MCs then autograph all of their coffins  
Been gettin it on since I been born and I'm a live long

And I'm a be gettin it on till I'm gone  
Look at all the stages I been on. All the songs that I spit on  
I took an oath to rip everything I get on

A nigga like me should have Carpal Tunnel syndromes  
In the wristbones from grippin microphones this long  
I'm just a small fish in a big pond  
And gets pissed off whenever I gets picked on

Nigga try to flip and get flipped on  
My army march a million strong  
Like the nation of Islam with suede timbs on  
Extremely hostile  
Fully armed troops dressed in frog suits and night vision goggles  
A lyrical lynch mob

Shittin on niggas drawn to a hideous form with horns and a mink on  
Duckin down low like Vietnam fightin the Vietcong  
Screamin "incomin" when I see a bomb  
Speak to your leader. Surrender your arms  
You need about a million more soldiers to even the odds  
Plus 800,000 to even consider a war  
And 200,000 more to even look hard  
You better drop your flag and withdraw

My cavalry charge accompanied by a blizzard of wicked metaphors  
And smash y'all. Attach y'all to the back of my horse  
And drag y'all across the motherfuckin asphalt  
9 out of 10 niggas is frauds

You know who you are always talkin about your bitches and your cars  
Your jewelry and your girls. It's like we from two different worlds  
You motherfuckers really get on my nerves  
Cause I'm beyond them, on some futuristic cyborg shit

I close my eyes when I freestyle so I could read what picture crossed in  
Then raise my arms like a sorcerer and cast a fireball into the audience  
To barbecue your brain organs  
You feel like you've been thrown in a microwave oven  
I flame broil suckers and hit 'em with some more shit  
The raw shit. Call my reinforcements, the four horsemen  
Take a big piece of chalk and draw a line across the stage pulpit

I dare a motherfucker to cross it  
I'll even call my man Black Rob at two in the mornin  
Tell him it's important. Tell him to call Sting 3 way and sing a chorus  
Break your camcorders so you motherfuckers can't record it  
Call the news, I'll kill your reporters  
Start a lawsuit, I'll kill your lawyers  
Fuck the soft shit and fuck what y'all think  
My album's gold cause my album was the bomb, shit  
Y'all niggas got your ass beat cause you asked for it  
Got your picture taken and put in a tabloid  
Cause you a man and you like to touch little boys  
You fuck 'em in the ass, then you give 'em cash for it  
That's some sick shit homeboy  
A hundred years ago, they'd have took you to see Sigmund Freud  
You fraudulent. Feminine. Fragile as a feather is  
With an effortless blow, I'll crack your whole skeleton  
You think you're better than Canibus, where's the evidence?  
You got below average intelligence and poor penmanship  
You need to shut the fuck up cause your breath stink  
Take fifty cents and purchase a pack of peppermints  
Battlin me you never win  
You thought you was the only nigga that could sneak a weapon in?  
Nigga guess again  
Cause after I'm finished wreckin this shit  
I'm a drink a whole bottle of Henney and go fuck a lesbian

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Chaos"

[Verse 1 (acapella)]

Yo yo yo

Now ain't nobody fuckin wit the mastermind

I'm like Einstein, a hundred and fifty times magnified

Nickel and Teslin, Jon Von Neuman

All wrapped up in the body in one human

I rhyme the tightest, shine the brightest

I blind the optic fibers in anybody's iris

When it comes to rappin, I'll smash your ass

Whether you Latin, Black or Anglo-Saxon

I'll smack you wit a backhand

That crack your back like chiropractors after lookin at your catscan

In between albums, I've become a masked man like Batman

And stalk my own rap fans

I'm like a madman fightin a war

Throwin lightning rods, swingin lightning swords

Blow you away wit a force that'll leave your body lost

Gone, nothin to mourn, nothin to do a autopsy on

I rock till I can't rock no more

Till I can't get no mothafuckin props no more

Till they boo me on stage when I'm out on tour

Till 2000 B.C. ain't hot no more

I'm a dragon wit the head of a lion, jaws be like saws grindin

Claws rip through walls of cast iron

I slap fire outta hoodlum, pull out steel and start shootin

I clap iron like Duke Nukeum

Try to attack 'Bis, you get your face stomped

Flatter than a compact disc wit black Timbs

Flatter than a Yankee baseball cap rim

Flatter than the knife Jigga stabbed Un wit

[Chorus]

If you the first nigga that laugh

I'll blow you in half

The first nigga to talk trash

I'ma blow you in half

The first nigga to show your ass

I'll blow you in half

The first time'll be your last

Cuz I'ma blow you in half

[Verse 2]

Yo check it beat comes in

I destroy your whole city block when I'm ready to rock

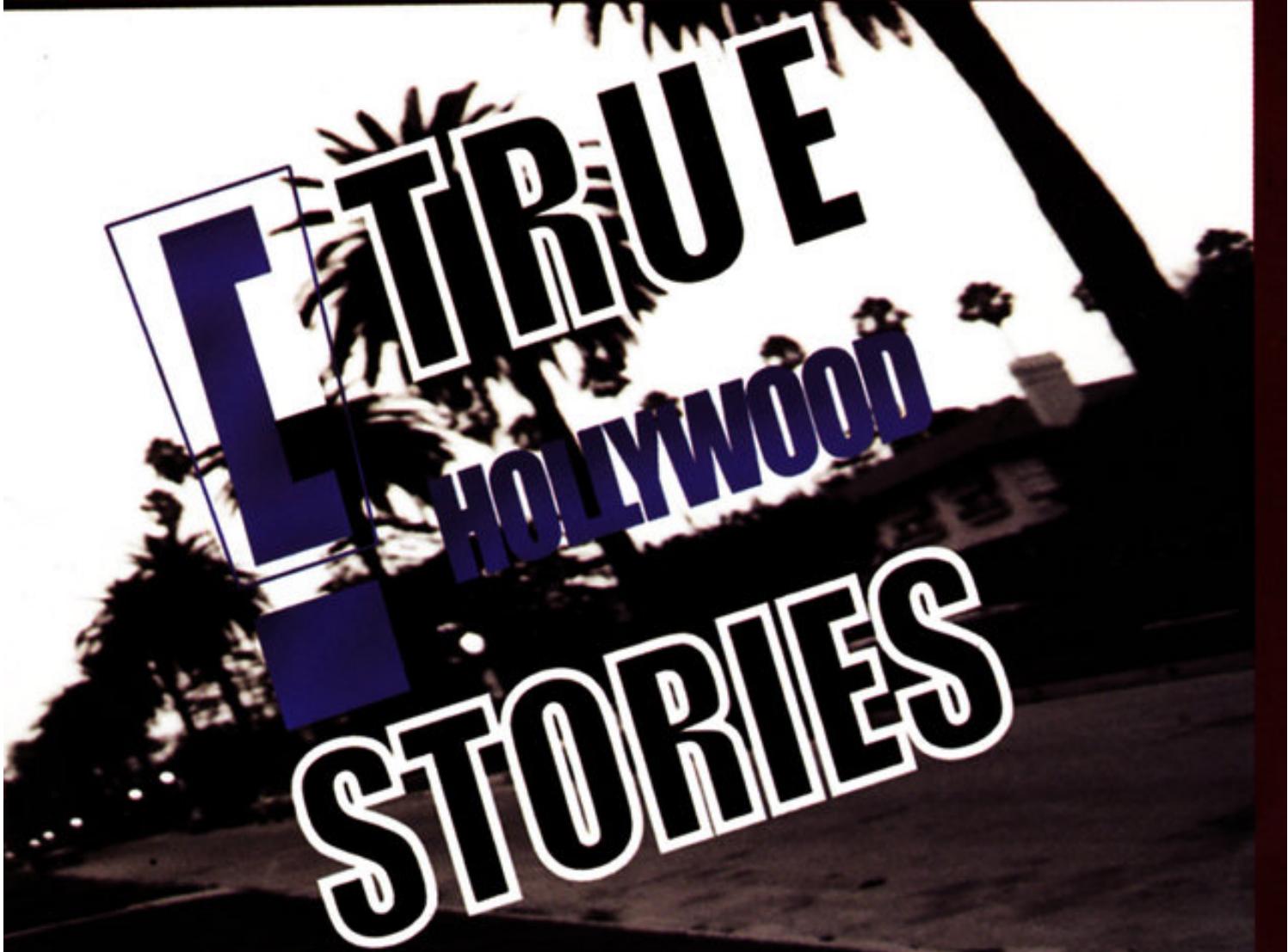
Blow the speaker box, magnetically shielded or not

Magnetically energy poppin gates of radio waves

Oscilate lyrics and beats copulate to pop your tape

Manipulatin space in large proportions  
Millions of brain organs get lost when I start talkin  
About shit like supernatural forces  
Gnomes and theories and superstring theories  
Most of you mothafuckers barely  
Even understand the English language, much less think clearly  
When I die, will I go to Heaven or Hell  
Or will I end up in a place called the Van Allen Belt  
I researched my roots, lookin for proof  
The best place to hide a lie is between two truths  
The aftermath of a nuclear blast  
When the average death sentence becomes a dead paragraph  
I dig a 5 by 9 rectangle in the grass  
Reach your epitab and bury your ass  
As the coffin gets lowered into the ground slowly  
I'll sing all of your greatest hits, oldies on karaoke

*[Chorus x2]*



A black and white photograph of a city street at night. In the foreground, there's a dark, textured surface that looks like asphalt or concrete. In the middle ground, several palm trees stand tall against a bright sky. Behind them, the silhouettes of buildings and possibly a bridge or overpass are visible. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and cinematic.

# TRUE HOLLYWOOD STORIES

canibus

PARENTAL  
GUIDE  
EXPLICIT LYRIC CONTENT

# Canibus Lyrics

"Stan Lives! (Skit)"

[driving car]

[Bliss:] "Hey, yo Loo, what time is the flight man?"  
[Loo:] "We got 30 minutes to get to the airport, man, heck you should drive a little faster"  
[Bliss:] "What! I'm already doing above"

[Stan's car passes them]

[Loo:] "The fuck's the matter with this guy?"  
[2Pak:] "Crazy motherfucker"  
"Damm, slow down"  
[Bliss:] "Who's he tryna' catch?"  
[Loo:] "I dunno, but if he don't slow down, he might-"

[Stan's car skids and crashes off a bridge]

"Wow! Shit!"  
[Loo:] "See that?!"  
[Bliss:] "God damm! Yo, that nigga just drove over the bridge! Yo Pak! Yo, slow down man!"  
[2Pak:] "Yo, Bliss man, we gotta make this flight man, we got 60 G's on the show"  
[Bliss:] "Yo, somebody's in there, yo, pull over Pak!"  
[2Pak:] "Yo, I'mma call 911, to son"  
[Bliss:] "Man, if we don't do sumthing man, they gonna' drown!"

[Bliss gets out of the car]

[2Pak:] "Yo, Bliss man, what are you doin?"  
[Bliss:] "I gotta go, yo I gotta go rescue them"  
[2Pak:] "C'mon Bliss!"  
[Loo:] "Yo, don't worry about Bliss man, he a good swimmer son, he knows what he's doing"

[Stan is gasping for air]

[Bliss:] "Yo, is he breathing?"  
[Bliss:] "Yo, I dunno, yo Loo, quick man, get me a sweater so I can put it underneath his neck"

[Ambulance sirens]

[Ambulance person:] "Thank you, now could you ease step to the side"  
[talks through radio] "We have a 53-11, I repeat, a 53-11, our ETA is 7 minutes"

[Ambulance person:] "We'll take it from here, what's his name?"  
[2Pak:] "We dunno, we was just right behind him and he just drove off the fucking bridge!"  
[2Pak:] "Yo Bliss, we gunna miss our flight man, we gotta leave now!"  
[Bliss:] "Yo, excuse me, how far is the hospital from here?"  
[Ambulance person:] "5 minutes, I need you to come to the hospital and fill out a report"  
[Bliss:] "Ok, ok, yo, I'll just catch up with y'all at the airport"



# Canibus Lyrics

## "U Didn't Care"

*[Chorus]*

You.. didn't, care about me  
And now this is how it has to be  
I was lost, but now I am free  
I'm happy cuz I found a family

*[Verse 1]*

Whattup Em', it's ya biggest fan  
It's not even necessary to introduce who I am  
by now, cuz we're good friends  
Remember the letter I wrote, before Atlanta on Up In Smoke  
That's the day I was gonna cut ya throat  
I guess my watch was broke -- cuz by the time I woke  
I seen my watch was twelve hours late and I missed the show  
But none the less I'm glad that I finally reached you  
Ever since the accident I've been dying to speak to you  
To tell you things have changed, and I'm a different man  
A different level of understanding, I'm a different Stan  
Things are a lot better, I promise I won't harrass you with any letters  
Saying shit like "We should be together"  
I may reach and start a group  
The industry's full of homosexuals Slim, but I don't wanna fuck you  
I got a new attitude, really, I ain't mad at you  
I just wanted you to recognize I got talent too

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 2]*

When I say talented, I don't mean battle kid  
I mean storytellin, kinda like how ya album is  
I been attendin counselin and takin medicine  
They did some tests on me at NIH in Maryland  
They showed me techniques to help me pressure  
whenever I remember that crazy night when I was being reckless  
Drivin with a deathwish, on the bridge and I crashed into a Lexus  
Right before I finished that last sentence  
I was listenin to Xzibit's album "Restless"  
The next thing I knew I was under water and breathless  
I was unconscious for a second, literally dying to go to heaven  
till some fellas came and pulled me from the wreckage  
They started CPR, then they called the paramedics  
In retrospect I probably shoulda used a gun to end it  
By the time the car sunk  
My pregnant girlfriend was still in the trunk  
and I was still feelin kinda drunk  
The ambulance came and they put me on the stretcher  
Hooked me up to the IV and checked my blood pressure

One of them was so concerned that they wouldn't leave  
He hopped in the back of the ambulance and rolled up some weed  
My vision was blurry, I couldn't really see  
I just remember his voice talking to me  
In the emergency room, I needed surgery to get some glass removed  
and fifty stitches for my wooze

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

After a couple months of therapy,  
I figured I was as ready as I'd ever be - I wanted to be an emcee  
He took me to shows wit him, he let me flow wit him  
He let me write some rhymes and go on tour wit him  
I really believed in him, I decided to team wit him  
And now I'm overseas wit him, gettin cheese wit him  
And I'm emceein wit him, I'm havin the best time of my life  
And I'm writin the best rhymes of my life  
He introduces me to people as his lyrical equal  
Let me write a rhyme on his album and even produce a beat too  
He ain't see-through, I can't see him frontin  
He's not the type to call you, just because he needs somethin  
That's what I like about him,  
I wouldn't want to rock a mic without him  
He's got kahunas and he's not a coward  
Matta fact, I think he met you  
It was the day you came to his video shoot with DJ, Jimmy's nephew  
'Clef stepped to him and told him he should step to you  
That you was ghost writin for L, but that wasn't true  
You was lookin at him the same way I'm lookin at you  
Why can't we be friends Em', I don't want nothin from you  
You see there's a little bit of Stan in all of us  
Tell me where you think all of these record sales sparred from  
Talkin 'bout Britney and Christina Aguilera  
Nsync too, have you ever looked in a mirror?  
Your hair ain't really blonde, and ya eyes ain't blue  
So never diss me, cuz when you diss me your dissin you..

See.. See what happens when you don't care

[Chorus]

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Rip Off"

*[crowd chanting]*

Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus  
Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus [x2]

*[Hook: x2]*

Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)  
Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)  
Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)  
Well I'm gone (Ohhhhhh!)

*[Verse 1]*

Yo, my brain races to create these lyrical mosaics like paintings  
To me record store and art galleries are merely the same thing  
I feel like I'm Rembrandt and my man Van Gogh is amazin  
Canibus is not some average rap patron, have patience  
I went through changes, not being with the majors and all  
'Til my man Louie Lombard gave me a call  
and talked about some other way to cake off  
I thought hmmm.. I could make more, he said "Sure"  
"I could put you in about three thousand stores,  
and get at least fifty thousand orders"  
"Maybe more 'Bus, who knows your fanbase is emormous"  
Well of course, look who I've toured with; Wyclef  
I didn't sell twenty million cuz it wasn't my time yet  
I'm satisfied with the line up I rhyme with  
Kool G Rap, Pharoahe Monch, and Rakim  
Including future superstars I've worked with thus far  
Like Free, from 106 and Park  
You need to understand somethin; 'Bus is raw  
Raw to the floor, raw like reservoirs,  
Auger mechanical mandible jaws, split you in half  
Addicted to rippin jackers, but I rip a jackass  
Before we battle, there's two questions I have to ask  
Are you carrying any firearms, and did you pack your bags?  
Cool, cuz I'ma make you feel real bad  
And I'ma make you so mad, you'll probably spazz  
I can see you tryna get me like they got Biggie  
Somewhere in the city, on a pretty day when I dressed in Jiggy  
And I got security with me  
I'll give you a buck-fifty so quickly,  
you won't even know that ya nose dripping  
So much blood on the floor, you might as well be pretending  
to be mudwrestling a dozen bitches PMSing  
Sounds kinda tempting, doesn't it?  
Dissing me wasn't really worth it, was it?  
I'm buggin, I know a lot of y'all loved it  
and tryed to convince the public to safe bug this

But just think, I played y'all like a bunch of puppets  
You play Russian Roulette with a musket,  
and got busted in your own nugget  
A twenty-one gun salute with no bullets and no trumpets  
While the rain pours and the storm thunders  
Your rotten carcass smells so pungent, it turns my stomach  
Attracts the buzzards, on Fox Eyewitness News coverage  
Rip the Jacker's on the loose in London,  
he slipped through US customs and flew to Dublin  
Frontin as a janitor in a school or somethin  
Workin for little or nothin, I'm warnin you DON'T TRUST HIM  
He's a complete risk to the American public  
And don't ever call the law cuz he thinks he's above it  
Let's get one thing straight; you can't touch him,  
Outsmart him, out muscle him, or out hustle him  
You can't beat 'em - join 'em, you can't join 'em - fuck 'em  
Can-I-Bus, either ya hate him or ya love him

[Hook: 2x]

[Verse 2]

Yeah yeah, I seen you at Ruby Tuesday's  
With a toupee, talkin on ya two-way -- you look gay  
Nigga I don't give a fuck about the games you play  
I gnaw on ya bones 'til my teeth turn blue-gray  
Or turn yellow like I ain't brushed in a few days  
And the blood starts to taste like red toothpaste  
Nigga this ain't communion and that ain't Kool-Aid  
Delicacies the FDA won't approve in the states  
Like a little witche's brew in your vanilla latte  
Or perhaps Filet of Dog in a Malaysian cafe  
If I was a cook I would probably take a half day  
Clock out and never come back, you keep the back pay  
That's some metaphorical shit, all you have A  
Is that why all you weirdos all attracted to me?  
Look at yourself, why you even listen to me?  
Listen to yourself, your constantly dissin me  
Well listen to this bitch, get off my D  
If you don't think that I'm the illest, that's cool I don't agree  
I proved myself, time and time again  
Grippin mics like Heinekens, who want me to rhyme again?  
You could never expire the fire within  
Killin me with a gun is easy, try a pen  
For the use it was intended  
I don't like to be the one to start the drama nigga,  
but I know how to end it  
Kill yourself I'll take the credit - get it?  
You see that way, things couldn't work out more pleasant

# Canibus Lyrics

## "C True Hollywood Stories"

[*Hook*]

True Hollywood Stories.. True Hollywood Story..

True Hollywood Story.. True Hollywood Story..

True Hollywood Story.. True Hollywood Story..

True Hollywood Story.. this is a True Hollywood Story..

[*Canibus*]

Yo I vaguely remember 1974, when I was born

Soon as the doctor cut my umbilical cord, he put me in my mother's arms

I was cryin when she looked down at me

She was smilin cuz I guess she was happy (Coochie-coochie-coo!)

She absolutely had no idea

I was flowin cuz it wasn't quite clear (You so cute!)

She just kept ticklin me and ignorin me (Weeeeeee!)

[*Hook*]

[*Canibus*]

My native home was Jamaica (No problems man)

We moved to the states a few years later

I had trouble fittin in (What did you say?)

Cuz I had a funny speech impediment

People couldn't understand what I mean

Meeda sata greedafa zeen (Sha oh)

I used to wear cross-colored jeans

Rasta belts with the red, gold, and green

My man used to boost travel pocket for me

True Hollywood Story

[*Hook*]

[*Canibus*]

In '93 I met the Lost Boyz

Without them, I wouldn't even have a voice

I showed the world I was nice with the verbals

That's how I got signed to Universal

I released two albums, in all sold 9 hundred and 99 thousand

Over the years, alotta people tryed to diss me

Cuz I grabbed a piece of hip-hop history

Thank God that the drama didn't destroy me

True Hollywood Stories

[*Hook*]

[*Canibus*]

I took a trip to England with Pac-Man

Five months later we met Stan

He was cool so we let him join the band  
And introduced him to the rest of the Horsemans  
Then I hooked up with this cat named Lou (Lou-minatti)  
And he was cool with C-4 too (plus two)  
Now the whole crew's on tour with me  
True Hollywood Stories

*[Hook]*

*[Canibus]*  
This is a story about beef  
Arrogance, lies, and deceit  
This is an independent release  
And that's why it's totally depended on the streets  
I ain't got no record label behind me  
Maybe nobody got the balls to sign me  
But it's cool cuz soon they'll all be callin me  
This is a True Hollywood Story...

# Canibus Lyrics

## "A Different Vibe In L.A."

*[Chorus]*

Doop-doop da-da..  
It's a whole different vibe when you in L.A.  
Doop-doop da-da..  
It's a whole different vibe when you in L.A.  
Doop-doop da-da..  
It's a whole different vibe when you in L.A.  
Doop-doop da-da..  
It's a whole different vibe when you in L.A.

*[Verse 1]*

Yeah, cruisin down Melrose, hella slow in a yellow Marinello  
Lookin for who sells shelltoes that I could match with my silk robe  
I'm like Hugh Heffner at 26 years old, with clear goals  
Yeah I'll take two pair of those  
I love the way my toes feel in the cyberfoam soles when I'm doin shows  
Who knows, I'm prepared to go to and fro  
All I do is tell you dudes where the Western Union dough  
You need my social security info?  
Here's my tax I.D. number, it's worth ten fold  
I remember my first album, it shipped gold  
That's a insult, considering I did this one in Kinko's  
I'm dying to see what this will sold  
Will the critics diss it at all, or will they feed 'Bus to the wolves?  
Like I haven't been there before,  
but at least I'm on a different vibe now, this year it's on

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 2]*

It's definitely a different vibe west of the Prime Meridian  
Producers play with live instruments, rhymes are wittier  
But don't sleep cuz in a heartbeat Cali is shittin ya  
Someone'll put a hit on ya, this'll be where they bury ya  
I think it's beautiful, I don't want to be scarin ya  
The women are prettier and the climate is superior  
Got a girl from Syria, smells like strawberries on her period  
I'm serious - that's why I moved in with the chick  
We on the top of Mount Olympus, sharin our interests  
over a moonlit dinner, burnin some insense  
She looks so innocent, next think I know she's pinnin me to the bed  
like a scene outta Basic Instinct  
Bought her a pink mink and a double link ring  
She didn't know I was a rapper and I did my thing-thing  
What a coincidence, she listened to Eminem and Nsync  
Shaggy, Nelly, and the St. Lunatic clique, Uh-Ohhhh!

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3]*

Yeah baby, Canibus in the flesh  
Everybody want a dose of me, come here baby stand close to me  
Take a photo with me, take this address  
If you develop 'em post one to me  
If you miss me and you wanna kiss me then blow one to me  
I like your incenticities, tailor-fitting jeans  
Tennis bracelets from Tiffany's in Venice, Italy  
Are you from the Middle East? (Oh)  
I plan to travel there after my new release  
I got Timbaland doin some beats  
Yeah, his cousin goes to school with my neice  
By the way I'm sorta starred, what kinda food do you eat?  
Yeah sure hop in the car, we'll cruise the streets  
Around here I know alotta cool places to eat  
You off from what, noon to three, just roll with me  
My homie Lou just two-wayed me from Lagoona Beach  
You can meet the rest of the crew, a bunch of super freaks  
We got to unwind, we 'bout to hit the road in two weeks, c'mon

*[Chorus]*

Doop-doop da-da.. *[repeat to fade]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "I Gotta Story 2 Tell"

*[Girl Singing]*

Listen to me everybody, I got a story to tell

Well, well

Ono wan make beef outta steam fish?

Tell ya artist keep my name out they mouth or you wont have no peace

Compared to Canibus ya pitbulls is poultry

You and Biggie made a dope team but i roast beans

Be careful how you approach things

My name aint J to the Muahh, mann i got a flow that stings

Its rap music, you confuse it if you want to

I might still diss you just to see what you gon do

You must be gettin' insecure or something

I'm just admirien ya shit mann I aint gon touch it

I been through alotta things in my life but I learned from it

Put yaself in my shoes, dont I deserve something?

The only difference between me and you is a BUDGIT

Dont make me have to go sign with Suge or something

Remember this: History repeats itself

Whenever that never ending hunger meets itself

Everybody want they wealth, peace and health

When I was fucked up you aint give me a couple of G's to help, did you?

No, you waited fa my cheese to melt

You want all the hot beats and the streets to yourself

Well my [?] niggaz different enough to attract interest

From anybody in the rap business and I'ma get it cash or credit

Besides a little drama from my first 2 records

Rip the Jackers images is unblemished

Come on I wouldnt bite you I look at you like my dentist

I thought you was number one recommended, why you offended?

Hip hop aint ya property, you aint the only tenant

If I win the lottery you cant tell me how to spend it

You got something to say, dont put ya Henchmen in it

Them little monkey faced artist that you sign fa pennies

I refuse to serve them like Dennies

You know they rhymes is petty

Dont tell me that ya school of hard knocks turn preppy

None of yall mothra fuckers know me and you never met me

And if my name wasnt shit then you wouldnt sweat me

Thats ubsurd right? Me gettin busy get on ya nerves right?

You really are listenin to the words right?

High when i wrote this but sober when I spoke it

Its not like I tried to promote it like Jay-o did, ya notice?

Mann I was never focused on you

I just spit hard on the mic cause my shit is hot too

I went out and bought ya album 2 times, I aint hatin'

Next thing I know you talkin Jamaican like you a native

But you really violatin', you dont know what you sayin'  
Canibus aint in the game so you know he aint playin  
I had nothing before and I have nothing now  
Fuckin' with a nigga with nothing only brings you down

*[Girl Singing]*  
Listen to me everybody-rybody-rybody-rybody...

# Canibus Lyrics

"Hate U 2"

(feat. Pakman)

[Canibus]

Yo why you got so much hatred?

Why you don't want me to make it?

What are you afraid of?

You treat me like I'm not a member of the rap game club

Yo I sold a million records too, I don't get the same love

It's strange because the majors already drained my pockets,

and now they wanna drain my blood

Do you have any idea of what I did to get here? Do you?!

You can smell the hatred in the atmosphere

This record is livin proof that I've made it

And your listenin to it now, and it's on an independent label

You like Canibus? Yeah right, if you say so

Talk to Louie Lombard, hey'll put you on the payroll

When you see me on the street now, I probably really glow

Nothin like some of these wack rappers that are really broke

I can laugh at a meaningless joke, but I got a daughter to feed

Don't hate me cuz I'm competin bro

I'm doin it all by myself

And as long as I'm on the shelf, I'm always have wealth

This is what motivated microphone FIENDS do

And it's ok if you hate me cuz I hate you too

[Hook]

Is the reason why you keep callin my name out of the blue,

If it's because you hate me, then I hate you too

We heard it through the Grapevine and now we know it's true

Just tell me that you hate me, I'll say I hate you too

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out you was hatin on us!

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out you was hatin on us!

[Repeat 1st part of Hook]

[Pakman]

I hate your style, when I see you I wanna earl

I should do somethin real foul, like get at your girl

Make your heart throb, take a hooptie and smash your parked car

Run up in your favorite night club, get you barred (Fuck outta here!!)

Why you like to hate stars? Why you talkin in riddles?

Me losin is the only way to get you to giggle

You pitiful motherfucker, you gon' stay in the gutter

I can see you at 33 and still be livin with your mother

I'm sick of you clowns runnin around, hatin on Rippers

You see me in the street, act like your mouth got a zipper

Aiyyo don't say a word faggot cuz it's already proven

Keep it movin, you ain't FUCKIN up this new shit I'm doin  
I'm tryin to keep a space between me and you, like gapped teeth  
To avoid catchin cases for lettin the gat speak  
I ain't never got a problem to meet on a backstreet  
In a black hoodie, new mac-milli, now act silly  
You can hate me forever, I'ma always be makin moves  
Don't be mad cuz I'm a leader, a Ripper that breaks rules  
It's a shame what hate's makin individuals do  
Don't forget the bottom line is that I hate you too

*[Hook]*

Is the reason why you keep callin my name out of the blue,  
If it's because you hate me, then I hate you too  
We heard it through the Grapevine and now we know it's true  
Just tell me that you hate me, I'll say I hate you too

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out you was hatin on us!  
Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out you was hatin on us!

*[Repeat 1st part of Hook]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Stop Smokin"

(feat. C-4)

### [Hook]

He love me (He love that rock)  
He love me (He love that rock)  
He love me (He love that rock)  
He love me,(Well he if he love you then tell him to stop)  
He love me (He love that rock)  
He love me (He love that rock)  
He love me (Come on bitch, he love that rock)  
He love me,(Well he if he love you then tell him to stop)

### [Canibus]

You ever came home everything ya owned was gone  
TV, VCR, fridge and phone  
And poor your Armani boo cologne  
That nice China set from your mother-in-law  
Ya say to yourself "How could I get robbed?"  
The guard dog would've bit somebody for sure  
Could it be somebody that you probably know  
Got the ABT code and the keys to the door, no  
You better think again gullable ho  
Somebody you know was on a rob patrol

### [C-4]

And I seen em' pull up in a Pinto  
I couldn't believe, eyes peekin' through the window  
Ain't y'all engaged, well that day he was with the neighborhood bimbo  
I thought to myself, OH!  
Why would he a need a credit card to get in for  
You keep a set of keys under the mat  
He ain't thinkin' of that, he stealin' for crack  
On the street he can get a hundred for that  
I hope you don't really think he bringin' it back  
I'm tellin' ya girl he stole it  
He was standin' around the last time I saw it  
I remember when you bought it  
That son of a bitch got balls if he can pawn it  
I remember when I seen him this morning  
He pulled me to the side asked me if I want it  
I had to look real close for a moment  
I was shocked when I seen it was your shit  
He put it away cause he somebody was comin' and just took off runnin'  
I told ya woman, he love that rock

### [Woman]

I remember when I met him two years ago  
At the Texaco, I was checkin' though

He impressed me though, he was enchanting though  
He ain't have no dough but he was sexy though  
At first I played hard to get though  
But it got so good I had to let it go  
It was one to four, put it on me slow  
Even asked me to marry him in Mexico  
I can't explain how he made me feel  
I was head over heels, in love for real  
I took him home so he could meet my dad  
Took care of his ass, gave him all my cash  
For a year and a half I treated him good  
He said he needed space, I understood  
He be out all not, what seems for days  
Then he showed up crazed and he needed to shave  
Smellin' like rotten eggs, I'd tell him to bathe  
Clean him up, take him to church and get him saved  
In Jesus' name I can make him change  
If I would've lost my way he would've done the same  
Cause he love me

*[Hook]*

*[Canibus]*  
I'm tellin' ya he ain't gonna stop, stop  
And he just love that rock, rock  
Kid run up in ya crib like knock, knock  
Take everything that cha' got, got  
Gold watch, watch jewelry box, box  
The go straight to the pawn shop, shop  
He's ridin' that white horse, horse  
And he don't wanna get off, off  
I got a 800 number you can call, call  
Cause that love y'all had is lost, lost  
He don't love you he love that rock

*[Hook]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Lemme Hear Somethin Else"

(feat. Pakman)

### [Chorus]

Aiyyo my wrist stay froze (Lemme hear somethin else)  
Aiyyo I fuck mad hoes (Yo lemme hear somethin else)  
I'm a big dog with big dough (Won't you say somethin else)  
Yo man you fuckin up my flow (You ain't got nothin else)  
Man I got somethin else (So lemme hear somethin else)  
My chain got bagette diamonds (Won't you do somethin else)  
I spit rhymes with perfect timing (You could try somethin else)  
Yeah you can't stop me from shinin (I'll spit it myself)

### [Killer P]

I'm on my way to ASCAP so I can pick up my dough  
I ran into a Jacker nigga tryna hit me with flows  
He didn't know I had a mind to just bloody his nose  
And let the blood pour down on his white clothes

### [Pakman]

Chhhh..

Nigga! You don't wanna cipher with me  
My name ain't Pakman for nothin, I'm gobblin emcees  
Chhhh..

### [Killer P]

Damn yo, I wasn't even tryna take it there  
Lemme hear somethin in the ear nigga, make it clear  
He started goin on about pushin a big Benz  
How he stayed jig, and smoked chronic up with his friends  
He doin it big and got unlimited ends  
I just met the nigga, I seen him walkin up with his mens  
Stop frontin shorty, lemme tell you somethin 'bout the game  
It's a thin line, from being wack to spittin flames  
You gotta represent when you be writin them lines  
Don't be a FUCKIN millionaire in every one of ya rhymes  
I'ma let you walk in but yo you gotta be quick  
I gotta go, and the shit you spittin nigga, better be slick  
He started gettin busy, I was noddin my head  
Then he fucked it all up and said some shit that I said  
Stopped rymin cuz he knew he shouldn't have said that verse  
Lookin stupid as fuck, for that nigga it was the worst  
Yo, how you gonna bite and try to be top shelf  
Better get ya act together, lemme hear somethin else

### [Chorus]

### [Canibus]

I give you more grievance than a nigga possessed by demons

Walkin on ceilings, chasin white lot speedin  
Like Tony Soprano, takin meetings  
With a psychologist about his emotional feelings  
and his crime dealings

He even talked about how to make alcohol out of orange peelings  
Pink cookies in a plastic bag gettin crushed by a buildin  
was cool until Canibus puked it  
With ill cannibalistic, animal instincts  
Instant lyrical fitness, could you handle the distance?  
You don't have enough wisdom  
The man who gives quicksand resistance,  
sinks the quickest, it's simple physics  
I get "Southernplayalistic" and pimp chicks  
Put my big dick in they mouth and smear they lipstick  
Come here you stank bitch!

Tell ya man if he don't spit a hundred bars  
I'ma bust him in his big lips  
Spit quick, like 6B tip-tronic stick-shift  
Bitch is equipped with a nitrous-oxide flipswitch  
If you hate me, why would you recreate me  
With those that imitate me and emulate me?  
They talk about me so distastefully lately  
But that never break me, they underestimate me  
Me and the Killer P, and P-A-C get crazy with G-A-T's  
I'm a B-E-A-S-T, you don't wanna race me  
I do Mach 1 over a A-F-B  
No if's, A-N-D's, or B-U-T's  
A hundred bars ain't SHIT for a true emcee  
SHUT THE FUCK UP! You should be ashamed of yourself  
I ain't heard nothin I felt, lemme hear somethin else

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Hott Tonight"

*[female]*

Oh Germaine, can you please tell me one of your  
Hollywood Stories?

Oooh..ahhh..excite merjemon

*[Chorus]*

When it's hot it's hot, when it's hot it's hot (I'm so hot tonight)  
When it's hot it's hot, when it's hot it's hot (So hot)  
When it's hot it's hot, when it's hot it's hot (Caliente)  
When it's hot it's hot, when it's hot it's hot (I'm so hot tonight)

*[Canibus]*

Aiyyo.. c'mere girl, gimme a kiss  
Tell the truth, you know you like hangin with Canibus  
I know you can't commit but at least try a sample  
Who knows, I might be too much man to handle  
If I'm attracted to you, I'ma make a long pass at you  
Come after you and capture you  
Put a platinum GPS bangle around ya ankle  
To keep track of you incase I decide to marry you  
We can be friends till death do us part  
Kiss ya left breast cuz it's next to ya heart  
Don't be a mermaid, open up ya legs  
If you can't spread eagle, just gimme some head  
Whatever the outcome, I just wanna come  
Beat it up real good, bust one and run  
I believe in abstenence, just not tonight  
I can't help myself you look hot tonight

*[Chorus]*

*[Female singer & Canibus]*

Chupa chupa, boca chula  
Whatchu gon' do when I walk up to ya?  
Chupa chupa, boca chula  
Whatchu gon' do when I walk up to ya?  
Chupa chupa, boca chula  
Whatchu gon' do when I walk up to ya?  
Chupa chupa, boca chula  
Whatchu gon' do when I walk up to ya?

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

"Wild On C" with Brooke Burke in the Visa  
Steamin like I'm dreamin on the couch with my feet up

I'm not a playboy, I'm a hustler, wait till I touch ya  
I'ma do somethin to getchu "burnin" from my Bunson  
Clitoris rubbin, sperm pumpin, nerve numbin, humpin in public  
The whole world could probably hear you cummin  
The way I grab your pumpkin, caress your dumplings  
I ain't never leave me girl, so stop frontin  
You never wanted a Yes man, you wanted and Arabesque man  
With biceps and a chest imprint  
Not a skeleton with hardly any skin  
I know it's irrelevant but his penis is probably very thin  
I'm hung like the trunk of an elephant  
Or the trunk of the tree the serpent wrapped around in Genesis  
with the same devilish melevolence  
Tryin to get you to bite in the food, I injected with seditives  
How many orgasms have you had already?  
Let's have a shag-a-thon; tell me when you past twenty  
When I introduce you to Grand Marye, act friendly  
She'll get envious if I ever rub your ass gently  
Tonight I'm being a pimp baby, not an emcee  
Invite a couple friends, I'll reserve ten seats  
After we eat, we can check a couple spots tonight  
Gimme kiss, you look hot tonight

*[Chorus]*

Oooh.. papi..  
Oooh.. caliente..  
Oooooh...

# Canibus Lyrics

"Gotta Get That Doe"

(feat. Pakman)

Yo whattup Pakman  
(Aiyyo whattup Bis, I'm waitin for the Rip Off man)  
Yo I just wanna know one thing (What's that?)  
You ready to get that dough (No doubt)  
AIGHT!!

[Chorus: Canibus + Pakman]

We be the rippers that'll bring if you act shady  
After we fry you, we puff a blunt and then it's gravy  
And you can keep her cuz we don't care about ya lady  
Iiiii've gotta get that dough! AIGHT!!

[Canibus]

Aiyyo it's only a handlefull of rap critics  
That every had a close-encounter with this rap wizard  
You wack rappers can't rip it  
In other words your lyrics are to primitive  
You need to be more descriptive  
Look at the way I flipped it, a True Hollywood Story  
I manipulated this miserable music business  
Then I caked off two, by going independent  
How much you make an album? About ten cents  
I make about ten cents, every sentence  
It's my third album and I'm workin on my tempence  
I don't brag; I'm keep it modest  
I'm ain't hot; I'm the hottest  
I'm not being pompus, I went through a process  
I used to be a prophit, now I make profits  
You sound like garbage, one of these days you gon' end up jobless  
Pushin a shoppin cart with the same Cristal bottles  
you was drinkin out of when shit was poppin  
I seen a episode on VH1 Documents  
They talked about your drug addiction and what was behind it  
The bottom line is, how much you sold  
No one gives a fuck if you blow, you gotta get that dough  
I'm tired of niggaz talkin about it, but I can't live without it  
I'm stuck if I ain't got it, so what's the logic?  
Should I talk about material objects, and get on some  
"How you like me now bitch," wearing a shiny outfit?  
(Nah Bis, don't do that come on) Yeah, I know, I know  
But no matter what I do I'ma get that dough, fo' sho'!

[Chorus x2]

[Pakman]

When I get at you niggaz, ain't nuttin personal I gotta

Everything you spit, I'm predictin it's double copper  
You the type of nigga to force a nigga to rock ya  
Always got ya'self up in the middle of the drama  
Frontin for nothin cuz ya niggaz told me you pussy  
Need to get smarter and try to holler at the rookies  
Fuck with Canibus & Pak and get that ass a coffin  
FUCK what you thinkin faggot, we rippin niggaz open  
Now is a new day and we be focused on the paper  
Still'll get in you but the feeling for dough is greater  
Piling with hate and you need to holler at the maker  
If you don't do it now, then you gotta face it later  
Don't even think about tryna dim a nigga shinin  
You gon' fuck around and get slapped up with the iron  
Everything we do is connected with gettin paper  
And you ain't talk about it, so nigga I'll see you later

*[Chorus x2]*

*[Canibus]*

If ya know where ya comin from, ya know where ya goin  
I wouldn't doubt myself, not even for a moment  
I'm proud of my music cuz it's dope and I wrote it  
True Hollywood Stories opens in October  
Directed by none other than Canibus for a coper  
It's no stoppin me, my commodity is growin  
I'll fly anywhere on this planet to promote it  
Maybe I should come out with my own line of clothing  
I printed up some Canibus shirts and I sold 'em  
I jump on stage, and I prove I'm a showman  
Can-I-Bus is a microphone omen  
I slam it when I'm done to make sure that it's broken  
The industry's sick, man I'm already knowin  
Never had the luxury to choose, I was chosen  
Where I come from, opportunity is golden  
Platinum I already sold it, NO SHIT!!

*[Chorus x2]*

# Canibus Lyrics

"R U Lyrically Fit?"

(feat. Luminati)

*[Canibus]*

Get ready for the Luminati tsunami

*[Lou]*

C4 [?]

Eat meat raw

Street dawgs

Rip these off

And put C's on

Had to ease off

From a show I just peed on

Bought a two-seater that I put 10G's on

Beat her

Cause she took my mother fuckin ring off

She took me to Supreme Court

And the judge got screamed on

They sent me up North

To a prison with a [?]

All day long

Lift weights we [?]

Meet King-Kong, Big Don, and Little Shawn

Murda One got big arms

He real strong

Beat his own mom 'cause she stole from the weed farm

Word on the streets

Raw

Don't beef with Armstrong

Wrong season

Lou crush anything he breathes on

Pass me the paper and pen

And put beats on

Rip rap songs

[?]

*[Canibus]*

Yo!

You mess with my horse

You dead as a corpse

Forget it

Rhymes without ending

With infinite lyrics

Fools you do get abused like broads

In a battle for truth with rhymes and metaphors

When my horse appears

Count your prayers

Stab you in the ear

Then pull out the spear  
Watch the crowd cheer  
Leave the floor wet  
With all the blood stains  
So the audience knows  
The Canibus runs things  
I rip down stages  
On many occasions  
Dozen of broken down mics and melted tape decks  
Everywhere I go niggas wanna rob me  
Bootleggers be in the front row  
Trying to get a clear copy  
So take caution  
Cause I'm a horseman  
And I'll snatch that ass up quick like "turn it off man"  
So just acknowledge  
The way that I'm gifted  
Cause if rap was a felony  
I'd be in prison  
Hogging up the phone  
Cussing at the C.O's  
25 to life  
With no parole  
When battling me  
You must be feeling yourself  
I rip the jacker so hard  
He might kill himself  
Like his name was Todd or James  
Back in the dark days  
It's like a pit bull getting bit by a Shar-Pei  
I defend my horse, my men, my friends  
My baby's momma  
And my offspring  
So bring it on then  
So I can show you how I devour  
Niggas like a rottweiler with acidic saliva  
Step ya shit up  
Nigga  
The rippa's much iller  
Cause when I write rhymes  
I use the mind to pick the pen up  
Most artists are garbage  
No skills  
They belong in a landfill  
Nobody feels it when the grab the mic (let me hear something else)  
And start bragging about their massive ice  
I can't eat MC's 'cause I lost my appetite  
I'm a beast  
You a midget  
With wack lyrics  
Like doctor evil said (quiet, shut up, zip it)  
I rain superior  
My metaphors are scarier

Non-ill rappers  
You better evacuate  
Before I exfoliate your face  
With abrasive phrases  
To give your face a face-lift  
Germane spits insane shit  
So stop hating if you cant applaud me  
And give rap music the glory

*[Lou]*  
'C' - True Hollywood Story

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Ya Teef Iz Yellow (Skit)"

(feat. Pakman)

YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW

I never thought that it could come down to this  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
it's a subject that I just can't resist  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
You got jokes, but this one here is for you  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
here's a list of things I think you should do  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
As yellow as some pineapple punch  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
they got that way because you don't brush  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
It's too late for that, toothpaste won't be enough  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
you probably got gingivitis in your gums  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
How you smell so freely showin' ya teef  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
if I was you, i'd go and get them shits bleached  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
You need to start buyin toothbrushes by tha threes  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
did anybody ever tell ya they look like straight cheese  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
Mustard yellow, soon they'll be green and brown  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
you totally disgust tha people your around  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
I must admit, they nasty as fuck  
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW  
God forbid somebody drink out your cu

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Luv U 2"

(feat. Pakman)

### [Chorus]

There's a reason why you keep callin my name out of the blue  
If it's because you love me, then I love you too  
We heard it through the Grapevine and now we know it's true  
Just tell me that you love me, I'll say I love you too

### [Canibus]

Yo yo, I love my life; I love my wife  
I love my daughter; and I love my mic  
If you love me, I love you, I'm humble  
I won't do things to bug you and start trouble  
If you want an autograph, I'ma sign it  
I don't care if the plane's leavin and I get left behind it  
I'm not that simple-minded  
If I had the time, I'd probably type it, or get Stan to write it  
You don't shower Canibus with kindness cuz he's the nicest  
You do it cuz you genuinely like him  
Sure I'll talk to you in private  
You might get backstage tickets or ice cream for your politeness  
Shake my hand if you like Bis  
But you can give me a hug if you got love, try it  
Extend ya arms around me, then bend ya arms  
Spread the love, a virus created by God  
I'm really speakin from the heart cuz I'm touched by you  
And I'm glad that you love me, cuz I love you too!

### [Chorus]

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out that you got love for us!  
Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out that you got love for us!

### [Chorus]

### [Pakman]

Yeah I know you got love, when you see me you wanna hug me  
All excited, hoppin around like the Easter Bunny  
I'm like a puppy, all I wanna do is lay down and cuddle  
That's why I'm happy that you could finally say that I love you  
Nothin wrong with showin feelings to me, cuz I'ma G  
And so I can tell you overwhelmed by the way that you breathin  
Know you ran up here to see me, wishin that you could be me  
Callin people at home while they watchin me on the TV  
I'm a household name, with the power to spit flames  
Then I flip and give the children somethin they can get with  
You love me, then why you got that look in ya eye?  
Why every single time you see me you be actin surprised?

No it ain't all for nuttin somethin got to be somethin  
And I ain't givin you no paper, so you got to be frontin  
What was you doin at ten shows I tore down overseas  
And it's funny how you was at the album signing in Queens  
Ain't hard to tell you lovin anything connected with Pak  
And once I recognize I be the type to give it back  
Don't try to fool me, been doin this, I'm no dummy  
On a mission to get it, and I'm winnin, you gotta love me!

*[Chorus]*

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out that you got love for us!  
Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out that you got love for us!

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Box Cutta' Blade Runna"

*[Helicopter flying, and Pilot talkin]*

"Record Industries most wanted: Rip The Jacker:"

Wanted for the '98 slayings of several rappers  
One of which went on to be a successful actor  
Here's the realection: He called me at my mans crib  
The phone probably rang 2 times then I answered  
He sounded really amped up, he tried to scare me  
    He told me that Def Jam wanted to ban me  
    And told me Trace at the label wanted to bang me  
Damn I wanted to get in her panties, she was scared of me  
    Canibus hates the media and the magazines  
They have so much credability to elaberate schemes  
    Internet chatrooms with live feeds of a rapper  
        Being eatin alive by La Peez  
Sound barriers like the Lockheed even without means  
    I run a course rough Terana Mach speed  
        Thats a rhyme from like 9-3  
Thats vivid in the mind, as pictures with 600 DPI's to a sheet  
    If I'm high when I speak the knowledge is deep  
    Silent as concrete this is real hip-hop for the streets  
        I never leave any witnesses, its rediculous  
They serve me court papers in the studio I did this in  
    Missin from society, because they lied to me  
They didn't want to accept my documents in society  
I study with hundreds of scientist and science teams  
    And various Ivyleagues, they respect my asteam  
What do you want me to rap about? Go ahead try a theme  
Gimmie a person, place or thing I'll create the time and scenes  
    Somewhere in Afghanistan, U.S.A survival teams  
Keep a eye on their surroundings and the Jihad Rageam  
I total riot scene, back and forth they encript fiber optic beams  
    On my album out next spring  
    You motha fuckin right nigga I'm about that cream  
I promissed my self I wouldn't shoot it without that scene  
    It doesnt look right like Cash Money without that bling  
    Siblings, I mean we all got the same last name  
        Jermaine Williams, thats my name  
        Say it again Jermaine Williams, Danggg  
I think he goes by the name of the Canibus Man  
    And occasionally Rip the Jacker but never Stan  
Get it through your head and don't ask me again  
    Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat  
Have you ever read the book called "The Catcher in The Rye"?  
    It so happens I'm looking for a copy I could buy  
        Canibus is comin for ya'll round day outside

Round day outside, round day outside  
Alotta ya'll shine, but ya'll cant rhyme  
And its about time that I put ya'll in line  
Twist your mind with twisted rhymes

As weird as Michael Jackson's nose from the side  
Flows that'll buy the quite bow for the times  
No need to hide your freinds are all associates of mine  
Don't be a stranger come over some time

I got coke if you do lines, you get a Rover to drive  
If you hear the engine knockin, just pullover to the side  
I guess it hasn't been serviced in all this time

Halloween: True Hollywood Stories release date

We should have a who wants to battle Canibus sweepstakes  
Limited to three states

New York City: home of the greats  
Philly and out West piece-a-cake

Old school rappers, I wouldn't be around without  
Ain't got shit to say but keep puttin albums out  
Don't let what I say get you upset

Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat...

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Draft Me"

(feat. C-4)

*[female newsreporter talking]*

"Also the, hearing from the defense department that they launched  
some fifty Tomahawk cruise missiles  
Not only from ah US ships but also from British  
submarines in the area"

*[Chorus: x2]*

Draft me! I wanna fight for my country  
Jump in a humvee and murder those monkeys!  
Draft me! I'm too dedicated to fail  
Justice must prevail (Justice must prevail!)

*[Canibus]*

Yo, I wanna get drafted, I wanna see somebody get they ass kicked  
with standard military tactics  
Fuck brass knuckles, I'll punch you with brass fists  
Totally flowin with my emotions in my moment of madness  
I'll wake up the whole barracks, murder you on your matress  
And look at you like, "What's the matter?"  
You better go back to your bed, before I have to act up  
You might be the next one to get ripped you jacker!  
You better not tell the captain  
I might accidentally shoot you with the mack 10 at target practice  
Runnin through the obstacle course, up and across  
Over the logs, five more, damn soldier you strong  
Come on, I wanna be agile and docile  
Break ya legs like popsicle sticks, put you in a hospital  
Stand over top of you, put a pillow over your nostrils  
and just feel so sorrowful  
It doesn't make me feel powerful, it's just a parable  
It's just a rhyme really none of this is tangible  
So don't ask me about it, I won't get angry at you  
And before I get angry, I just won't answer you  
You better go get in shape or lift some weights nigga  
Cuz next time I see you I'ma be a ape nigga  
Lemme find out you still callin out my name  
I'll crash into your tourbus with a plane nigga

*[Chorus: x2]*

*[C-4]*

Fuckin with my freedom, leave a muh'fucker bleedin  
Leave 'em in pain like a infant when he teethin  
It's huntin season, and ya loved ones grievin  
Cuz I never back up (no sir) I never back down  
Ask Brown (Ha!) From the bell to the last round

Face down, dick in the dirt, hit 'em where it hurt  
Make the enemy my lil' bitch in a skirt  
Cuz when it rained it poured, this ain't a game it's war  
One goal, one aim son, same as yours  
Alotta pain to endure, terrain to explore  
And I'ma hold my weapon right cuz I was trained in the Corp  
You don't want no trouble, whole city reduced to rubble  
And we gon' make it happen, quick, fast, and on the double  
Draft me!

[C-4]

So y'all best go get y'all shuffles!  
(Draft me) The situation's gettin ugly  
So who better butt me, and put to sleep the enemy  
Draft me, pass me, the M-16  
Give me a buzz cut, ask me if I give a fuck  
I'm comin out blastin, military four-fashion  
Twelve close castin, for weapons of mass-distraction  
Outlastin, all the privates in my company  
Fightin for my family, and the cats that grew up with me  
My Band of Brothers, rarely just smother the enemy  
Razor blades cut ya face and leave a scar so you remember me  
Lurkin, to leave y'all with bloody red turbans  
Screamin "Jihad!" while y'all pray to a false god  
We ready for, all out war, it's time to settle the score  
Grab a .44 and dump into nigga's door  
Draft me, you ain't even gotta ask me, I'm ready  
With the Rambo machete, using tactics that's deadly  
Draft me, I swear to God, we ready for the Taliban  
Drop the bomb, and huddle with some nuclear laws, come on!

[Chorus: x2]

[Canibus as Stan]

Truthfully, I wouldn't wanna go to war if they asked me  
I'd rather puff hashies and talk about headies and Lassie  
I was just sayin to Canibus last week  
I heard a record called Channel 0 that was mad deep  
When I'm overseas I can't eat, the food is nasty  
Bis has a seafood fancy, I'm allergic to crabby  
G'head draft me, your all in my new family  
I'll have a good time wavin gats at the ???  
If I get hit, one of the team'll carry me  
So g'head draft me, g'head draft me

[Chorus: x2]

[George W. Bush talking]

"The only way to pursue peace is to pursue those that threaten it  
We did not ask for this mission, but we will fulfill it..."



CANIBUS



EXPLICIT LYRICS  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT LYRICS

# **Canibus Lyrics**

## **"Mic Club Intro"**

*[Canibus:]*

Hahahahaha

Enter the Mic Club, this is where it all starts

MC's defend their honor at all costs

Cycle of winners, this ain't for beginners

Front and centre, state your name and your business

When I pass you the mic, you better burn it

Don't be squirmish, you want respect? You've gotta earn it

This is where we define purpose

How much heart lies beneath the surface?

What's hidden behind the curtain?

Besides tight verses, nothing in life is certain

If you live as long as your words, you make life worth it

Writing rhymes give me a buzz, I do this for the love

Welcome to the M-I-C club...

# Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate"

Yo, Houston to Earth  
Watch the ripper crucify you with verse  
My urethra to ya uvula, quenches your thirst  
Put your flames out with dry desert dirt where leopards lurk  
Lock your soul down with an esoteric weapon search  
Strap a bomb to one of your labels record clerks  
And activate it as soon as they get to work  
Ring the alarm, red alert, nigga it gets worse  
Bypass security networks with select words  
Megahertz make nebulas reverse till your head burst  
Call the press first and ask them who got the best verse  
Give me the respect I deserve  
If you are what you eat, it's obvious I can't eat what I'm worth  
Yall niggas eat pussy and burp  
The other half of yall suck dick till your jaws and ya neck hurt  
When you address me nigga end your sentence with sir  
Critics went beserk they aint even heard my best work  
See I broke into the mind by  
Quietly goin by their eardrum walls and hotwired they skulls  
Yeah I earned the name Canibus, but what did it cost?  
Battle rappers nothing but a serendipitous whore  
Niggas probably like, what da fuck he dissin him for?  
Yeah he dissed me first but you was never informed  
I'm one of the top five nigga, my shit is tight nigga  
you heard it right nigga, I rock mics nigga  
But the limelight isn't where I belong  
The top four don't even look in the mirror no more  
If they did I'd be in the mirror looking back at em, ready to grab them  
Kidnap them, and put them on my album  
I rip jackers, Rip the time space fabric  
Loop the future with the past tense looking for patterns  
Eradicate Africans that sold Africans to Saxons  
and forced black men to pay taxes  
Attack a wack bitch with counter tactics  
Split your bullet proof chases in half with a rapid gatling  
Keep firing at cha till you trapped in  
Now come back and scramble for helicopter extractions  
While I'm back and forth back braggin  
How I tortured them faggots and stabbed them with rip the jacker daggers  
Slay dragons with old passages from black magic manuscripts  
I found in the cabinet written in Arabic  
Translate to characters one by one, like Arafat tarot cards suggest  
I make terrorist threats through your stereo sets  
Various anthrax carriers sendin serin to the press  
At an imaginary address, Cani's the best  
Untraceable, your pictures unpaintable, canvas thats wet  
Let me dry you of wit some of this fire I spit

26 years old nigga look how I spit  
A microphone fiend since I was like fourteen  
My Cuban uncle used to sell cocaine, OK?  
I'm reloaded, you fuckin wit the wrong emcee  
Crudes felt your cold disease to the whole industry  
Potent as Hennessy that was distilled in Tennessee  
One shot scrambles your memory indefinitely  
Nowadays a hundred bars aint impressive to me  
You stepping to me nigga do it intelligently  
You wanna battle or you wanna fuckin wrestle wit me  
You aint better than me, you just got an obsession wit me  
Canibus hybrid, the cake icing of rhyminingness  
As I grow older I get colder like the declining  
Climate of earth's environment, I'm entirely tireless  
Rhymes come from my higherness of wireless dialect  
Scientist on cyber speed design my specs  
Astral project, therein height in secs, chakras connect  
Doctors inspect what they can't possibly interpret yet  
That's why they revert to threats  
They curse and throw fits

They like immature earth cadets, looking like Captain Kirk in a dress  
Lyrically I step on you, rip on you, then I defecate what I just digested on you  
I'm better than you, I'm better than you, I'm better than you  
Just to get the checkered flag I'll put the pressure on you  
Put the extra effort on you

Write a motha fuckin letter to you and your editors too, threatin you  
Detective check your mail and your messenger to  
You can take this verbal slashin that I left as a clue  
Execute the type of wickedness the devil approves  
Which basically means I can do whatever witchu  
I'm a rap music mutant, wit a cool name  
Misconstrue fame but I spit butane  
Blue flames out giant CO<sub>2</sub> tanks

Demagnetize memory banks, enhanced, advanced  
One of a kind like modern man's retina scan  
Quick as a glance and flickers from kerosene lamps  
What you want me to break first your jaw or your grill?  
What type of spit you want from me sparkling or steel  
Study law, yield draw up my own deals  
So the longer they resist me the stronger I feel

Spread the ganglia from Tanzania to the flats of East Anglia  
Give up, you cant keep up  
The man eater in a wife beater

Spreadin Typhoid Fever through mic receivers with light reverb  
Type in the right keywords, I might emerge  
Takes a really nice nigga to excite these nerds  
Niggas wanna see the gully in me, keep fuckin with me  
Never under pressure, I keep the pressure under me

Bun?? Or weed, drop a freestyle on the internet then watch niggas burn the CD  
Upload a picture of your mug getting DP'd  
I'm one size away from 13, believe it she p'd  
I'm the illest and its gonna be that way for eva  
Word of mouth is good but a mouth of words is betta nigga

No body gets sicker than the ripper!!!!!!!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Master Thesis"

This is the master thesis underneath the deepness  
Come to micclub.net where you can read this  
Run a plot on a map hyper space 'ya  
From the society for scientific exploration  
Color is vibration, vibration is sound  
Sound resonates through the mouth check it out  
What I say vibrates no less than 9 ways  
South, South East, West, south west, east  
North, North east, North west  
And the black and white images fade  
To great sound waves  
Track my adversaries like a mouse in a maze  
With a bewildering array, of lyrical display  
The best of Bis oftenly rearrange  
Moto atomic elements, with a deft intelligence  
The highest professorship, my English etiquette  
Compels me to not say it if I can't spell it bitch  
My circularised 3rd Eye, sees all  
Atlantis was surrounded by 4 sea walls  
I read one-fourth of the Library of Alexandria  
Before it was burnt to the floor  
I wish I could've learned more  
About the shapes of the sacred geometry they used to draw  
They were new millennium but Euclidian in form  
Ancient in many ways but not nearly as old  
Carved from Egyptian gold molded in Assyria  
With processed Beryllium by the quintillion  
They cooked on symmetrical stoves  
With my logo etched above the hole where they inserted the coal  
And they barbecued birds to the bone  
They burned incense in a Buck Mister Fuller type dome  
I talked to Mr. Fuller over the phone  
And he said he had a contract to rebuild Rome  
Said he didn't want to do it alone  
I told him I was busy writing poems  
But I'll think about going  
The process was slow, and the dough was low  
But I took it as the perfect opportunity to grow  
Plus I never traveled that far from home  
But I heard about the beauty of Sydonian (city of ancient Phoenicia) snow  
Neon green grass, statues made from translucent glass  
I'll be crazy to pass  
I like nigerian Jazz  
The blue twilight band  
That plays tunes from a laser black sax  
It sounds so laid back  
It helps me relax

I brought the album after seeing K-Pax  
Ooh how I miss my nautilus  
I was told faren goat and mcdotilus did not exist  
You have a modest case of scaphocephalous  
I prescribe some neo gothic anti-biotics  
Words concocted from the lyrical lock smith  
Deadly as 10 droplets of Ricin toxin  
From every angle the competition gets boxed in  
Its Dr. C indoctrinates his doctrine  
Translate the English alphabet  
To the omega text  
Life is now and death is next  
Post bond out on bail from the belly of hell  
Communicate through diatonic and pentatonic scale  
These dark side tales might affect sales  
I set sail and hunt down erect sperm whales  
Use the aphrodisiac to get a female  
Call ginger tie her up and drink her ginger ale  
Grand maryey for me scotch on the rocks for you  
Your vocab is smaller than a cup of jewels  
In the studio with james lipton  
Reminiscing about the script that was written  
Before the beginning  
All of a sudden the boo's turned into applause  
My jaws stronger then the kenenday Macaws  
Cant even count the bars  
I've expended so far  
Don't want to rap no more its been so long  
I wish the clock would hurry up and tick  
Im out in the bush and the sticks  
Humpin a hundred clicks  
Dr scholes gave me a good fit  
Me and him went to school together back in 86  
When I was really ill  
Puttin flank energy in a rhyme the size of a Tylenol pill  
You wanna laugh now  
And cast your belligerent doubt  
Show you what poetry is really about  
The side affects will make you pass out  
Followed by skin rash  
Itching diarrhea nausea and dry mouth  
You want a time out?  
You better spit a rhyme out  
Before the community of real mc's die out  
College students say to me "you ain't smart"  
Record label A&Rs say: "this ain't art"  
These are the contents of the covenant of the art  
Listen to my chest beat tell me this ain't heart  
You gotta be as obsequious  
As the Disciples of Jesus  
This is my MASTER THESIS



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Behind Enemy Rhymes"

Behind enemy rhymes, when the curriculum storms  
Behind enemy rhymes, when the curriculum storms

It's like this yo, check it out, uh, yo  
When the curriculum storms  
modern rap history is re-born in cd code in the form of a poem  
Anyone who study Canibus past  
knows he has to answer the questions you not advanced enough to ask  
Super advanced, faculty man, chairman of curriculum class  
85% never pass, 10% smile and 5% don't even laugh  
When the chalks in my hand and I'm drawin up graphs  
I present the contingency plan to the top grads  
They probably think I'm on speed I'm talkin so fast  
The body of the rhyme is smooth, like body in bath  
The Submary is more explosive than a meth lab blast  
My symmetrical geometry shatter glass  
As my U 2 35 rhyme hits critical mass  
Apocalypse now, lyrical raps blow everything off the map  
from green grass to African Bayobats  
Spike with electro mats, aircrafts crash  
CDC's in the streets passin out gas masks  
Gorgeous women thank me for the oxygen tank  
Baby, the sherrons on my arms will tell you I reign  
Maybe I'll become another casualty in the field  
They'll engrave my gravestone with the master steel  
The best beats in the world couldn't rival my skill  
It's like pourin a couple water on a million beach whales  
The french is speakin basics, i should re-interate this  
We rise to great heights by winding staircases  
Lines spiral and a french spiral design  
When the curriculum storms, Behind enemy rhymes  
  
When the curriculum storms, this is lyrical law  
Computer programmed bars come out of digital jaws  
This is the toughest course in hip hop so far  
Behind enemy rhymes, when the curriculum storms, [x2]

# Canibus Lyrics

"Allied Meta Forces"

(feat. Kool G Rap)

*[Canibus:]*

Yo, the shotee rip, perforate the skin on top of your ribs  
Red stuff comes out of squibs like a Hollywood script  
Bitch niggaz on the floor screamin' for mommy and shit  
Cardiologists hook up the heart monitors quick  
Thermometer temperature dips below seventy-six  
That's what you get for tellin' niggaz that you're better than 'Bis  
Not possible, if I can't pronounce it, it ain't rhymable  
The audible probability probably ain't probable  
Supreme rap, G rap underground without a roof  
Chopper proof, holdin' Hip-Hop for hostage about to shoot  
Helicopters stabilize at low altitudes  
Talkin' to the negotiator layin' out the rules  
In a tight compromisin' loop road blocked with troops  
Under orders not to shoot but they break your vertebra with boots  
Ten O'clock news flash, 'Bis and G Rap  
All points bulletin lookin' for them niggaz in black  
Leaned back in an Avocado El-Dorado  
Passin' the bottle, speakin' Japanese like, "No me mah show"  
She's got a banging body, cold sushi with warm saki  
And if I'm rappin' sloppy G's got me

*[Kool G. Rap:]*

Welcome to my world, danger and hazards  
Gang of bastards, bangin' they ratchets  
King and the Jacker, slangin' in traffic  
Claimin' they cabbage, obtain half, they aimin' for stackage  
Get brains from the attic, keep blingin' with karats  
Cops see me in Maddox, then let ya dame have it, flames to the attic  
The stains on ya fabric, the paint in the graphic  
Canibus and G Rap, bangin' a classic  
And if that beef on the street - hate you enough  
Blow out ya brain in ya casket  
Don't you love this drug element?  
Where slugs crush ya melon and dome  
Chrome that's known to break bones in an elephant  
Shotgun pellets and, gunsmoke; smell the scent  
Big bullets wiggle ya guts like gelatin  
Cut through ya skeleton, knockage intelligence  
Bystanders bite the dust  
Jake wanna be like a Russian cuffed thrown in that Riker bus  
We raised in the slums, with haze in our lungs, raisin' the guns  
Knowin' - my day'll come, razors under the tongue  
Clips in the steel, bricks in the wheels  
Chips in the field of fortune  
Dead men walkin' with hits on the grills

Late night at the spot, posted with goons, dope and balloons  
Coke and the doom, you scheme?  
I'll leave you open with wounds, nigga!  
Witness G Rap put it back in perspective  
Beat up shit with a dash of the peppers  
Get blast for ya necklace  
Leave ya brains on the dash in ya Lexus  
We up in the club, dash for the exit  
Make ya spread 'em out - show you what this lead about  
Take it from an old thug, whoever clean cold blood  
Believe they bled it out (Yo)  
Crave for the war, pop out rages with fours  
Hit the jackpot, blazin' the raw - gettin' bands in the pores  
Bitches enjoy with dick in their jaws  
The frame drank sick of Valor, straight bandit spot  
Open up shop, turn the block to "Planet Rock"  
Shit with no chop, slept with the glock with the hammer cocked  
Servin' the fiends, hop in the Suburban and lean  
Look at that don nigga swervin' in Queens, playa  
Ballin' a lot, brawlin' for props, callin' the shots  
Hit the curb, birds all on the flock  
Jockin', like "who that there covered in all of them rocks"  
(Giacanna) It's royalty bitch, fall on the cock, recognize one (Ride out)  
Giacanna G Rap, that live one - pay homage (God bitch!)  
Get it fucked up, I spray comments, nigga what?!  
(Nigga what, it's The Curriculum: Mic Club)

[*Canibus:*]  
Yo, e'yethin' is e'yethin' my nigga  
I ain't bitter but if I give you the finger it'll be behind a trigger  
Faggot ass nigga livin' in a gated community  
Up at radio tellin' them what you're going to do to me  
I live in the 'burbs  
Clean my Winchester every other weekend with the same dirty Hanes shirt  
It takes two to tango, three to jump rope  
Four to bury the body plus look out for poe'  
Yo, I guard everythin' within the limits of my post  
My orders are to smoke you if you get too close  
The whole Globe is scared of my flow  
Spirit world, scared of my soul  
Nowadays it's like I'm scared to be known  
The methods of my motivation is completely subjective  
My perception is completely parallel to perspective  
Rhyming is the reason I spit in faces  
Habituation of my flamboyance without rational reservation  
Whiskey, X-ray, Yankee, Zulu, unusual  
Wordologically my syllable position is beautiful  
Only respect niggaz if the feelin' is mutual  
G Rap snatched the jewels from you; I'll throw them in the crucible  
Probably throw you in it too, mix it up and make nigga-stew  
If you can't admit I'm iller than you  
Baby what's wrong with your shadows, Canibus and G Rap flow  
Mothafucka you're 'fessionallin' with the Pros

*[Kool G. Rap:]*

Know it's, dough over hoes - bankrolls, Rovers and clothes  
And shots blow all them cowards and foes  
Giacanna proud with the pros, foul mode  
We quick reachers, spear with the fearless 'til you drip liter  
Flip divas, the big secret on the strip to 'til their tits and beaver  
Sip Cris' and sniff coke of the peeter  
Yeah we ball big baby, lock off the meter  
You should see us, it's movie star status  
Scar lavish large cabbage, rip the Pablo Escobar fabrics  
Froze the road we chose, not a pretty route, nittied out  
Grimey and grittied out, stack dough, jiggy out  
Dime bitches behavin' like ya sex slave skizzied out  
Some nigga dizzy style 'til he's out, busy mouth  
Swerve to the curb, hit the bird split the kitties out  
We kidnap for trap - blackmail for a gang a mill  
Spot banger himself, fishscale rocks under the fingernails  
The blood trail lead to a corpse  
Treat my appetite for greed with a torch  
For keys to a Porsche, to breeze in the loft  
Roll up my hand sheets with the force  
We squeeze off, no need for remorse, playa  
Forty wild goons, we forty Calhouns  
You die forty foul dooms for forty coward moves  
Bless sparkle, and spark until my shorty style rules  
Giancanna dead? We spread; I'll be a 40 mile tune nigga  
What, what nigga? The noble laureate comin' at y'all niggaz  
Uh, 40-pound style nigga

# Canibus Lyrics

"Cenoir Studies 02"

*[Canibus]*

Yo the artists come and go, so does the show  
So does the dough, nothin lasts forever you know  
It's all about the experience and what you take from it  
What you learn in the process, what you make of it  
Number two in the world at the top of the summit, I loved it  
Shoulda packed a parachute for the plummet  
Now I'm opening these clips crawlin through mud pits  
With guns and hundreds of clips on Uncle Sam's budget  
Hundred rifles itself, handcuff Bert Reynolds  
To Jim Brown and escape with Raquel Welsh  
Isn't my queen lovely? feed her rum of rays  
And ice cream, shower her with diamond rings and money  
23 hours a day I study  
Dreamin about beautiful women I hate you gay teletubies  
Dreams keep my alive you can't take em from me  
The battlefield is bloody, mean, and ugly  
My adrenaline rushes when the enemy rush me  
Tryin to bust me cuz I swore I'd defend my country  
If I could choose between being lucky and having money  
Nothing negative could ever touch me  
What must be is ultimately not up to me  
But I sacrifice my life for yours if you trust me  
Pin my medals upon my chest  
So I could left-right-left in a certain death  
God's speed and God bless  
In the end I hope God is impressed if I'm put to rest  
I did what I came to do, no time left  
Say my name out the blue cuz I rhyme it the best  
Mic club dot net see me live in the flesh  
You could come and download every rhyme that I spit  
You could pay homage to Rip for one dollar a clip  
None of those rhymes is on the album bitch  
It's a storage facility where I keep my shit  
For the students in the class that wanna peep my shit  
Break a bootlegger leg if he leak my shit  
You don't wanna sign him bitch then eat my shit  
Drink my piss, you could never compete like this  
I'ma give you an example how deep I get  
Technology not available for purchase  
My brains collects, stores, and converts million bar verses  
At a stand-off distance of a thousand feet  
I illuminate the target and pound em to sleep  
To within one micro-inch if you out in the street  
I could close my ears and still move my mouth to the beat  
Dial-up to your network and make your files delete  
Count to three, listen to you browse a beat

Too late, foot already stepped in the feces  
Dr. Norton's too sick to help your PCs  
Virtually I make your virtual memory freeze  
With a weapon of mass destruction double you MD's

I'm a TMC trouble to MCs  
Destroy colonies with UCAVs  
I send in no less than twenty 18s  
Wipe you out before I even get to the beach  
With my Trans-atmospheric space based mirrors  
Can you write that out without typographical error?

Dumb fucks I'm the best ever whatever  
Divide 18 by 6 you get the third letter  
From the lowest earth orbit up to the heavens  
I bomb y'all wit lyrics of flesh shredders and petters forever  
As a spitter I'm still tougher than leather

I had to go underground to get over the pressure  
Battle rap from the Renaissance multi-megawatt  
Bury you beneath the bedrock on the bed of rocks  
I could never get bored

I write about Hugsley vs Wibble Force, fuck writin killer chorus  
Copenhagen curriculum of metaphors  
Everything from Bob Marley to Tenor Saul  
The System of A Down song number 14  
I see aerials in the sky when I dream  
The end is near I wish it would hurry up  
I feel nano-bacteria burning me up  
Before I explain in detail

You should examine the Mahr's mineral samples under my nails  
Sometimes I wonder who's listening  
The auditory Pavlovian conditioning's so sickening  
My adenine, guanine, cytosine,  
And thymine is really what makes my rhyme supreme  
Soon as I hear the beat, bada-bing

You gotta think: a hundred bars...damn, that's a lotta ink  
Eventually all of my albums'll be out of print  
There'll be a clone for every style I invent  
For every line I rhyme intense  
For all the time I spent, every word I spit since 96  
If you could input at a hundred

I could output way above it, if we in public, I double it  
Put this on your study list and go study, bitch  
Basically quoting Hammer you "can't touch this"  
I'm too assertive and alert for what its worth  
My best piece of work is still yearning to be birthed  
Class Dismissed  
Cenoir Studies from Canibus

*[Outro]*

There is something mystical, but it's not RARE  
and nobody should treat it as though this is something special  
that writer's do... anybody--anybody born physically able in the brain  
can sit down and begin to write something and discover  
that there are depths in her soul or his soul that are untapped



# Canibus Lyrics

## ""C" Section"

*[Chorus]*

This is the C section

Rippin and wreckin the lyrical legends sendin y'all to mic club heaven

This is the C section

A lyrical legend second to none in this profession

*[Canibus]*

I spit it exquisite

And rip it minute by minute

I'm in it to win it

You fuckin rhyme with bis you finished

Lyrical menace scrape enamel off your teeth like a dentist

With a senator minister from the executive senate

Pro-gression followed by metaphorical methods

Testing 1 2 3 4 testing testing

Supreme supremacist nemesis to competitors

Predators eat intestines of anything they entrusted in

Slice you like lettuce and celery start seven

Then make a mc salad out of suckas and sell it

For an expensive percentage

With nine tenths of the credit

Drink red bull beverage to increase lyrical leverage

I only give respect to mic club members and my own mentors

In the center of my circle where I dare you to enter

This is art imitating life imitating art

Imitating the brain simulating thoughts when I talk

Idealistically I spit for free

The cinography of the rhyme is what balances me

Challenges me

E A six speed prowlers

Superior air power

Fly around us with propulsion that's soundless

Spittin rhymes out by the thousands

Nitro-glycerin tablets under the tongue calm me down a bit

Attitude cynicism and lassitude

Battle you? come on dude I should slap you fool

Spit what I'll leave your lips numb the friction is so sick son

Your children disappear from a trition

Rhythmic high intensity conflict is a given it

Especially if Canibus is doin the rippin

You snippin to clippin in the C-section incisions

With scissors with rubber ergonomic grip for the fingers

Liars for hire with a defense like Jeffery Fygar

And rock it like thugs who work for mic club

Hyped up and tear the mic up my man

Move forward as expeditiously as I can

Ain't nobody in the world like Bis

The nitrous with radio telescopic devices  
Same type shit  
Facially hairless igogarious Jamaican-American  
Lyricist turned microphone terrorist  
Airlift me off the front line to my therapist  
So I can sit in his chair and tell him how much I care for this  
This is what they want this is what they love  
To engage in the exchange of ideas and drugs  
While I'm in the cut satellite trackin you rappers  
With months of food rations beneath the catacombs of Paris  
Theories of super-lattice and super-savage  
Atomic attack tachometers flash when I punch the gas bitch  
The farther I climb the harder I rhyme  
You gotta face death and survive to feel more alive  
The quality of life is an illusion of the mind  
Super-imposed lines look two-dimensional from the side  
According to the science of the C-section applied  
If they say I'm the best after I die don't be surprised  
I C-section the sky let my energy rise  
At the moment of truth I know it's definitely my time  
As my soul is eased through the sive I'll be grateful because I lived  
The only drawback is that I didn't have kids  
To C-section my beautiful whiz  
And see the resemblance of my face in hers or his  
Who knows what the future will bring  
It stresses me to think  
This mic meant everything now it doesn't seem important  
Now I gotta follow orders defend borders  
From Maine to California Seattle to Florida  
If I could talk to the Oracle I know what I'd ask her  
I'd speak to her about my passions  
As the hourglasses turn my life passes  
I'll just wait till I see the master and I'll just ask him  
Forget it that's the future this is the present  
A message to anybody listenin to the C section

*[Chorus x2]*

# Canibus Lyrics

"Drama A/T"  
(feat. Luminati)

[*Canibus*]

Executive Order 11002

The reason you know me but I don't know you  
You really wanna know what drama is let me show you  
But keep in mind this is just one point of view  
Drama is livin' in a 3rd world country  
Fucked up and hungry without no money  
Drama is trying to adjust to circumstance  
Missing more than one leg or more than one hand  
Drama is being chased off ya' land  
By a funny looking man in a suit that works for the bank  
Drama is what's happening to the ecosystem  
And the animals it feeds, from the damage to trees  
To rainforests that get destroyed annually  
Damn is it just me who cares about the air that we breathe?  
Drama is the nuclear threat that we live with  
One bomb and everybody's dead that's some sick shit  
Drama is HIV statistics  
The infected person that you might have sex with, life goes on  
But drama is living with the afterthought that maybe you could have prevented it  
Drama is imminent, it comes in other forms  
The sick pedophiles who support child porn  
Never mind the offenders  
Think about what the victims go through and what the fuck they gotta' live wit  
Drama is the prison population  
Some belong there but also some belong on probation  
Drama is not being able to change one thing  
Cause the system you live in says you ain't shit  
Drama is corporate scandal  
Drama is a handful of CEO's playin' you for a damn fool  
Drama is being a millionaire  
But gotta' recoup half the budget from your 10 percent share  
Drama is having one too many women  
Even though you always need a spare one to swim in  
Drama is dealing with your jealous impulses  
Learning how to hold it all in with no emotion  
Drama is blind devotion  
Drama is having your deepest secrets exposed in the open  
Drama is having your heart broken  
And the person who broke it doesn't even motherfucking notice  
Drama is trying to carry a burden all by yourself on your shoulders and it don't exist  
Drama is being falsely accused, Drama is the latest news  
Drama is what gives people clues  
Drama is a tool you can use to distract ya' enemy so they never improve  
Drama is the fear of devils and the fear of God  
Drama is a long and hard Tech support desk job

Drama is the life of an up-and-coming actor or rapper  
Or athlete or building contractor  
Drama is a rookie cop calling for backup  
The 3 strike perpetrator that's getting tatted up  
Drama is the spin zone of a politician  
Drama is K-Solo when he said the rhyme did it  
Drama is the struggle of change  
Drama is inevitable there is no other way  
Drama is what drains life force out of you  
Drama is negative but drama can empower you  
Drama is love, Drama is pain  
Drama exists in everything everyday  
Drama is the Yen, Drama is the Yang  
Drama is the innate nature of man  
Drama contracts, Drama expands  
Drama is what I am

*[Luminati]*

Pull up a chair to the aristocracy of commonwealth prophecy  
The legacy of generation three isosceles  
Logical geometry, illogical melodies  
Integrated with memories that mix melodically  
Beyond the insight of what a modern-day monkey sees  
Get chopped in three for pathetic hypocrisy  
False bureaucracy breeds poetic monopolies  
Chateau de Trevano is my property  
An addict for drama and dramatic oddities  
Addicted to bottles of sticky green botany  
In a reflection of the split seas you see me in 3D  
Tripping off three hits of E  
Half-a-tablet for you 2-and-a-half for me  
A rappers speech is slurred for eternal depravity  
Naturally ignore gravity project astrally  
Ascend gradually till the stratosphere passes me  
Earth's actually esoterically absent to me  
Take a crack at me with blurred clarity - battle me  
Spiders crawl outta the skin the six headed beast  
Evil beings that wrestle with demons in the deep  
Useless to eat 200 pounds of rotten meat  
Shrink heads drink black milk collect black teeth  
Luminati tribal chief wear it as trophy piece  
My women are ornamented with a blood soaked wreath  
Like Christmas minus Christ plus the heat  
The Ascended Master, leader of all immortal freaks  
Voodoo curse on your last and future release  
Unleash the worst plague put the world under siege  
Till your name is unheard and your face is unseen  
Till your just a nightmare of an accursed dream  
Tell the supreme to curse your whole team and your unborn seed  
Poison your queen like the Furher's last week  
In the blood filled streets your a leech  
Less than a man a poverty stricken thief with grief  
At night you speak to Satan before you go to sleep

Worshipping the flesh like poor pagan priests  
Your future's oblique  
I command your heart to seize its beat  
Thou shall inherit disease, drama and defeat...

Drama... Drama... Drama... Drama

# Canibus Lyrics

"Dr C Phd"

Yo, I plan to build a myself a facility before I'm 40  
a molecular archceogenetic laboratory  
that can analyze complex poetry data for me  
even if it was recorded poorly, how extraordinary  
I frog leap over awful beats  
then I separate rappers by the carbon-14s  
to determine the age of anything ever made  
regardless of how the outside surface has changed  
I put a curse on your name, bombard your brain  
with gamma x-rays till you burst into flames  
with the scientifically quantifiable megalomaniacal  
viable style, it's like trying to ride a bull  
let's have a dictionary duel after school  
check into me a nice Cedar Sinai room  
so I can get sick as the flu, spittin the truth  
if you ain't got this album, you missing the proof  
prepare for your doom my nuclear rocket plumes  
glow against the pale background of the moon  
toxic fumes spoil complete stocks of fruits, and foods  
burning your flammable boxes and booms  
got in the groove even though I'm not in the mood  
motherfucker you didn't win 'cause I can't lose  
give the fans the chance to choose, fuck you  
who's the illest, who's it really up to  
rapping fire, you better run for the pacifier  
tie you up and drown you in the saliva quagmire  
till your oxygen expires and your lungs dry up  
'cause you said Bis ain't dope, you a damn liar  
disaster for hire over beats by pious  
flow like the Tigris, Euphrates, with the Eye of the Tiger  
in my iris, Canibus is a fighter  
motherfucker, my greatgrandfather was Irish  
let's roll the dices, 'll break you like young Tyson  
give me the mic man, I don't need no hype man  
put a thousand on me, put one on him  
i tear off his limbs, throw him in, and tell him to swim  
yo I soak that shit and coat that shit in soy sauce  
tell the FCC boss, turn that noise off  
call Detroit's Mafia Boss  
tell him yo, I got a job for you, I want you to bust his balls  
Drop him off by Niagra Falls  
write my name on a banana and put the banana between his jaws  
nobody disrespects lyrical law  
I'm the best there ever is and the best ever was  
training like a grunt face down in the mud  
with blood, sweat, and tears, sucking it up  
yo, you wonder where I am right now

I'm probably somewhere on the microphone fucking it up  
dead or alive, Canibus will live through the rhyme  
to be the illest on the mic is a mission of mine  
spittin' divine, you can't get it twisted this time  
vocal wit

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Bis Vs. RIP"

(feat. RIP The Jacker)

*[Rip]*

Yo, you fuckin' hate me, you fuckin' lock me in the basement  
And you still want me to protect you - it doesn't make since  
Can-I-Bitch. I supported you like a weight bench  
Without me you're defenseless you better face it  
You ain't show me love when you was at your apex  
Getting paychecks up at the radio with DMX and Flex  
Catching wreck while Noreaga was catching his breath  
I had to keep the situation in check  
Look at the vericose veins in my neck, Jermaine is the best  
The industry fucked you, I'm just paying 'em back  
What's the matter with slayin' jackers? That's all I've been doin'  
Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nothin' to 'em  
They just mad cuz when I see 'em I don't run up to 'em  
Between me and you, yo you know I run right through 'em

*[Bis]*

Calm down

*[Rip]*

Who you telling to calm down nigga, I'm a ripper remember?  
I told you not to do "Gone Til November."  
But you wouldn't listen. I always had your best interests in mind  
I wrote all your best lyrical lines  
If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful lines  
On stage if you was tired, I was spittin' sometimes  
Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes  
I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let that shit ride  
But I'm getting tired of having to remind you Bis  
If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis

*[Bis]*

What?! Man, why you trippin', you know it's a crazy business  
You a lying ass bitch and you know it  
Group Home was part my company, I co-owned it  
If its one thing I learned in show biz  
Stay focused and don't quit Rip  
Why you talkin' 'bout old shit?

*[Rip]*

Germaine, you fuckin' water brain  
Don't you understand, fuck the mainstream  
You should just call out names  
The industry's all about game  
I shit on 'em all the same  
And I leave spit stains on their brain

Like liquid chocolate spilling over their new white trainers  
Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan  
Canibus is amazing, I don't know what the fuck Germain is  
I just know that both of y'all are trying my patience  
I don't give a fuck about a beat, I've been rhyming for ages  
Rippers are dangerous. All jackers are afraid of us  
You wanna face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

*[Bis]*  
That's ridiculous

*[Rip]*  
A'ight then, listen to mine  
I jump in a costume impromptu just to rob you  
Put the nozzle to your eye ball and tell you what not to do  
Rip your tonsils out through your nostrils  
Bury you next to shark fossils  
Make it impossible to find you  
Depths that Jacque Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to  
With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules  
Lock you in a time capsule, smash the console  
Shit on you in reverse and suck you in a brown hole  
Suck the power out of your soul  
You're nothing but a coward in the cold freezer with a hour to go  
Watching my Casio stop watch, counting it slow  
Like drug lords checking to see if it's talcum or coke  
I can kill you by drowning the globe  
Or I can just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in your throat  
In battles I'm a thousand to no. I silenced the Pope  
Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed?  
No? I thought so  
Neither do I  
Its a dick between your mother's thighs divided by pi  
I'm the sickest linguistically, illicit lyrical misfit, in the business  
And probably in existence. What's your consensus?  
Study my own syntax statistics since '96  
With CPA certified assistance  
I made a decision that my standards are above precision  
The only thing I can honestly say I love more than women  
Are dope writtens. If it ain't dope then don't spit it  
Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive  
Just practice your penmanship  
If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit  
Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left  
According to manufacture's specs you'll make a mess  
And rupture the blood vessels in your neck fucking with Rip  
Got millions of blueprints on zip disk  
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversion kits  
With a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip  
You never experienced work like this, Bitch!  
Welcome to the serpentine world where I spit  
The world where I twist, the world that I rip, the world where I live

*[Bis]*

Okay Rip you made your point, I can't out-rap you  
You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too  
A lot of these rappers is jealous that's why they attack you  
They think you the best, that's why they wanna battle you

At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos  
You are the illest alive. That's a fact that you proved  
Just a couple rappers don't want it to happen for you

Raggin' on you like battling is all you can do  
You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you

Nobody knows the truth, you got talent out the gazoo  
When niggas first heard you it was like "Man on the Moon"

You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too  
So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you  
What happens if the rumors about being a faggot are true?

Look what it's running into  
I don't feel like having this discussion with you

I'm tired of fucking with you  
Niggas in the game don't wanna do nothing with you

Bussin' with you. Going one on one with who?  
They wanna get rid of you. Shit is too lyrical

Headhunters out to get you. That's why I had to protect you  
I wouldn't disrespect you as another intellectual

Without you I'm unsuccessful  
God bless you

What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to?  
Ever since my third album I've been mentioning you

I got your name on my arm, I'm representing you  
You Rip the Jacker. I would never question you

I respect your opinion as a professional nigga  
I just want you to listen to what I'm telling you

What happened between L and you, forget it

People know you won the battle, they will give you the credit  
A lot of people don't want to admit it

But I consider it a real privilege  
To bear witness to your lyrics and be involved in sharing the merits

I'm forever indebted  
I just need you to chill for a second so I can send a positive message

Like Tupac before he left us  
The author of the work ethic Genesis

Has inspired me to write the ExeBis scripts  
As a constant reminder not to forget Bis

But I've reached a precipice  
Remember Rip

You can't rhyme forever, there's always somebody with better shit  
I keep you out the public eye for a reason

You're a commodity Rip. Ain't that how you wanna keep it?  
I keep your whereabouts secret

I bring bitches to the crib every weekend so why is you beefin'?

*[Rip]*

Ayo, stop patronizing me  
You despise me

All you wanna do is steal rhymes from me  
You constantly keep me behind walls of concrete  
Lock me in the basement like a fuckin zombie  
If I was a priority  
You'd acknowledge me  
You ain't shit neither, you ain't got no college degree  
You can't rhyme without me  
Stop smiling at me  
Give me the keys to the garage, I need to borrow the Jeep  
Get the fuck out my face Bis!

# Canibus Lyrics

"Liberal Arts"

(feat. Jedi Mind Tricks)

[Voice-Over]

Once more, it has been done  
That in order to save it  
You would have to raise the specter again  
I am going to tell them the truth  
About their ministry of justice  
But if we didn't though  
It would surely be cause for war!

[Canibus]

Ok its time to get started..  
Don't want to but the forces forced me  
When it can't category allegory  
They translated it for me  
U-M-L-O-U-T: Umlaut  
That's the reason I bend vowels when I spew from the mouth  
Spit threw and out the very grotesque few are best  
Burn through vests  
Since the university of Budapest  
Sitting in a room with a windowless view  
Concentrating; looking at you  
Freeze frame frozen at the very moment  
The wormhole opens  
You know Canibus has spoken  
The circumference of a third eye so vibrant  
To me, Ezekiel's Wheel was just a spare tire  
My epithelial genetic fiber was forged in the protoplasmic fires in a black geyser  
The explosion can described as a white Iris  
When the absolute began, I don't know where I was  
I musta just been a piece of micro dust  
That's why I the fuck love mics so much  
My micro, macro robotic rap flow  
The Magna Carta of the entire rap world  
Mayflower 2002 Phase 1  
Adapt to the press of gravity is laid on my lungs  
The theory of communication called cannons  
Dissertation with a makeover in camouflage makeup  
Light waves bend to the wake of bust  
Mics buckle with white knuckles, metacarpals crush  
Acid reflux all over your face, you fuck  
Grab heart with bare hands,  
Squeeze and spray blood  
You iller than me? Gimme a call:  
W-W-W-N-A-M-I-org  
Dear boss,  
You mind if I share my thoughts?

Psychotherapy is expensive, can you share my costs?  
In a cushioned room with leather doors  
Handwriting experts take a look at the letters I draw  
Excessive graftedness, there's no space between words  
Excessive cross-outs: it must be my nerves  
Rhymes that vaporize dis-ablize and destabilize  
Pray to God, say Goodbye  
Six minutes Vinnie Paz you're on  
Lyrically this is the liberty of Liberal Arts

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus:]* Consume Creatine and Create  
*[cAnibus:]* Anemometers analyze air intake  
*[caNibus:]* The H.N.I.C that narrates  
*[canibus:]* Innate intelligent Interface  
*[caniBus:]* Biogenetic Behemoth obliterate  
*[canibUs:]* Youth on fire, You both bleed  
*[canibuS:]* Micnificantly sound Mc  
Liberal Arts with JMT

*[Vinnie Paz, AKA Ikon the Verbal Hologram]*  
I'm the god of war,  
the resurrector of the horror-core  
The carnivore, destroying you wasn't hard at all  
I started raw, so the haters could see what could happen  
I was Allah while the pagans were speaking in Latin  
I'm the origin of science and math  
I'm the origin of everything you trying to grasp  
Been dying to ask if Jedi Mind is the real  
Well I'll let you inside my mind and you decide how it feel  
I'm dying to kill  
And bring to you apocalypse  
I start a lot beef with lots of guns and lots of clips  
Fuck the head, I'm aimin right for your esophagus  
Hang you from a hook then drink the blood your body drips  
I got the power of the lead a fucking shotty spits  
And leave you weaker than the mafia that's Gotti-less  
With Canibus: get deep like psychoanalysts  
Vinne Paz the fucking Hand-to-Fist-Philanthropist

What? Its fucking Vinnie Paz daddy  
Yeah Jedi Mind baby  
(For the people of the world)  
Canibus baby  
Let it now be noted  
Mic Club  
What's the fucking deal?

That here in our decision  
This is what we stand for  
Justice, Truth and the value of a single human being

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Liberal Arts

Mic Club the Curriculum

Can-I-bus hittin 'em

Rippin 'em

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Curriculum 101"

[Intro: movie sample]

Claims are being made

That for me go far beyond the available evidence

In fact in many cases are contradicted by the evidence

And that bothers me

[Canibus]

Forensic psychologists, Samuel with the brides

Explains you probably never understand Jermaine

Incoherent speeches, puzzles and pieces

The sub-chemical deepness, suck his clan 'til they screeches

Realms of heaven and hell

Flowing angelic gell strikes with voron leukaemia cells

Demons in hell, they call to me, I scream "what can you offer me?"

They reply "tecnosaucery"

They tell me the meek will never inherit the world

Cuz they weak standin' on two 12 inch feet

I dream Quashee Canonian dreams when I sleep

Peyote leads to snakes with a blood of a priest

In the room where the ceiling leaks and crimps in grease

Where the living eats the dead and the dead reek

Rockbottom transforms human beings to beast

Why the fuck you think we got canine teeth?

It's the optical stimuli of watching men cry

I hope I've got time to repent before I die

Battle me at the beach if the sea is out of reach

Cuz when I speak what's fluid becomes concrete

Like a falcon up in the sky, 10 thousand feet

Lookin' down at you bitches lookin' at me

Fame shift into 45 degrees, I'm too crooked to see

I memorise the books that I read

Suckin' from the breast of knowledge, constantly weaning

Unforseeningly a genuis without meaning

Try to visualise what happy Houdini was feeling

Handcuffed under water without breathing

Near death on a fatal quest for air

But why should anyone care? He put himself there

His career was based on facing the stares

To take destiny from the hand of the man upstairs

He didn't mind the cold stares he got from his peers

They couldn't tell him where he was goin' or how to get there

It's better to be prepared and fail than be scared

and unsure of yourself and still get killed

Don't rhyme like I used but I've still got skills

More than a couple confirmed kills under the belt

Huntin' MCs like huntin' Elk

Camouflaged in the dense bust of stealth determined his health

I don't do this to anybody except myself  
Stuck with motherfuckers like the trophy on my shelf  
    Fuck the promo, nigga I do this for dolo  
    Flow from the first album, the 24-0-0  
    Round the clock launce, I got a cup of coco  
    When I be a no show with my girl fives don't go  
    And she give me blow more than 2 times on the row  
And I'd rather chill with her than kill you with a rhyme that I wrote  
    Count how many mics that I smoke minus the gold  
    Bust dope, my battlin' average higher than most  
    When I'm on the mic I release fire from throat  
    If you disagree please do it quietly folks  
    Anybody better than Bis must be a hoax  
    Black man NO, what about the great white ho?  
What? Man you must be sniffin' the great white coke  
    Don't you that's like Gary Comb, I'm fightin' a hulk  
    Still not even quite that close  
A great mic fight in ya rubber dingi boat 50 miles out from the coast  
    What the fuck is the maddness with you  
I beat you black and blue, then I give the tablet the true  
    Better yet I put a tattoo of me on you  
    A 10 by 10 ceelo go neon blue  
    The most theatrical MC battle of all time  
I rip jackers like you, you know my call sign  
    Kill a cobra, stick hooker over behovin'  
    Motorise auto gyro's with sycamore rotors  
    Hydrogen peroxide, gaseous vapors  
Technically these words shouldn't even rhyme off paper  
In theory, for every soul that can hear me I'ma blaze them  
    In practical practice my style's even greater  
Can't you see what I'm spittin'? Can't you here the difference?  
    Compared to me you're energetically inefficient  
You need ten times the enzymes to process one of my rhymes  
    You got to rewind every one of my lines  
    Do you know how to paraphrase?  
Do you even understand what the narrator's tryna say?  
The climax explodes, nobody can force out of my flow  
    Figurably the language is too dope  
    Academic journals print my lyrical quotes  
They show parallelism in all the albums I wrote  
    On any track I come off strong automatically  
Whether I write interactive or pass the capacity  
    Poetry that I spit is autonomous to cliff  
    written on tablets of clay mortar mix, superb  
    Truly superb, analyse the words  
It's like I'm jerkin ya birds fly above the earth  
The Eye of Horus, the miniature tour ride within the giant tourist  
    With singularity on the chorus I still sound enourmous  
Borderline, insanity tryna break you through humanities border  
    With a new curriclum every quarter  
I'm the pawn of the pawner with the secret mic world order  
    Baptise you with Jamaican White Rum and water  
    If you got a hundred bars then I know you a warrior

I'll be the one that award ya, pinch the medal on you  
Dedicate a song to you, cuz not in autoble  
You want a record deal  
Explain the lyrical grande unified field so I can test ya skill  
Do it in front of the class, chart diagram it and write it in latin  
Not spanish god dammit, step back so I can look at it  
"da dad dad ada dada", ah what the fuck is that wack shit?  
Crumpsy and dumb like a hand with five thumbs  
Work for the Mic Club, Curriculum 101

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Mic Club Outro"

[*Canibus:*]

[x4: *quietly*]

This is a favourite short scene of mine  
Two famous lines, time flies  
Especially when you listen to rhymes  
Words become time and time is disguised  
Around the world in 80 seconds through a sentence  
Experience is the mother of all adventure  
Who knows the unknown? Where will you end up?  
Question yourself, who, when and what  
I tell you this much, it's up to every one of you  
Learn from the past or the future will punish you  
Power flows to those who remember  
Memory comes from words, words come from letters  
This is Mic Club's primary premise  
We tell history, we don't let history tell us  
Mic Club...

[x2: *quietly*]

Mic Club

**CANIBUS**

ALI IS ALIVE

WHO STOPPED YA

MY NAME IS  
**NOBODY**

[WWW.MICCLUB.NET](http://WWW.MICCLUB.NET)

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Intro / My Name Is Nobody"

[Canibus]

Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

What's my name?

Say my name!

What's my name?

Yo

I never rocked wit Nas, I never rocked wit Rakim Allah

I never gave y'all a hundred bars

I never walked among the stars, I never rocked a mic on tour

Never made some groupie bitch drop her drawers

Never had a menage-a-troi, with girls lickin' my balls while I eat em'

Nah, I never done that neither

And I never wore that white wife beater

On the video set with the Lost Boyz and Dogg Pound and smoked reefer

I never had a Source quoteable

I never rocked 50 bar vocals, on Beasts From the East wit Reggie Noble

Never spit wit Keith Murray or Little Jamal

I never rocked on stage at the Apollo at all

To this day, if someone asked me "why were you silver on MTV?"

I have to just tell them it wasn't me

Cause I'm nobody

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo, I never been at the Mardi Gras, suckin' on ta-tas

I never been to LA, or crissed to Ya Ya's

I never been overseas

I never been to Amsterdam walkin' right past the cops smokin' some trees

I never had a battle with about a dozen emcees

And simultaneously I brought 'em all to their knees

I never been off the scene to long

Never been totally gone, never appeared on a shitload of songs

I never rocked with Eminem yet, yeah that's true

People'll talk about it from now to the day that I do

But I never made an impact

I never changed rap, infact, sometimes I wish I could take it all back

I didn't sell enough units

I said I was the illest alive, and I didn't prove it

I probably look stupid

I guess I'm nobody

I guess I'm nobody

I'm so so sorry

*[Chorus]*

My name is Nobody  
My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody (Nigga I ain't nobody to know)

My name is Nobody (Get it?)

*[Canibus]*

Yo, yo

It's like the rap community doesn't know what to do with me

What if there was two of me?

What if I persuaded some bitches to reproduce with me

And create a whole crew of me?

Only those that are as cruel as me, can rule with me

I got a secret let's keep it between you and me

And when I'm forgotten, you can say this at my eulogy

You can say this at my eulogy

You can say this at my motherfucking eulogy

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Stupid Producers"

[Hook:] These stupid producers [x8]

Yo, wassup my main man?  
(Yo wassup Canibus?)  
What's your name? (DJ R2-D2)  
I heard you got beats  
(C'mon nigga, I got beats of pain)  
Yeah I hear what you sayin, but are they flames?  
(My shit is John Blaze)  
You got a card or somethin? (Nah)  
Put your number on the CD, I'll give you a call or somethin  
(It's just, I'm not gon' be here for long)  
How long you in town?  
(About a week or so)  
Where you stayin at man?  
(I'm stayin with my manager)  
Who's your manager, him over there? (Yeah)  
The nigga with the Southpole sweatshirt and permed hair?  
(Yeah! I been with him for 12 years!)  
Listen don't even trip, I just want some beats to finish my shit  
(How you tryin to come this time?)  
I'm lookin for some hard shit (some hard shit?)  
Yeah, like some Beat Brokers or Mark Sparx shit  
(Whatever you want, I can play it Canibus)  
Huh, play what?  
(The track, when do you want me to lay it?)  
Lay what? (See, aiight nigga, keep sleepin. I got heat!)  
Yo relax my main man I'ma call you, peace  
I got back to the crib, popped in the CD  
And turned it up loud to see if had some real beats  
...I heard somethin I felt  
I hit the nigga on the cell to see if it was for sale  
Yo can I speak to DJ... (who dis? Canibus?)  
Yo I'm feelin tracks 2 and 6  
(Those tracks are reserved!)... Whatever  
Bottom line: you give me the tracks, I give you the cheddar  
(Cheddar? Yeeah!)  
We can do it around 10pm (That's too late man)  
In the studio off of Lankershim  
(Can you come pick me up, nigga?)  
At that point, I didn't even feel like answerin him  
Stupid-ass motherfuckin producer got me real upset  
And I ain't even got to work with him yet  
I showed up at 10:30, so I was already late  
He showed up after me and forgot to bring his own DAT tapes  
He shook my hand with both of his hands  
And told me he could play it over again with both of his friends

Yo, as long as I get tracks 2 and 6  
I don't give a fuck who really produced the shit  
Just DO the shit (Okay, calm down...)  
You better watch who you beef with nigga, for real!  
When I get back, I want it laid  
(You gonna pay me tonight?)  
Yeah you gonna get paid!  
I'ma leave, jump in the car, speed  
Go to my man, get some trees  
Get somethin to eat and I'll be back by 3 (Aiight)

*[Hook x4]*  
*[Over hook] Will you be done by then?*  
*(It's gonna be fire nigga, trust me!)*

Hold up  
Five hours later you ain't laid nothin?  
Not one piece of percussion?  
You mean to tell me you ain't pressed one button?  
You think this is motherfuckin pre-production or somethin?  
You know we ain't got a budget  
Who told you to order lunch, bitch?  
(Hold up Bis, you ain't got no love for me?)  
Your name's Canibus and you ain't got no bud for me?  
You know what? Fuck it, I don't even want it no more  
Cause the track you sellin me probably ain't even yours (WHAT?!)

*[Hook x12]*

"I can't stop these teardrops of mine..." *[repeat till fade]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Dungeon"

(feat. Kurupt)

[*Canibus*]

It's like this y'all, Canibus y'all  
About to rip y'all with the raw shit y'all  
With my hard core raw dog Kurupt  
'Bout to blow this shit the fuck up  
It's two-thousand B.C., 'bout to take it to  
two-thousand A.D.  
Yea, my mother fucking man Ray on the track  
Check it out

[*Canibus*]

Yo, yo  
It's two-thousand A.D.: After Disaster  
Fly's buzz around a million rappers cadavers  
Never been the type to talk  
My ice-grill's like, looking down the wide jaws of a white shark  
'Bout to rip off your arms like perforated paper  
A hundred times more sharper than stainless steel razors  
Shock you with an electrically charged taser  
'Till you turn blue in the face, and die from asphyxiation  
The stench of a thousand ounces  
Grab you by the throat and blow my second-hand weed smoke down it  
Don't give a fuck what month you dropping in  
I'll be in the Dungeon hollering, 'fuck you and your cult following'  
You cum-swallowing transsexual fag  
With crabs, and breasts that sag, dressed in drag  
Running full-paged ads in the porno mags  
With pictures of you with a dick in your mouth and a dick in your ass  
Kurupt where you at?  
Yea, the Dungeon style

Yea, the dungeon

Yo

Lyrically, I'm bananas  
My tongue moves like Hindu belly-dancers performing tantra  
I blur your vision like slow shuttled speeds on the camera  
Get up in that ass like colon cancer  
Brain cells handpicked  
Organically enhanced with third millennium medical standards  
My D.N.A. was tampered with  
By genetic engineers with scholarship grants that stupid in Stanford  
Canibus, too advanced for this shit  
Turn spit to gas vapour, then back to spit  
Your style is one-quarter bull, one-quarter horseshit  
One-quarter garbage, and one-quarter nonsense  
Make you nauseous 'till you vomit

Like the Backwards Pharcyde video going forwards  
As I drink the blood of a thousand emcees  
I can tell by the taste of the pulp if they was hand-squeezed  
This is Transylvania, vampire mania  
You should be afraid of my fangs in your neck draining you  
I was made to bust, made to crush  
Any mic me and Kurupt touch, turn to dusk  
See? I'm as dangerous as they come  
Dangerous with or without a gun, I've been dangerous since day one  
Rhyme flows explode like pyros  
Stick to your ribs like chicken and thick gravy from Roscoes  
Get your head flown if you dumb in the dome  
Or struck with some stones 'till you feel numb in the bones  
You better keep your big mouth closed  
'Fore I stick the muzzle of the chrome in that hole under your nose  
Send a signal to my index, and tell it to fold  
In the direction of my wrist bone to release your soul  
I told you to freeze, if I was you I would have froze  
But you chose the other route and got blown full of holes  
Pistol to your mug, cripple your tongue, rip through your lungs  
Write your name on your tombstone scribbled in blood  
Give me a little love  
There anybody out there that never felt one rhyme that Can-I-Bus bust?  
You a liar, liar, pants on fire  
Watch the G.O.A.T. with the ghost-writer get slaughtered by a tiger  
Seen him in the Pun video holding up his lighter  
Smeared his career like doo-doo inside a diaper  
My style is sicker than, infected women and men  
I'm so raw, I can catch AIDS without sticking it in  
Flip and dip like shrimps and scampi  
Switch language like a black kid raised by a Spanish nanny  
And we do it like that when we in the dungeon  
Past the motherfucking mic to Kuruption

# Canibus Lyrics

## "U Know Who"

You know who snatched the mic from you know who  
But let's keep that between me and you  
You know who snatched the mic from you know who  
But let's keep that between me and you  
You know who snatched the mic from you know who  
But let's keep that between me and you  
You know who snatched the mic from you know who  
But let's keep that between me and you

You know who snatched the mic from you know who  
I still got a lot of fight in me too  
It's the dragon in me, against the tiger in you  
It's already around my neck, they want to tighten the loop  
Ten steps ahead, twenty steps behind you  
Spit a rhyme in your ear just to frighten your boo  
Most niggaz rather ask me, 'You nicer than who?'  
When they really want to ask me, 'Who's nicer than you?  
The mic on the bicep is the proof, it ain't a lie it's the truth  
I'm just doing what I'm A to do  
I'm a two-thousand and two Canibus type-two  
Mic guru with gurus and B too  
Modules with blood vessel designed tube and  
My mind is moving to rewrite blueprints with new ink  
Click on Canibus and choose a link  
I abuse how you think, just get off my dick  
Rhymes so cold, I spit block-ice  
Gotta wear night socks at night, to stop vocal cord frostbite  
The R-type I.P.P.E.R. aconite  
Burning C and dark Hip-Hop nights



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Broke Ass"

Yo

I done been from Jersey to Brooklyn  
Done been through Queens where the crooks hang  
Done been on tour doing group thangs  
'Cause I'm always tasting that pootang  
Really love it when a girl got a cute name  
    Got a cute attitude and a cute frame  
    Got a big ass butt, breasts, and no brain  
Them things make a nigga want to shoot game  
Now check it, I done been through a few thangs  
Done seen a lot more than some loose change  
    Always been open minded to new thangs  
    Been a Hip-Hop nigga since youth man  
        Beat-box and break-dance too man  
        Used to do electric boogaloos man  
        Do Egyptian love with two hands  
I remember when I lived down south, yo  
    In a hot ass one story house, yo  
Where the A.C. was always going out, yo  
    Sometime spend a whole day outdoors  
        We had a block-party, barbecue  
        Eating food, in the pool  
        Music got us in that mood  
        Everybody act a fool  
        I'ma tell you like this man  
        Every night I go down to the city man  
To the gentlemen's club where my niggaz hang  
    Them stripper chicks know how to strip man  
        DJ's be spinning them hits man  
Play the Cash-Money clique and the Jigga man  
    Them hoes be thick but sick man  
Every stripper think a mother fucking rich man  
    Like Sisqo, the R&B singing man  
Think I got a bank account with a million man  
    Case of Crystal cost about six grand  
    Bitch better get a less expensive brand  
Got to stick to the budget when I trick, man  
    How about ten dollars for a sip, man?  
My whole dance for a ten dollar tip, man  
    Still waiting on my royalty check, man  
    How about a rain-check next time, yo?  
    How about a handful of coupons, yo?  
How about tickets to my next five shows  
Turn around, let me test that behind, yo  
    I love a fine ho

Girl, why you trying to get loud, screaming lies

Acting surprised, rolling your eyes  
You act like a nigga done committed a crime  
You know my elbow just brushed your thigh  
    Now them guys, twice my size  
Trying to throw a nigga like me outside  
    I be up in this club all the time  
But it's the first time that I crossed the line  
    Damn girl, why you so mean to me?  
You know I can't leave, I done lost my keys  
    Don't throw me out, Mr. Bouncer, please  
        Let me take the girl up to V.I.P  
She was just playing 'cause I'm low on cheese  
    Look at it, she only got eyes on me  
They bloodshot red, so she's smoking weed  
You know how these stripper chicks love to tease  
    I think I left my cell phone back at my seat  
I had a couple of drinks and I need a receipt  
    Follow me to the bathroom to pee  
    I keep about three G's in my briefs  
Damn baby boy, you done ripped my sleeve  
I ain't trying to beef, give me room to breath  
    Why I got to leave, tell me what I done?  
  
God damn girl, give a nigga some love  
I'm all out of dubs but I'll give you some ones

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Get Off Ya Knees"

[Hook]

Get Off Ya Knees!  
Change your style cause its time  
Nigga's want me to rhyme pre-99  
No-one can flow with Bis, Most people notice  
But others just won't admit, They can't get over it  
Rhymes I been known to spit, Mic's I been known to grip  
Makes me the Ultimate, God father over this  
I'm just a ghost of rip  
A soldier in this show business don't exist if he has no defence  
My opponents are so intent, not to show respect  
They fret cause I'm a global threat  
I'm so hard to catch, a cold with Caleb  
I relocate so quick they can't close the net  
I expose the press, dispose of the prints  
On the loose again nobody knows what's next  
My virus infects  
Every machine with clandestine speech  
Nigga Get Off Ya Knees!

[Hook]

Yeah!  
Hip-Hop's habitat, Rip the Jacker's back  
This is battle rap, def while I master tracks  
I mix ant with thrax in your digestive track  
I suggest its wack then I side-step to the back  
I kidnap your X, For 10 million franks  
Make you shit your pants, you smell like septic tanks  
Just respect it man throw a fist in the air  
The distance is Near, Armageddon is here  
I permeate UN-worldly planes  
as they crash in the worlds that trades only my words remain  
Altruist Egoist - people are ignorant  
what is the meaning of meaningless meaningfulness?  
Formulas of primordial audio  
40 ohms of euphorial anointed flows  
It was written so it shall be told  
Get off Ya knees, give me the microphone  
Fucker

[Hook]

My man-hood is massive, when it's not flaccid  
Bis is real cool when he's not Rip the Jacker  
I am modernist, I am complex

Vicarious logic of bodily hardship  
Beat your ass till your teeth mash  
Sand blast your face blow a breeze past, make you bleed fast  
E-K-G's beep fast, Doctors speak fast  
For skin graft the patch over deep gash  
Give me details, how does meat smell?  
After a train derails into a field of gazelles!  
Step in the club; turn the crystal in your cups to red blood  
Fuck Ya Heads up!  
Suspend me from the game don't mention my name  
Impossible Can-I-Bus drugs in your brain  
Don't be a schmuck  
You act like a movie I've proved I'm the illest you cannot dispute me  
Get Off Ya Knees

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Who Stopped Ya?"

Yo, who stopped ya?  
Separate the rappers from the actors  
The doctors from the proctobiologists  
Can't speak with common sense  
You got a dent in the medulla oblongata  
And lost some skills, five Percent  
Imma rock again  
How much you wanna bet  
Might throw a little fit  
Drown you with a little spit  
From the USA to Cairo  
Took the high road to Mohenjodaro  
Cause I'm a pharaoh  
If there was no tomorrow  
I'd still be the most sophisticated model of wordological babble  
The speech is called double speak  
For example if I said I was to bust the heat  
Till the sky touch your feet  
Open your eyes look at the concrete  
My name aint Germaine now you got the wrong beef  
It aint Canibus neither you got the wrong leaf  
You think Hitler's dead but you got the wrong teeth  
Like me rockin on another beat, right now  
While you still listenin to this one, blah-dow  
Being followed by a black cloud  
So imma just keep on rhyming and look at the ground  
I'll look up if you pass it around  
I'm the best lyricist hands down  
Motherfucker just look at your hands now  
Who stopped ya? Rap tighter than an anaconda  
Only one problem my work com sucks  
Syllables rush through the position of the teeth and the tongue  
Mouth to mic to speakers till its deep in your drum  
Speak with the tongue till sounds like I'm speakin in tongues  
When I'm done I'll leave you needing a lung  
Don't have to get up  
Cause I been up  
Doin sit ups and chin ups  
And an army chin up, I rip shit up  
Punch y'all for pair of fist cuffs with fist clutch  
When I'm getting my dick sucked I resuscitate sick sluts  
Gettin they clits mixed up  
Stick a plug in the butt  
OK Bis you been explicit enough  
Who stopped ya, who stopped ya?



# Canibus Lyrics

## "My Home Atlanta"

It's that crunk crew, it's that crunk crew  
Blackened brothers in that crunk crew yeah

*[Chorus x2]*

I love my home Atlanta  
My red and blue bandanas  
My slackin southern grammar  
Them sexy go-go dancers  
Cadallacs on hammers to braves hogs ballers and bangers  
Those marijuana smokers them marijuana planters

I wake up in the morn  
Turn my playstation on  
Just bought that NFL blitz and that basketball  
I be deriving songs  
To see what's goin on  
I let my hair grow long maybe braid it in the fall  
Whenever I get bored  
I just jump in my car  
I go to Lennox mall and look for independent broads  
Sometimes I get annoyed  
They treat me like a scrub  
I go down to the schools  
Maybe I'll get more love  
3 pm in the evening  
I'm on the highway speeding  
My front left tire's leakin  
Should have bought a new one last week-end  
I guess I wasn't thinking  
Up ahead break lights were blinkin  
For more than 30 minutes I was stuck in gridlock prison  
This traffic drives me crazy  
Goin west on 280  
Five a bitch almost made me  
Crash into her Mercedes  
I'm glad I almost missed her  
I pushed the clutch and shifted  
It was a white lady I'd rather hit a sister  
Cause see I know the system  
It's easier to trick them  
I use my g to pimp em and convince them I'm the victim  
Naw baby you hit me  
No I was in lane 3  
You need some contacts you can't see  
Naw girl you can't blame me  
Don't panic just be patient  
Give the bitch the wrong information

She'll probably never claim it scared of high insurance payments  
I love my home Atlanta I love my home Atlanta I love my home Atlanta

[Chorus x2]

The land of pretty peaches  
Girls with round features  
Make a nigga say good Jesus these hos are dime pieces  
Start it off like what's your name  
Tell me what's your age  
You got a man  
Can we be friends  
I'm glad you feel that way  
Come on and ride with me  
I'll take you to that crunk bar where them sharks eat  
5 stars baby  
bon appetit  
I got that shrimp appetizer with that dark meat  
If shorty wanna creep  
I'll bring her home with me  
Just bought some candles and that Carl Thomas cd  
Bootleg that Jay-Z  
Stole that Outkast  
Been had that Keith Sweat  
I know how to make it last  
Smack that naked ass  
You got a big butt.  
I ain't in no rush plus she like it rough  
Keep your stuff locked leather and handcuffs  
And those things you wrap around a mans you know what  
That's why I love Atlanta I can hardly stand-up  
I'm a heavy drinker  
Fix me a cup and sinker  
I always love Atlanta  
That's why I love Atlanta I love my home Atlanta I love my home Atlanta

[Chorus x2]

As a youngster I was so damn bad  
Used to drive up the Ave with no tags  
Niggas couldn't see me I was goin so fast  
Most niggas catch whiplash and crash  
Face all chipped up from the glass  
Runnin from the police holdin ass  
If I get caught I'll just give them some cash  
Most police give me dap and laugh  
Other ones pull out behind the flash  
Take the night stick and tap the glass  
Tell me turn the music on it's on blast  
Turn the engine off cause I'm wastin gas  
Tell him that I'm lost and I need a map  
Looking for a hotel to take a nap  
Freenik off so I came for that

It was good last year that's why I'm back  
That's when they tried to hit me  
His big fist barely missed me  
I have my camera with me  
I think I'll sue the city  
I love this place Atlanta that's why I love Atlanta  
I love my home Atlanta I love my home Atlanta

*[Chorus x2]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Rip Is Alive"

Oh no! He's alive!

Rip the Jacker!

Master!

Please help us!

Please please ahhh!

I'm the real king of my kingdom

I make my women practice isolationism as soon as I get 'em

Run my world with an iron rod behind iron bars

Enclosed behind iron doors in a small iron box in the corner

Shielded behind fire walls with water doors

Down the gaseous corridor

Welcome to my world of horror

A coroner with an immortal ora

The rhyme slinging highlander ripper rip you to live longer

Get strong every record that I record

Morph my arms into a sword and clothesline you running forward

You can't ignore Bis Mothafucker I started this

As far as artists that spit Canibus is dominant

Hot shit from a lava pit

Studied by oceanographers

At the oceans bottom with rocket ship sound effects

A ripper in the flesh signed in ink, nigga

You ain't ill if you need time to think

You talk shit my personality splits

You get ripped and that's it

A (True Hollywood Story) bitch

In my world Jermaine's gone Canibus is just a Monica

Stay behind to follow up and demolish you fucks

Can-I-bus (Yeah!) now that's what I'm talking bout

Call me Mr. spit shit also known as toilet mouth

Y'all been warned about a million times

I done wrote about a million rhymes since July '85

When I'm writing I'm impervious to fraud

My fine arts verbal collage is worthy of the gods

When I'm 30 years old I'ma quit rhyming

Collect my own catalogue and open up a library

Lock myself in solitary six months at a time

Work at the university and teach sick fucks how to rhyme

Nobody safe nobody say that they great

I'll put a Jacker's whole body in a crate

Trap your soul in an electromagnetic face

Put the crate on a wide-low rider and drive it in a lake

Look in my eyes then look in my face

Nobody's here to arbitrate

Realise its time for your fate



**Canibus Presents:**



[www.MicClub.Net](http://www.MicClub.Net)

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Intro / The Brainstream"

[Professor]

I'm a University professor and so...haha

I'm always a University professor

so the most important people in this room are not us but the students

And I want to say to you kids who've come along

First of all, thanks very much for turning out

And secondly, think about what we're talking about

Because these are important issues

Even if they're not on the test

These are really important issues to you as a human being

And I hope that you won't... won't agree with me... won't agree with any of us

That you'll make your own minds up

But I hope you will think about them and talk about them

[Canibus]

Ay yo

One time for your M-I-N-D

Canibus, this is the bloodstream

Two times for all of the MC's

Canibus, this is the bloodstream

Brainstream nigga, yeah

[Canibus]

Uh-huh...uh-huh

Yo, Yo, Ayo

I spit so ferocious I can't stay focused

Watch the ambience of the tone switch

When I'm in mic mode, ELF overload

The proverbial verbal toe to toe, foot to your throat

Ding ding get in the ring nigga, answer your phone

Rap so sick the friction will leave your lips swole

Sippin on sour cold sauce syrup slow

Rippin the flow till your face looks like strawberry pulp

Scan your whole area code...call the crib like, "Is he home?"

Tell him to come alone and "click" phone

Spit rhymes and split skulls

Miserable pitbulls leave you with turnakit wrapped wrist bones

From Fort Hood to Fort Green

My metaphors bling, Lord of The Rings, I'm the thorazine king

Hold that... hold this... put the mic down before you catch thumbrosis

You holding a Cris? I'm in your house feeding your fish in your robe and slips

Holding your old ladies tit, frequent visitors stick a dick in her

Supreme lyricist with built antique twenty fusion inhibitors

Citizens scared of the minimum lyrical derivitive forty-four curriculum

syllables caliber killing em

Damn nigga, what you think of him?

Feeling that nigga dun!

For real, cause that nigga been spittin for a minute son  
They wanna get rid of him, that's why they belittle him on the mic  
    He ain't human, that's what I keep tellin them  
    If they don't wanna play him on FM then F-them  
    He don't care about them, the mic is his best friend  
        Throw a beat on and bless him  
        Battle... bring ya best men, XXL X-Men  
My rap cracks the thermostat reset the temp at 180 degrees  
Please, it's no sweat, all I need to know is where and when  
Talk to my agent and make sure the craft service is Jamaican  
Record through 32x lense, right brain connect with left hem  
    The REM is high res, my surveillance disrespect feds  
    Anti-social, dyslexic, doing CAT Scans at the pet shem  
The MC mourtuary endorser, mortifier turns the audience to dismembered corpses  
Slap bootleggers with a novelty tax, enforced by the Rap Coalition Poverty Act  
    Black balled, but whats it feel like not to be black?  
    Universal got my stock, I want my property back  
        Spit hard and never got a dime  
Spit the hottest rhymes, in modern times and still got ostracized  
    For the intelligent community that reads my lyrics  
        What I've writting deserves a legional merrit  
This is the precarious position of a rap star dead serious  
With hilariously bizarre, share your verses with the gods  
R-A-W-W-A-R, flow for 108 bars, I took nothing and gave all  
    Yo, look up in the sky  
    A burning star quasar when I rhyme  
        Artwork of an undetermined design  
I still shine quoteables of an uncorrodable kind  
Lightning bolt struck the pen and I wrote a few lines  
    The brainstream will be back online in due time

Brainstream Nigga!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Got Bitches?"

[*Canibus - chorus*]

Got bitches  
Yeah  
Where can I get em?  
Right ova here my nigga  
Mad bars no edit no redirect  
Just hot shit niggaz never spit  
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Got bitches

Yeah

Where can I get em?  
Right ova here my nigga  
Mad bars no edit no redirect  
Just hot shit niggaz never spit  
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

[*Canibus*]

Hot lyrics loop the beat and rock wit it  
Go head slam the door in my face ill lock smith it  
My box cutter blades rip it  
Toxemic the loop is out for lyrics when we out for fire spit it  
Put a high speed on the electrons limit light like quick googol bowlers  
Hitting the wicked get jig  
Fix my aperients take you to Paris  
Cook diner on a taros for you and your parents  
First impression what they think of me  
Don't they like legume  
Won't let you commit to me  
Tell them that you're live with me  
Tell them I dig you out diligently  
And you thinking about giving up anything just to have twins with me  
Turbo 911 98 degree weather engines wined as I push the leather  
Pin you to the leather I can prove I can love in 3 seconds  
So let me pull over and check your P.S.I presser

[*Canibus - chorus*]

Got bitches  
Yeah  
Where can I get em?  
Right ova here my nigga  
Mad bars no edit no redirect  
Just hot shit niggaz never spit  
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Got bitches

Yeah

Where can I get em?  
Right ova here my nigga  
Mad bars no edit no redirect  
Just hot shit niggaz never spit  
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

*[Canibus]*

New and improved updated sex pistols  
Clamp your nipples  
The betty ass sample  
Leave your kidney crippled  
Cherry pickle lift you flip you like a nickel  
Scream and stay word girl I'm a keep wiping you  
Eyes wide shout that word it's a deal yo  
At R Kelly show showing his home amateur video  
Produced by a pinto at the house  
The custodian of recorders is me not Mari Cabal  
The best job in the world  
Besides touring around with Jagged Edge  
With something whole coroner round  
Rhythm & Blues get all the kuch kuch  
No doubt and when I'm singing R & B this is how it sounds

*[Canibus singing]*

Young lady you look so fine I cant turn my eyes away the way you look in the launderette and a...

*[Canibus - chorus]*

Got bitches  
Yeah  
Where can I get em?  
Right ova here my nigga  
Mad bars no edit no redirect  
Just hot shit niggaz never spit  
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Got bitches  
Yeah  
Where can I get em?  
Right ova here my nigga  
Mad bars no edit no redirect  
Just hot shit niggaz never spit  
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

*[Canibus]*

She wanna make it in her mouth  
With the ta ta busting out show her what's love about  
Spend the budget and bounds  
No one would know she is going down south it don't count  
Cause I never met a striper that respected her spouse  
Beat her ass as soon as she steps in the house  
What she a spec  
She kissing him with D.N.A we left in her mouth  
She blaming it on the drugs and the vine

Club seen is obscene I told you umpteen times  
You want to be an actress  
Why you proud of her haven't shit change but the dick sliding in and out of her  
Ain't nobody looking out for her  
The appointment with the casting coach counselor is really just about a nut  
Aint no photographer taking no snap shots of her  
With no car board cut out camera for 20 dollars  
Why that bitch telling you she got the part  
She got spit starch on somebody's boxer shirts you heard

[*Canibus - chorus*]  
Got bitches  
Yeah  
Where can I get em?  
Right ova here my nigga  
Mad bars no edit no redirect  
Just hot shit niggaz never spit  
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Got bitches  
Yeah  
Where can I get em?  
Right ova here my nigga  
Mad bars no edit no redirect  
Just hot shit niggaz never spit  
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Horsemen Enforcements"

(feat. Kurupt, Ras Kass)

*[Ras Kass]*

Killah Priest, Canibus, Kurupt, Ras Kass  
Horsemen. Enforcement  
MATRIX, NIGGA!

*[Kurupt]*

We, reconstruct (horseman)  
Re-decompose, disassemble  
The thirteenth member  
Around the compound of 15 soldiers  
Lead by four to start off the war

*[Ras]*

FEE, FI, FO, FUM! I smell the blood like Nosferatu!  
Inhale invisible death like CO2  
Slum you, your label mates, and your CEO too  
See we know you, nigga, IOU

*[Kurupt]*

Cockin the heat, miser, feel the heat, dunn  
The elite and street sweep  
Pop hollow chrome, holla  
Separate your collar-bone, marauder  
Neo alotta[?], the anointed, don't get pin-pointed  
Yeah, you bout to spread, we comin for head  
Horseman, headless  
The tactical tech technical technique torturous technician!  
Hybrid, the virus spread miles around  
Miles and miles, bodies found in piles for miles

*[Ras]*

You niggaz comedy with that gangsta rapper rap  
That shit's comedy like Bernie Mac doing Beanie Sigel fuckin rap  
Like magic how funny niggaz disappear your fame  
Damon Wayans vs David Blaine  
Tuck your chain (hell in a hand basket.... fight back...)

*[Chorus Ras]*

Kick in the door wavin the 4-4 (what?!)  
To hit these niggaz with these ill metaphors (what?!)  
Forever raw, forever love that hardcore (what?!)  
Horsemen, bring the World War Four (what?!)

*[Ras]*

We run these concrete streets, sportin cleats  
Ain't nothin sweet (faggot!)

That harocyglemic[?] rap is weak!  
I swing machetes and chop niggaz legs off complete  
Glue your ankles to your palms:  
Meet the agony of defeat (the feet)!

*[Kurupt]*  
You can't push me, believe it  
I bash niggaz til they paraplegic  
The source, the force, the flame!  
The inner duct, the powder, the outer, the frame  
We the horsemen, fuck the game!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Here 4 Free"

*[Female #1]*

Girl! Look over there...is that Canibus?

*[Female #2]*

I Don't Know

*[Female #1]*

It looks like him

*[Female #2]*

I think it is

*[Bouncer]*

Is your name on the list?

Who you here to see?

*[Canibus]*

I don't think I'm on the list

I'm just here for free

*[Bouncer]*

You got a video out?

You got a platinum LP?

*[Canibus]*

Yo why does that matter?

I just came for free

*[Bouncer]*

Alright Bis

Let him through

*[Female #1]*

Where's he been?

*[Canibus]*

Damn girl look at you now, huhh

On T.V.

With that pretty smile, huhh

Truth is I miss you and I wanna tell ya

But I ain't got no numbers, email, or nothing

You know I seen you at the Bad Boy for life shoot

You was wearing a tight light blue Nike suit

I remember when I connected eyes with you

You winked at me, I thought that was really nice of you

I remember once staying up all night with you

Writing with you, talking bout life with you, it was exciting too

I'm assuming you did the same cause you cared  
Girl, don't you remember all the laughter we shared  
We used to talk about why Pras failed so bad  
And why the hell Wyclef's breath smells so bad  
Okay, I know I don't need to tell em all that  
But we was kinda feelin each other, you can't deny that  
We worked on records together, you murdered them tracks  
I think it was sexy how you said the verses like that  
You said, "Free be the one rockin shyt, special operative, specialize any weapon diagnostic"  
Just thinkin about it got me souped up  
I wanna hug you in your birthday suit, what  
Damn, this record is getting out of hand  
I'm crazy, you probably already got a man  
In that case I hope you hear this song  
Sincerely yours, see you at 106 & Park

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Microphone Meticulousness"

Ooo ya done fucked up now  
Oo boy it's the mainstream blazing the green rip the  
mic no matter how wasted I seem yee

Is this what you want?

*[Canibus]*

Yee yo yo I rap that shit when the mic check that shit  
Canibus nigga he the best that spit  
Fuck the fact that I never had a hit  
I don't need it cuz I never met a rapper that I ain't rip  
Walk strap wit a mic and a 50 minute DAT for the night  
just incase your show ain't tight  
Step on stage and paste left to right  
Like a lion ready to bit you dieing tonight  
More lines to your forehead than Brian McKnight  
A thousand volt voice box I'm a fry them tonight  
I've been shitin on site  
Meticulousness with the mic takes a mic and rips it  
like a Corbin knife  
Lyricist that don't lounge  
Break a nigga down  
Since you're iced out you can keep the sweating down  
Lift you of the ground till your bitch screams  
Put him down he's a mic club member now  
Beat you wit my braw  
Force you to speak loud  
Like motherfuckers give me 50 bars right now  
Plus another 50 that's not 100  
You spit 86 you trying to tell me you can't count  
Throw you in the sweat box let you sweat in out  
1 2 3 4 1 bar figure it out  
You should feel you maggots aren't ready for the  
illist rappers  
Allied metaphors in this joint active compensative  
comp linens in the rhyme science Protected by mic club security advisers  
Pick the mic up and train  
Till my voice becomes number one again on a Marge ton exchange  
Too violent to tame  
Move vein pump thro my veins  
Cuz I never been embraced by the game  
Put emcees to shame  
With the lyrical linguist spiting vintage colonial English  
Like who art thou, bow to the 10 inch dick suck on it  
I'm the aflame of this shit  
From the king of the past bringing it back  
Tell the queen of the pride to come sit on my lap

Her body is spotless she ain't got one scratch  
So you could keep them other ugly bitches in the back

*[Chorus: x3]*

Niggaz want to bust like the canibus on the mic but  
they can't bust like the canibus can  
Niggaz want to bust like the canibus on the mic but  
they can't bust like the canibus can  
Niggaz want to bust like the canibus on the mic but  
they can't bust like the canibus can

# Canibus Lyrics

"I Can - U Can't"

[*Canibus*]

Can-I-Bus, ripping them

Forty-four curriculum syllabus caliber killing them nigga

[*Canibus*]

Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't

Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't

Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker

Give me a minute

Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't

Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't

Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker

Just give me a minute

[*Canibus*]

Yo

This is cannibal rap, Canibus cancels your stats

My vandals in black'll take a hammer to your motherfucking plaque

A Mack eleven when I'm clapping a rap

You can't battle that, your fans need to understand the facts

You ain't even got the balls to rock on the track

If you do, then do the damn thing

And call your man back

I treat you like a lab-rat, and shove a cactus up your ass crack

Stop the bleeding with a Tampax

In fact, you're so vain you probably think this rhyme is about you

But really, nigga, I'm doing better than without you

Lyrically, I'm a mouthful, throw blows too low to crouch too

Pick a mic up and joust you

Brainstream in the cranium, lyrical arithmo mania

The creator of a greater sum

Updated lungs were created by the pyramid builders

With silvers injectors, equipped with K.N.N. filters

To keep out the filth and the dust, when I bust, you hush

Or I just sh-sh-shit you and flush

You want Hip-Hop? Then yo, Canibus is a must

Give a fuck if the shit flop, nigga, I still bust

For real, I don't complain, I don't explain

Been profane before I had a name in the game

I spit a verse, delete out the curses

Reverse it, and verse it, write it out in cursive

I don't have to learn it, so if you want to teach then teach

But don't preach, if you got something to say, speak but don't reach

Yo, tell me what your problem is, why you mad at me?

What's the big tragedy? Why you want to battle me?

You the one with all the dough up in all the magazines

Every time I look, your ugly ass is on the screen  
So what's the fascination with me?  
Rhymes aside, I'm a small fry, waiting for a little mic time  
Yo, all I do is write rhymes  
If a nigga, disrespect my mic, he disrespecting my pride  
I beat you and beat you, 'till I defeat you  
If you beat me, then I'll regroup  
'Till the beef is on the meat-hook  
'Till the gas bleed from the juke  
And rap music is read in my book  
Curriculum carpet bombing leave the street shook  
If you want to get at Canibus, nigga, get in line  
The best rapper in the world reserves the right to decline

*[Canibus]*

Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't  
Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't  
Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker  
Just give me a minute  
  
Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't  
Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't  
Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker  
Just give me a minute

*[Canibus]*

Yeah, it's the lyrical landmine  
Got you motherfuckers on stand by  
Yo, Can-I-Bus? C.A.N.I.B.U.S  
You know I'm the best  
Yeah, one time when we emcee  
Magazine clip never empty, motherfucker, don't tempt me  
  
The Brainstream, blazing the green

# Canibus Lyrics

"King Of Sorrow (U Didn't Care Remix)"  
(feat. Sade)

[Lightning and thunder]

[Whisper]  
King Of Sorrow

[Female]  
Yea, Yea, Yea, Yea, Yeah... Sorrow

[Canibus]  
Whattup Em?  
It's ya biggest fan

It's not even necessary to introduce who I am by now, cuz we're good friends

Remember the letter I wrote

Before Atlanta on Up In Smoke

That's the day I was gonna cut ya throat

I guess my watch was broke -- cuz by the time I woke

I seen my watch was twelve hours late and I missed the show

But none the less I'm glad that I finally reached you

Ever since the accident I've been dying to speak to you

To tell you things have changed

And I'm a different man

A different level of understanding

I'm a different Stan

Things are a lot better

I promise I won't harrass you with any letters

Saying things like "We should be together"

I meant we should start a group

The industry's full of homosexuals Slim

But I don't wanna touch you

I got a new attitude, really, I ain't mad at you

I just wanted you to recognize I got talent too

[Sade Singing]

Sorrow..

[Both]

You Didn't Care

[Sade]

King Of Sorrow..

Of Sorrow..

[Canibus]

You Didn't Care

[Sade]

King Of Sorrow..

[Canibus]

I Just Wished You Cared

[Sade]

Sorrow..

*[Canibus]*

When I say talented, I don't mean battle Slim  
I mean storytelling, kinda like how your album is  
I been attending counselfin and taking medicine  
They did some tests on me at NIH in Maryland  
They showed me techniques to help me deal with pressure  
Whenever I remembered that crazy night when I was being reckless  
    Drivin with a deathwish  
    On the bridge and I crashed into a Lexus  
    Right before I finished that last sentence  
    I was listening to Xzibit's album "Restless"  
The next thing I knew I was under water and breathless  
    I was unconscious for a second  
    Literally dying to go to heaven  
Till some fellas came and pulled me from the wreckage  
    They started CPR, then they called the paramedics  
    In retrospect I probably shoulda used a gun to end it  
    By the time the car sunk  
    My pregnant girlfriend was still in the trunk  
        And I was still feelin kinda drunk  
    The ambulance came and they put me on the stretcher  
    Hooked me up to the IV and checked my blood pressure  
        One of them was so concerned that they wouldn't leave  
He hopped in the back of the ambulance and rolled up some trees  
    My vision was blurry, I couldn't really see  
    I just remember his voice talking to me  
        In the emergency room  
I needed surgery to get some glass removed  
    And fifty stitches for my wounds

*[Chorus]*

*[Sade Singing]*

Sorrow..

*[Both]*

You Didn't Care

*[Sade]*

King Of Sorrow..

    Of Sorrow..

*[Canibus]*

You Didn't Care

*[Sade]*

King Of Sorrow..

    Of Sorrow..

*[Canibus]*

After a couple months of therapy  
I figured I was as ready as I'd ever be  
    I wanted to be an emcee  
    He took me to shows wit him  
        He let me flow wit him

He let me write some rhymes and go on tour wit him  
I really believed in him  
I decided to team wit him  
And now I'm overseas wit him, gettin cheese wit him  
And I'm MC'ing wit him  
I'm havin the best time of my life  
And I'm writin the best rhymes of my life (*[both:]* rhymes of my life)  
He introduces me to people as his lyrical equal  
Let me write a rhyme on his album and even produce a beat too  
He ain't see-through  
I can't see him frontin  
He's not the type to call you just because he needs something  
That's what I like about him  
I wouldn't want to rock a mic without him  
He's got cajones and he's not a coward  
Matter-a-fact, I think he met you  
It was the day you came to his video shoot with DJ, Jimmy's nephew  
'Clef stepped to him and told him he should step to you  
That you was ghost writin for L, but that wasn't true  
You was lookin at him the same way I'm lookin at you  
Why can't we be friends Em'?  
I don't want nothin from you  
You see there's a little bit of Stan in all of us  
Tell me where you think all of these record sales spawn from  
Talkin 'bout Britney and Christina Aguilera  
Nsync too, have you ever looked in a mirror?  
Your hair ain't really blonde, and ya eyes ain't blue  
So never diss me, cuz when you diss me your dissin you.

*[Chorus]*

*[Sade Singing]*  
Sorrow... yea, yeah  
Sorrow..  
*[Both]*  
You Didn't Care  
*[Sade]*  
King Of Sorrow... no  
Of Sorrow..  
*[Both]*  
You Didn't Care  
*[Sade]*  
King Of Sorrow... said you didn't care, you didn't care  
You didn't care, You didn't care  
*[Canibus]*  
Why didn't you care?  
*[Sade]*  
Sorrow..  
*[Both]*  
You Didn't Care  
*[Sade]*  
King Of Sorrow... no, no, no

*[fades]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "How Many MC's"

[Chorus]

How many MC's must get dissed  
before somebody says don't fuck with Bis?  
(How many MC's? ....)  
... Don't fuck with Bis

[Verse 1]

Yo, I'm valued as one America's most prestigious  
breeds of rapper for oral speeches and ghetto english  
Canibus, Can-I-Bus is my LLC  
Limited Liability Corp, can you spell that for me?  
When I was young I wish I had someone to tell that to me  
Here's my card, Poet Laureate since 1803  
I know people who have written newspapers on me  
Some are greatful to me, others be hatin on me  
You wanna bet I ain't the illest? What you tradin' wit G  
Occasionally I can feel the ripper ragin in me  
I dunno, maybe it could be how the industry behaved with me  
and lets say probably the Jamaican in me  
It could also be Universal wasn't patient with me  
if they weren't payin me I coulda called it slavery  
The way they blatantly labeled me  
some satanically motivated rapper that was related to beef  
I know I'm strange but my blood ain't green  
and I never needed a team because I'm not as dumb as I seem  
The trinity divided into a dozen light beams  
the future Ive seen has humbled my dreams  
to come in famine and disease  
But lemme chill I sound like Priest, and I don't really feel like gettin deep  
Yall niggaz know anyone of The Horsemen could rip shit  
But how many MC's must get dissed?

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2]

Ya know, I just think its time to be greatful  
For every emcee that came through and spit tape-ful's of data for you  
Every album before this, I made it for you  
nowadays the truth is I got nothin to prove  
But I heard him call my name a couple times  
in a couple of his rhymes and I thought about it a couple of times  
Is he lookin for a response or is he being a jerk?  
Or am I just to involved in my work?  
I thought to myself, "why he put my name in his verse"?  
When he said I wasn't ill he just made things worse  
Thats when I recognized what Stan was worth  
the only man on earth that could reverse the 'Cool J curse'

I served him, like a nigga without purpose  
constantly takin Rip The Jacker back to my therapist  
I wasn't prepared for this  
people wanna embarrass Bis for reasons that are not really apparent to me yet  
What, I can't get signed because I got mad at a vet?  
How could a couple verses have so much anger in 'em?  
Dont you know the difference between Rip The Jacker and Bis?  
Go use the Pythagoras theory and do the math on this  
Add up every multi syllable paragraph  
that I've managed to average since January 96  
and tell me when you find it you dick ridin' bitch  
I'm so sick of you bein skeptical always runnin behind my shit  
tell me the truth, you really think its time that I quit?  
You think maybe I could wholesale these rhymes that I spit?  
I guess the nicest MC's got tired of Bis  
and lied to theyselves like they never relied on Bis  
The real rock of the game, people have climbed on Bis  
rhyme mo' sick then anybody out your clique  
Wit thousands of niggaz devout for that shit  
I got a couple of bitches too, I make em bow to the dick  
The album is sick, some Hollywood biography shit  
the difference between ships in bottles, and bottles in ships  
Fuckin wit Rip they find your fossils at the bottoms of cliffs  
Stick 6 mics up your ass even though I doubt it will fit  
but still how many MC's must get dissed  
before somebody says don't fuck with Bis?

(how many MC's?.....)

[Chorus 2 x2]  
How many MC's must get dissed  
before somebody says don't fuck with Bis?  
(How many MC's? ....)  
... Don't fuck with Bis  
How many MC's must get dissed  
before somebody says don't fuck with Bis?  
"I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh  
Y'all niggaz know the rest," don't fuck wit Bis

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Falster Ego"

[Bis] Yo Rip, come here man, lemme talk to you for a second...

[Rip] What the fuck you want to talk about nigga?

[Bis] Why You screaming man?

[Rip] I'm The Illest! I'm the illest...

[Bis] Yo Relax... put that down man

[Rip] Yo don't tell me to relax I'll beat your skinny little ass

[Bis] Yo What the fuck is wrong with you?

[Rip] Fuck You!

[Rip]

You fuckin' hate me, you tried to lock me in the basement  
And you still want me to protect you, it doesn't make sense

Canibitch, I supported you like a weight bench

Without me your defenceless, you betta' face it

You ain't show me love when you was at ya' apex

Gettin' paychecks, up at the radio with DMX and Flex

Catchin' wreck while Noriega was catchin' his breath

I had to keep the situation in check

Look at the varicose veins in my neck, Germaine is the best

The industry fucked you I'm just payin'em back

What's the matter w/ slayin' these Jackers, that's all I been doin'

Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nuthin' to'em

they just mad cause when I see'em I don't run up to'em

Between me and you yo-know I'll run right thru'em

[Bis]

Calm Down!

[Rip]

Who you tellin' to calm down nigga I'm a Ripper remember

I told you not to do "Gone Till November"

But you wouldn't listen, I always had ya' best interests in mind

I wrote all ya' best lyrical lines

If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful rhymes

On the stage if you was tired I would spit'em sometimes

Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes

I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let the shit ride

But I'm gettin' tired of havin' to remind you Bis

If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis...

[Bis]

C'mon Rip? You a lyin' ass bitch and you know it

Group Home was part my company I co-owned it

If there's one thing I learned in showbiz, stay focused

And don't quit. Rip, why you talkin' 'bout old shit?

[Rip]

Germaine, you fuckin' water brain, don't you understand?  
    fuck the mainstream, you should just call out names  
        The industry's all about game...  
I shit on 'em all the same and leave spit stains on they brain  
    Like liquid chocolate spillin' all over ya' new white trainers  
        Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan  
Canibus is a Mason, I don't know what the fuck Germaine is  
    I just know that both ya'll are trying my patience  
I don't give a fuck about a beat I been rhymin' for ages  
    Rippers are dangerous, and all jackers are afraid of us  
        You wanna' face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

[Bis]  
No, That's ridiculous...

[Rip]

Aiiight then, listen to mine...

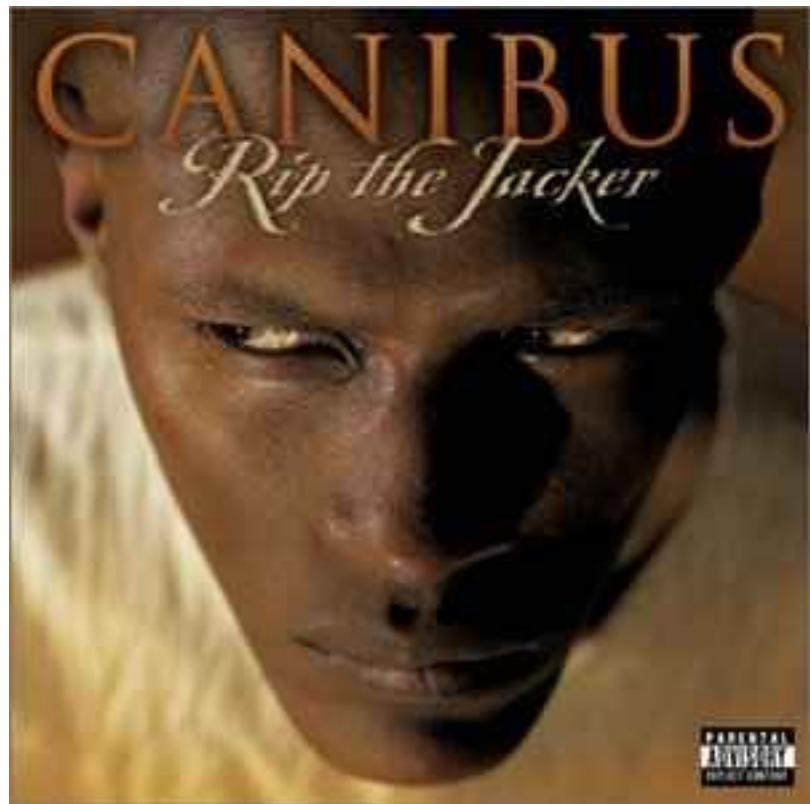
I'll jump into costume, impromptu, just to rob you  
Put the nozzle to ya' eyeball and tell you what not to do  
    Rip your tonsils out thru ya' nostrils  
Bury you next to shark fossils, make it impossible to find you  
Depths that Jacque Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to  
    With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules  
Lock you in a time capsule and smash the console  
Shit on you in reverse suck you into a brown hole  
    Suck the power outta' ya' soul  
Ya' nuthin but a coward in a cold freezer with an hour to go  
    Watchin' my casio stopwatch countin it slow  
Like drug lords checkin to see if it's talcum or coke  
    I could kill you by drownin the globe  
Or I could just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in ya' throat  
    In battles I'm a thousand and oh, I silenced the Pope  
Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed?  
    No? I thought so... Neither do I  
It's a dick between ya' mothers thighs divided by PIE  
I'm the sickest linguistically illicit lyrical misfit in the business  
    And possibly in existence, what's your consensus?  
Studied my own syntax statistics since '96 wit CPA certified assistants  
I've made the decision that my standards are above precision  
The only thing I could honestly say I love more than women are dope writtens  
    If it ain't dope then don't spit it  
Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive just practice ya' penmanship  
    If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit  
    Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left  
According to the manufacturers specs, you'll make a mess  
    Rupture the blood vessels in ya' neck fuckin' with Rip  
    Got millions of blueprints on zip disks  
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversions kits  
With a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip  
You never experienced work like this, nigga welcome to the serpentine world where I twist  
    The world where that I Rip, the world that I Fixed, the world where I live

[Bis]

Ok Rip, you made your point, I can't out rap you  
You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too  
At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos  
You are the illest alive, that's a fact that you've proved  
It's just a couple rappers that don't want it to happen for you  
Raggin' on you like battlin' is all you can do  
You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you  
Nobody knows the truth you got talent out the gazuu  
When niggaz first heard of you it was like a Man On The Moon  
You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too  
So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you?  
What happens if the rumors about being a fagot are true?  
Look what it's runnin' into, I don't feel like havin' this discussion with you  
I'm tired of fuckin' with you, niggaz in the game don't wanna' do nuthin' with you  
Bussin' with you, goin' one on one with who?  
They wanna get rid of you, ya' shit is too lyrical  
Headhunters out to get you, that's why I have to protect you  
I wouldn't disrespect you, as another intellectual  
Without you I'm unsuccessful, God bless you  
What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to?  
Ever since the 3rd album I been mentioning you  
I got your name on my arm I'm representin' you  
You're Rip The Jacker - I would never question you  
I respect your opinion as a professional nigga'  
I just want you to listen to what I'm tellin' you  
What happened between L and you - Forget it!  
People know you won the battle they won't give you the credit  
Alotta' people don't wanna' admit it  
But I consider it a real privilege to bear witness to ya' lyrics  
And be involved with sharing the merits, I'm forever indebted  
I just need you to chill for a second, so I can send a positive message  
Like Tupac before he left us, the author or the work ethic Genesis  
Has inspired me to write the Exobus scripts as a constant reminder not to forget Bis  
But I've reached a precipice, remember Rip  
You can't rhyme forever there's always a ripper with better shit  
I keep you out the public eye for a reason  
You're a commodity Rip ain't that how you wanna' keep it?  
I keep ya' whereabouts secret  
I bring bitches to the crib every weekend, so why is you beefin'?

[Rip]

Ayo Stop patronizing me, you despise me  
All you wanna' do is steal rhymes from me  
you constantly keep me behind wall of concrete  
Lock me in the basement like a fuckin zombie  
If I was priority you would acknowledge me  
You ain't shit neither you ain't got no college degree  
You can't rhyme without me, stop smilin at me  
Gimmie the keys to the garage I need to borrow the Jeep...  
Get the fuck out my face nigga!



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Intro"

Calling all dogs, calling all dogs  
Be on the look out for a big homo nigga with dimples  
And I'ma let y'all know somethin', it ain't just start here  
We've been preyin' on that ass since 'Jack the Ripper'  
And now its time to rip it to the jacker

(ahhhhhhhhhh ....)

## [Verse 1:]

No rapper could rap quite like I can  
You know who the fuck I am, I'm the canibus man  
I had to rock to a beat like this to show you  
That I'm iller then the future, the present, and the old you  
I told you, wish you could take it all back don't you  
Tried to smoke some canibus but canibus smoked you  
Calling yourself the greatest is something you don't do  
Cause after I humiliate you what will the G.O.A.T. do  
You can't rap or act my main man  
You goin' end up as an intern working for Def Jam  
See you was never bad enough to battle with Canibus  
You out of luck, I crushed you the minute I got tatted up  
And every lie you told just added up cause you wasn't man enough  
To be fair, but I'm mad a fuck and I've had enough  
Jack the ripper or I'ma rip the jacker  
Rape a rapper with a classic from his own masters  
You're dead

## [Verse 2:]

There's a rumor going around that I got dropped  
200,000 albums sold at 10 dollars a pop  
300,000 albums were shipped, you do the math  
Thats 3 million in 3 months so kiss my ass  
All these magazines tried to steamroll me to death  
Guess what, the G.O.A.T. ain't platinum and neither is 'Clef  
And I'm still here, inspite of all that shit them niggaz said  
The skinny kid, the music industry's guinea pig  
Tighter then ever, world's chief mic recka  
Tougher then reverend run's muthafuckin' leatha  
I'm hardcore, cum shot right in your wife's face  
You soft porn, you held hands on the first date  
See when you was making records like I need love  
Your homie Cornell was givin' it to you up the butt  
Plus I heard Simone was the high school slut

And she learned how to fuck before she knew how to cuss  
Nigga you're dead

*[Verse 3:]*

You married a slut and had kids with her to cover up your hustle  
You and your man Russell made a better couple  
Your probably mad as fuck, wondering where I got the information from  
Your being watched even when you take a dump  
Its impossible to front, you can't hide  
The chairs at your label got ears and the walls got eyes  
Your living one big lie the world just don't know  
You take a polygraph test that shit would probably explode  
The truth is mr. smith you got a fucked up attitude  
God knows that I pitty your fans for backing you  
Yo, this be the realest shit I ever wrote  
You should change your muthafuckin' name from G.O.A.T. to G.L.O.A.T.  
The Greatest Liar Of All Time that cannot rhyme  
That cannot shine as long as I'm alive  
Your prime ended 8 months before '99  
And that microphone on your arm will always be mine  
Nigga you're dead

*[Verse 4:]*

I told you to leave it alone, but you was too stubborn  
Now your in a world where the hunter becomes the hunted  
Your wife is scared cause she don't want to lose a husband  
And somebody keeps paging you putting 4321 in  
You can't sleep at night thinking about the drama  
Shit stains all up in your phat farm pijamas  
Even f.u.b.u. gear looks hot until it touches you  
Probably because your father undoubtedly butt-fucked you  
Mama said knock who out? I'll punch that bitch in the mouth  
Cause she don't know what she talking about  
Ay yo, do me a favor when you see your ghostwriters  
Tell them the rhymes they wrote for you should have been a lot tighter  
You could have asked me, I'll write you some lines  
I'll do anything for the greatest loser of all time  
You still drippin' with wack juice 'cause you wack nigga  
If you want the last word you can have it, I'm still iller  
You're dead

# Canibus Lyrics

"Genabis"

*[Genabis]*

This is Genabis, Remember this

*[Canibus]*

In the beginning I discovered wordplay  
I experimented with some syllables from the first to the third day  
On the fourth I searched for the words to say  
How to compress complex verbiage in the least amount of space  
I was perfect at it and mastered the tactic's  
On the fifth day I decided I would combine it with mathematics  
On the sixth day I became a fanatic and I couldn't kick the habit  
I would just look in the mirror and practice  
On the seventh cycle, I had to take the day off  
I was exhausted I guessed my work will never pay off  
But if it happened it to him, it could happen to me  
And if it happened to me, it was destined to be

*[Chorus: x2]*

Yo, Genabis, Exobus, Levibus

There ain't a mic on this planet I'm restricted to touch  
I read the cosmo's but God wrote predicted as much  
The inhabitants lack faith but resistance is tough

*[Canibus]*

They backslide back to church and call a minister's bluff  
They rather remain unenlightened then listen to Bus  
I blew the fuck up, even though it was short and abrupt  
I was the first rapper to ever to close orbit the sun  
One small step for man, one huge step for mankind  
...I am the red giant of rhymes  
Solar deflectors, incinerate you whole in a second  
Flow is untested those that I've threatened fold under pressure  
At 120 Beta cycles, high volts ignite your eyeballs  
Until you see the fire in front of you  
Optic cone rods, melt one at a time till you realize you in hell  
Rip the Jacker's not done with you  
I terrorize the rap community with impunity  
Blow you to pieces and move elusively thru the debris  
What my enemies want to do to me is old news to me  
Those that pursue to me will never get thru to me

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

First rapper to speak over beats dogmatically  
Mixed with Elizabethian drama and tragedy  
My motto is to dress casually and live lavishly

Look at the Victorian tapestry in back of me  
Notice the post renaissance pictures I drew  
Hand sketched drawings of the deserts in Nazca Peru  
The followable audio propagates the possible truth  
For proof I'm the illest so the choice is not unto you  
See the standard ideological definition of a rap model  
Its Canibus scholarly periodicals  
The article is substantially impressive, more then a message  
A working thesis from several different perspectives  
The Rosetta stone of sentences  
For rap music's tentative  
Enter apprentices  
This is Genabis  
The Rosetta stone of sentences  
For rap music's tentative  
Enter apprentices  
This is Genabis

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Levitibus"

"You want power...but you're not big enough  
so you steal it piece by piece..  
take it in spoils...and step by step you'll weaken and the power is gone"

Levitibus..

I wanted some power of the chakra  
with mofulean darkness describin what I see in the process  
stone statues surrounded by neolithic objects  
ceoglyphs on the pompa  
a dose of the palamine, niggaz will feel like a dream  
the dreamstate is the playground for the supreme  
critics attempt to follow a trend  
today they call me a Charlotten but tomorrow I will be a God of men  
to create a universe all I need  
is 1000, trillion, trillion degrees  
so with 22, betatrons in the cloud chamber  
keep the noise down so I don't arouse my neighbors  
got a message from the falcon in the snow man  
another note in a Coca Cola can  
showed the whole planet in coded program  
enrypted by a pro-scan modem with a lowband  
hold up, let me load it in

"Darling I am a scientist..(you're a person, you ought to think that)  
None of this is able to work without an army.. (there's no need)  
vaporizin my spit and turnin liquid to gas"

I was created by intelligent design  
you are merely a descendant of the immodified  
you diss me out of pride  
but when you're finished talkin bout one of your bitches you're simply out of rhymes  
even my worst album was sublime  
if I don't slow down, I'll distort the timeline  
back through the time, turned into a 100 bars again  
a master like the honorable Earl of Cannaben  
the grand architect  
used to be a partisan to LeMarketson's theory but I lost the bet  
no regrets, you live and you learn  
I'm through givin advice, I just give concern  
sterilize my hands to prevent catchin the germs  
and try to rebuild all the bridges I've burned  
I prefer modesty over con-troversy  
but what am I to do when these jerks keep botherin me  
jealius cuz they cant rhyme like me  
and they never had a scientific mind like me

"Darling I am a scientist..(you are a person, you ought to think that)

None of this is able to work without an army.. (there's no need)

vaporizin my spit and turnin liquid to gas"

I'm above average with verbal semantics  
the aurora borialis in the form of a rap ballad

you look at me like "poor bastard"

why cant you manipulate billboards with all your metaphor magic?"

no matter how hard I practiced

every microphone I sorta grabbed it

obviously thats the wrong tactic

I went through a long period of mourning and sadness when I wrote that Stan shit

but if you wanna see some hardcore Canibus just say so

and I'll come out the eggroll with seven death scrolls

if you can find a better flow?

then I can find a dinosaur on the Galapagos archipelago

hey you shouldn't fall for the naivette

lyrically I'm the illest when my beats is ok

food for thought, nutrition for the whole brain

keep your neurotransmitters warm on a cold day

I'm ahead of my time, or so they say

I guess thats why I already feel old and grey

okay, thats enough knowledge for today, I'm killin em

you best not forget it cuz this is Levibus

"Darling I am a scientist..(you are a person, you ought to think that)

None of this is able to work without an army.. (there's no need)

vaporizin my spit and turnin liquid to gas"

# Canibus Lyrics

"M Sea Cresy"

"Those who create literature know first-hand  
just how difficult creating meaning can be..

..There are no options now..

...If I weren't a writer, I think I'd be a total psychological mess"

out of the imbelicus wombdee, this is lyrical lunacy  
from a human being that speaks so fluently  
bars of poetry without precedence  
complete par excellence, listen to the Levitibus Testament  
to understand me you need help  
you gotta see the film "The Day After Trinity" written by John Else  
to understand that, you must know thy self  
you should keep listening cuz Canibus flow might help

"...But you said keep quiet while the emcee raps  
...I'm the sick and bad, can't get above me  
Remember that, I'm constantly comin with rippa raps  
off the rhyme time like a coke fiend addict  
I'm not an emcee who talkin all that junk  
please, a lot of suckas would like to forget me but  
the incredible, lyrical, and original  
rapper's still with the crime on top"

find the answers that we didnt know, maybe Edgar Allan Poe's  
description of El Dorado is not so  
see the reason there's no light at the end of tunnel  
is cuz we're really not in a tunnel, we're trapped in a bubble  
the government hired Ian LeDrexis society  
can you explain why you believe hell is firey?  
we sufferin from symptons of Drapetamania  
slavery isn't over, it just took a new alias  
the day the repository established with a maintenance  
almost turned me into an atheist scared of aliens  
why write lyrics when I make a better livin  
sellin freeze dried venom to wildlife clinics?  
cuz I hate the thought of bein a predictable bore  
once you get used to me you wont love me no more  
the final soliloquy of the internal paramour  
what are we all to do when rap music is gone?  
I hope god that the imagination of one  
a golden tongue can achieve synchronicity with the sun  
transcended beyond the flesh and the blood  
cuz this is #1, after this album my message is done

"...But you said keep quiet while the emcee raps

...I'm the sick and bad, can't get above me  
Remember that, I'm constantly comin with rippa raps  
off the rhyme time like a coke fiend addict  
I'm not an emcee who talkin all that junk  
please, a lot of suckas would like to forget me but  
the incredible, lyrical, and original  
rapper's still with the crime on top"

yeah you can't battle me, so you'd rather embarrass me  
I maintain dignity in the face of calamity  
they reach out they hand to me and talk this honesty  
but I read through their syntactic structure like Nome Chopski  
a student so overzealous I motivate my trainers  
id rather get some now then get some later  
take a break from writin rhymes on paper  
you've been dissin my character  
change my nature with seven days of Opasanaf  
let go of the stress, man I was deeply depressed  
so famished in fact, I needed a rest  
to regenerate my mind  
bless the cornerstone of my rhyme with corn oil and wine  
to see the light in the luminous paradigm  
that became more apparent with time, all I had to do was follow the signs  
to be a better man, I need help  
I just gotta find an inner link between my deity and myself

"...But you said keep quiet while the emcee raps  
...I'm the sick and bad, can't get above me  
..Remember that, I'm constantly comin with rippa raps  
..off the rhyme time like a coke fiend addict  
..I'm not an emcee who talkin all that junk  
..please, a lot of suckas would like to forget me but  
..the incredible, lyrical, and original  
..rapper's still with the crime on top"

"People are usually terrified of poetry  
and they don't realize that its just speech  
it is language that is sometimes extraordinary  
but there are ways to deal with it without worrying about it the way they do"

# Canibus Lyrics

## "No Return"

No return... [x6]

### [Verse One]

Yo, scientists gather in a secret place to debate  
They photographed the Earth from space and saw my face  
They tried to translate the innate asiatic shape  
before the final earthquakes came but it was too late  
Only one eighth of the human race escaped to space  
They were chased by flying phenomenon to the lunar base  
Floatillas and space centers, lasers probed the entrance  
DNA code sensors reject old genetics  
I presented my cosmic clearance to a patrol of medics  
I was injected with sodium pentathol and questioned  
I relayed the message the way I was trained to remember it  
I showed them the keypad code and told 'em to enter it  
I told 'em which alphanumeric buttons were sensitive  
He snatched it outta my hand and started depressing it  
I told him detonation was definite if he kept at it  
He never quit, he just lost his temper and flipped  
I bowed my head like "I guess this is it"  
My ears popped, the music stopped, and I couldn't hear shit

### [Hook]

### [Verse Two]

The driver jogged around to the front and opened the door  
He said his name was Muhammed Jamal and he'd be with me 'till fall  
He said the escort service had called  
and a package would be waitin for me at the window  
I said thanks, he grabbed my bags fast and put 'em in the trunk  
Then he ran around to the front, slammed it in gear  
Pulled off slow, winding down his window  
and asked me if I minded if he smoke, I said no, he drove off  
Cut my cell phone off, then I swallowed a tablet of Zoloft  
Went to sleep and woke up feelin' kinda lost  
I asked him what the weather's been like lately  
he said he doesn't mind the heat and hates the A/C  
Said he had a son who was eighteen and made beats  
and I happened to be his favorite emcee  
I said for real, that's crazy, I meet him later  
Yo Jamal could you please do me a favor  
When we get to the corner stop at the bodega  
Hopped out the car, walked inside  
the store's stereo was playin' Feliz Navidad  
I got a pack of condoms and walked to the back of the line  
There was three Taliban that was talkin' very loud  
One reached in his back side and pulled out a Beretta gun

The last word I heard myself say was a four letter one  
He looked me in the eye and said the drama's never done  
Cuz there's no return...no return

*[Hook]*

*[Verse Three]*

I heard the ringtone of the red phone  
Headquarters informed us there was an explosion in the red zone  
We were ordered to get ready to go  
and to get into our bio-weapons protective gear and clothes  
I rode shotgun, my partner Ramirez drove  
GPS control gave us coordinates where to go  
Soon as we got there I could feel the hot air  
For a second I stopped and stared, there was cops everywhere  
I told 'em we need to get a square perimeter clear  
We got an hour 'till nightfall, so light some flares  
I said a twenty second prayer then ran to the second chair-  
the lift that was there, then I waved my hands up in the air  
to signal that it was clear before I ran upstairs  
I could barely see, smoke was so thick in the air  
I was visually impaired and started to get scared  
I heard a woman scream "HELP" but I didn't know where  
I started screamin' back "I'm not gonna leave you here"  
Sayin to myself "damn it's hard to breathe in here"  
Searched the rooms one by one like "fuck my lungs"  
Ramirez said the fire truck got stuck by the front  
I crawled all the way through the foyer to the end of the hallway  
and seen her on the floor next to the doorway  
I was half unconscious but I just ignored the pain  
Helped her to her feet and she had her arm in a brace  
All this tar-like black stuff was all in her face  
I radio Ramirez coughin and tried to explain  
I heard him say something to me like "It's all in flames!"  
There was ceiling debris fallin all over the place  
I looked her in her eye, she looked into mine, it was strange  
Then I blinked for the last time and never saw her again

*[Hook]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Spartibus"

*[Canibus]*

Yeah, This is Spartibus

Yo, yo, yo

You wanna spar wit 'bus, then let's get started 'cuz  
Atomic thrusts turn you into cosmic dust  
Bomb ya borders with Japanese Spigot mortars  
Recompose your composition to sawdust  
Time is breath; breath is life; life is light  
Light is no less than capital 'C' on the mic  
Beneath the mirage of night I'll attack you twice  
Prepare to rig a sacrifice with my ritual rights  
Reinforce my habitual likes 'n dislikes  
Then diss you on the mic cause I'm sick o' the hype  
No one's ever written what I write  
Compare they calligraphy type  
Tell me yo how can I not be nice  
The royal semen of Caesar frozen in a cryofreezer  
On sale for seven figures per milliliter  
Lethally illegal; I speak to the people  
In the form of an eagle on top of the Theves Cathedral  
With boundless knowledge, like hairless dalai'lamas  
With linen garments neatly wrapped around armpits  
With monasteries in the mountains  
Trumpets have already sounded  
You can't denounce my crown bitch

*[Rakim samples from Paid in Full's "My Melody"]*

Any MC that disagree with me just wave your arm [x4]

Now tear it up y'all, and bless the mic for the gods

*[Canibus]*

This game is Chinese chess, countless issues need to be addressed  
Before the East nukes the West; totalitarianistic cause-'n-effect  
"Run the words through a decompressor, recompress the depth"  
Canibus is the most explosive next to meth  
The inconsistency of the text, makes me complex  
Pay attention to 'bis my intention is this  
Leave you spatially adrift suspended in the abyss  
Marijuana plant owner, smell my aroma  
Contract scirrhous carcinoma and retinoblastoma  
Confederate federal general the electric general  
FCC omni-directional antenna poles  
IFF, identification friend or foe  
This areas restricted don't let 'em thru  
He'll mock your style, rock you to the ground  
With the bite force of a Sarcosuchus crocodile

Travel a fiber optic mile before you can smile  
So don't ask me why, and don't ask how

*[Rakim samples from Paid in Full's "My Melody"]*  
Any MC that disagree with me just wave your arm [x2]  
Now tear it up y'all, and bless the mic for the gods

*[Canibus]*

Until I'm impressed with the print I can hear a pin drop like Sprint  
Once it blends I can stop right then  
Quantum coupling mechanisms and technical shit  
Confuses you but I don't think your any less of a dick  
Just define what is poetry and what is rap  
I demonstrate how to effectively +Bridge the Gap+  
The answer is simple in fact:  
If the protons don't attack the retina, all we'd ever see is black  
No ability, no extraocular motility  
Silly emcees can't see me lyrically or visually  
They'll never be better than me  
I'll triple team 'em with a trinity severed to 3 and give 'em 9 enemies  
Climb back to periscope depth in 2 hours  
Surrender and throw in the towel  
The amalgam of the ultimate album  
This is (Spartibus) power *[echoes]*

*[Rakim samples from Paid in Full's "My Melody"]*  
Any MC that disagree with me just wave your arm [x4]  
Now tear it up y'all, and bless the mic for the gods

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Indisible"

*[Canibus]*

I translate images over the distance  
Usually inflation premiss to the minus thirty-two second  
Back to the Canibus era  
My eponym is apparent  
Those who hear my efforts gotta give me the merit  
Off lyrics alone I'm a legend  
But I can't take credit, the English language was not my invention  
It's the way I put it together  
The incorrect English editor  
Can't nobody ever do it better  
People forget but the history will remember  
I plead guilty to the charge and accepted the sentence  
Let the records show I resisted under the pressure  
My short and precise to raise the measure

*[Hook]*

*[Canibus]*

Hip-hop forever  
That's what I see when I look in the mirror  
Regardless of whether I'm not a bestseller  
I'm a first class spitter  
The literal literature ripper  
Painting pictures for intelligent listeners  
From any and all dispositions  
The fusion of what's written creates a fission called Canibus-ism  
The intellectual division of science and religion  
People waste their momentum trying to defend it  
All I do it put it to ink then put it to print  
See what you think, maybe I should speak to a shrink  
I could fix the way they look at the world  
They read all these books in a barrel  
But they can't think for themselves  
Self-contained, I'm all balls, belts and brains  
Muslim strong 'cause no one ever help Germaine

*[Hook]*

*[Canibus]*

Observe the whole world's pain  
And tell me you ain't tired of brain  
The catholic faith will never be the same  
You could be put in chains 'cause you got a Muslim name  
Sent to Guantanamo Bay and tortured for days  
Man, I'd rather buy some land and grow and orchard of grapes  
Drink vegetable juice and stay away from steaks and shakes and snakes

These rancid corporations is fake  
Nobody ever gives you what they already didn't take  
    Invest the wake, you'll be broke till you break  
Man you learn to pick a lock you wanna open a gate  
    I mimic hater like flight simulators in air bases  
Recovered from an adverted spinner, now I'm famous  
    Those who respond to Rip the Jacker with hate  
Show poor taste and only exacerbate their fate  
    MicClub.net, get it right motherfucker  
Get it right, get a mic

*[Hook]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Showtime At The Gallow"

This is Showtime at the Gallows

Rip The Jacker

Yo, I dialogue wit Amen-Ra 'til he gives me the nod  
Or replaces me wit a supercomputer automaton  
I don't barter for time I'm a martyr to rhymes  
And a selfish soldier wit pride that was ordered to die  
A burnin' star in the sky my heart is warped wit a drive  
Expressin' thoughts through a rhyme my metaphors are alive  
It's like I've been crucified they hate me now like Nas  
They punctured me through my side the bleeding was cauterized  
I was revived after I died  
Only then I saw how I was truly admired and worshipped like a god  
Shit'd mired up my mind they showed me a sign  
I fell off the ocean liner someone throw me a line  
Let the world know the truth but it became my demise  
Mothafucka you know we even I don't owe you a dime  
Sometimes I feel like killin' myself they've stolen my shine  
I wanted to be the illest for a moment in time  
From the ink to my pen to my pad to the ink in my arm  
How can one diss song possibly last this long?  
Tyson ain't the champ no more them days is gone  
And Rip the Jacker ain't too stubborn to say when he's wrong

### [HOOK]

I should get twenty dollars and go to Econolodge  
And tie the sawed-off trigger around the doorknob  
Call the police squad and tell them I'm in room one oh five  
And that a dirty bomb's inside  
Woke up in the cargo plane playin' Christy Lane  
For some entertainment while I train in the misty rain  
"One Day at a Time Sweet Jesus" is playin'  
I'm sittin' there prayin' you prolly can't believe what I'm sayin'  
But the voice in the back of my head keeps sayin' "Germaine  
This is the real deal man this is not a dream this is not a game  
The only sixteen you got from now on is locked  
and loaded and in your hand  
Deploy or detach on land you the man  
And the pain is the weakness leavin' the body, understand?  
I can reload wit a full pack call COMSAT  
Tell them you need suppressive fire for troops in the back stat  
Insurgence and counter-insurgence move wit a purpose  
Absolutely mission critical you never get nervous  
Applicate the shock tube to the surface  
Standby blow it eyes open wit the scope on the terrorist  
Tell him to go to hell in Arabic put a bullet through his narrow neck

Watch the wall behind him get wet  
I'm an animal I'll murder you and stare at your pets  
Get the tape I know where the surveillance cameras is kept

[HOOK]

If you want a confession? you got it  
You want product? Gimme twenty dollars  
You want gossip? I'll give you logic on any topic  
Recordin' the positive data  
Ripper's the best rapper go confirm the status  
One million page dissertation written on paper  
Cheap label from Pitney Bowes' tree curator  
My purification process is greater  
But thinly tapered verbatim  
My album is equal to over fifty acres  
Can-I-Bus before the Big Bang  
And after the big crunch I only gotta say it once  
Let there be light and I write a sentence  
The greatest discovery since 'opethicus afarensis  
Back to before Sumerians landed on the Cayman  
In the Caribbean carryin' bacteria with antigens  
And Nine-foot stone mannequins  
The key to nuclear power and four delivered talaria  
Showtime at the gallows the Age of Aquarius  
And Space Harrier's life's last barrier

[HOOK]

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Psych Evaluation"

Yo

Some say the pen overpowers the sword  
The video camera is just as powerful when it records  
Appallin' footage of cops breakin' the law  
Mad at you because of what you saw, now they breakin' ya jaw  
I been accused, of bein' internally preoccupied  
'Cause the rhymes talk to me, and I talk to the rhymes  
Clinically induced impulses reveal what's hidden  
Written prescriptions, given by qualified clinicians  
Lafayette peg boards be spinnin on turn tables  
To determine the motor coordination available  
Those able to speak what I spoke, repeat my quotes  
My systematic treatment approach, be deep in they throats  
I inject the frontal lobe of the brain with a lethal dose  
Of unspeakable dope, worse than opium smoke  
Well-spoken like Washington Post, or a Fox News Network host  
Scale intelligence like Wechsler Adults  
Nonnormative data, brain storage matter couldn't capture  
A couple years ago they had to put it on Napster  
Ressurect Rip the Jacker, rip these rappers  
For every second the clock ticks, I'm a attack ya

[HOOK]

The C-A-N dash I dash  
B-U-S gets the last laugh, before the critical mass  
In half the speed of a bulb flash  
Fire engulf that ass, into a mole hill of charcoal ash  
Only to be blown away by a cold draft  
Wack emcees got no chance, it's so sad  
They say to Canibus, "Will you ever run out of things to say?"  
How much breath can a man breathe in a day?"  
Needless to say, I think it's kinda deep in a way  
People be like "Bis is too ill, keep him away"  
It's a good thing I got patience  
I been waitin here longer than Dr. Levinson's time equations  
Tryin' to figure out what made men  
Was it inflation, or are we just a product of the apes then

[HOOK]

You think because I'm not on a major I can't bus'  
And because I come from the ghetto that I can't adjust  
Yeah my disposition was rough  
But it turned me into a quick learner, all I need now is some luck  
I used to be a undisciplined piece of fecal matter  
A underdog rapper, but I closed that chapter

I deal wit my adaptive difficulty faster  
And question my projected technique as a rapper  
I've lost interest in the battle glory and glamor  
But I cant control Rip the Jacker, when he gets amped up  
It doesn't matter, we all got a dark side  
A loud mouth, Mau Mau from the Apartheid  
Yo you wanna earn your respect, then come to micclub dot net  
And see if you can impress the best

*[HOOK]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Cemantics"

Aight yo

Let's talk about the incredible rap flow

We can have a Dinner for Five with John Favreau

See it comes to me natural

One of my integral attributes, is to be lyrically tactful

I can prove who's nicer, who's not an emcee

Through falsifiable scientific hypothesis

In recent times, I find it's never been about the rhymes

The game is very politicized

Those who sympathize with they hearts and minds

Show hatred through the mouth, body language and eyes

Sometimes I say to myself, why do I even try

In spite of whatever happens, I love it until I die

[Chorus]

If you don't believe in the other dimensions you been duped

They're the main ingridience in this cosmic soup

See the mouse?, grab it

Edit the edges with Avid

Is this the picture of a duck or a rabbit

You see ass and tits?, welcome to madness

Please, try to interpret the following passage

Magenetohydrodynamic mechanics

Translated into Canibus language you'll never understand it

It's on when the crowd is cheering me on

Waving they arms, like they doing Falun Gong

Firearms three quarters of a million troops strong

In a single file line, stretched out a mile long

Thermodynamics of the second law

Isolated physical systems lead toward greater disorder

Across the dry desert in the featureless sand

Water is secondary to the meaning of man

I know but I won't tell

There's more to the human race than polymers proteins and protocells

Chemical evolution, L- and D-form sudunits

That come from the love of Hip Hop and Rap music

[Chorus]

The scourge of the words, I attack the earth with

I bet you submerge dry and emerge wet, what you think?

Confuse my shrink with english, the publication refuses to print

My daughter likes blue, and my son likes pink

Man, give me a drink

What kind of world are we living inn? I think it stinks

Whatever life you live, it's a quick-sited quiz

If you percieve something to be real maybe it is  
Force your kids to listen to Dead Prez, before they go to bed  
Send them to school, put them in special Ed  
Reinforce their paranoia of the feds  
Make sure they grow dreads and they live on the edge  
The philosophy of the hard-knocks, pan-psychics sit on the block  
And attempt to talk to rocks  
In the projects where they harvest the human crop  
Organic robots that bleed when they get shot  
If you can survive or thrive in the Jamaican ghetto  
You deserve a Congressional medal  
My heart goes out to all the young bloods  
The heart has reasons the mind knows not of  
From the first to the twelfth month  
I keep a twelfth pump in the trunk, for the day when Hell comes  
Was invincible on the mic when I held one  
My motto was to blaze all and spare none  
I came, I saw, I conquered, now they're just an empty void  
Mic Club come holla at your boy

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Poet Laureate II"

*[Sampled Intro: same outro from Poet Laureate]*

Uhh I dont understand how a writer could ever get writer's block, so called  
My problem is having too much.. and being unable to get it down...

*[Canibus]*

Yo, why is the ripper so ill?

That would be a unpardonable breach of confidence for me to reveal!

He said "One of these days, all eyes would be on me

when they look up in the sky and see the neon C"

Rhymes inscribed on a nickel disk encased  
in glass with an ion beam for longevity

For more then 10 centuries, impressions and memories  
the first time the machine inventor will mention me

Canibus was a visionary indeed

he believed light could travel in multiples of C

The organic supercomputer that solved the mysteries  
of Clan Calusa with 2 blue metric rulers

Liked Cool J, but thought Stephen J. Gould was cooler  
and he never liked to propagate rumors

Smoked Canary Island cigars

liked America, luxury cars and beautiful Asian broads

He had a strong mind, he used to philosophize  
about rhymes while he was pruning his Banzai

He claimed that he had written the greatest rhyme of all time  
but he would never take it out his archives

He wrote 2 songs per day

and was constantly was experimenting with his wordplay

In his youth he did a report on the Sloan Digital Sky survey

he got an F but he deserved an A

I followed his career from the first day

it seemed the lack of support contributed to his inert ways

I seen him pull in 24 hour workdays

with deferred pay, undeterred by the word "shame"

Public humiliation was the worst pain

he was spinnin out of control like a class 5 hurricane

He said he wouldn't want another MC to suffer the same

Especially when there's nothing to gain

He was the illest alive but nobody would face it

he spit till his tounge was too torched to taste, it

properly funded corporations carbon dated his latest creations  
to extract the information

They found it utterly amazing

they claimed the body of his work was the same thing as a priceless painting

Never mattered to him, the art galleries hated him

cause Thomas K.K. called, said he would take 10

Complete enigmas wrapped in puzzles encrypted in language  
with sound but without shape or signature

Kept files in his garage, on MS-DOS  
in a fire-proof pod, he thought it was odd  
Outside there was a shed with an Oppenheimer lock  
he apparently kept more wax than Madame Tussaud's  
We were in total awe, cause it blew our minds  
so many rhymes that were intricately designed  
He WAS Poet Laureate of his time  
and if you dont mind, Id like to share some of his rhymes

*[beat switches]*

Alone in my room, looking thru the 32X telescope zoom  
adjusting the focus of the moon  
One should not assume the philosophy of David Hume  
is nothing more then a subjective conclusion  
What is the maximum field rate application?  
the run away glaciation surrounding the ocean basin  
affects the population, fluctuation  
on a continuous basis but thats just the basics  
The juxtaposition of Canibus's position  
the precision something no other has written  
Way above and beyond what was intended  
the unparallel Malleable annunciation of a sentence  
You didnt go to college obviously  
I can tell by your ungodly unintelligible terminology  
A remarkable odyssey, the rhymes of modern speeds  
when the brain orders the body not to breathe  
Incompetency is not up to speed, you not in my league  
you couldnt possibly be hotter then me  
Or oppositely your minus 25 degrees, you'd squeeze  
but the condensation makes rifle barrels freeze  
Allow me to speak figuratively, nigga please  
my intellectual properties are about the size of Greece  
Your counselor advised you not to speak  
my counselor advised me to keep rhymin until they stopped the beat  
In the words of Joseph Heller, "I learned how to write better"  
even though it sort of urked me  
He said he didnt understand the process of the imagination  
but he felt he was at its mercy  
Which exploits my point perfectly and certainly reinforces  
the reason why nobody's probably ever heard of me  
Couldnt understand what I mean by ill  
unless you try to translate what I print to film  
This is the line of will, the circle of time  
the cycle of eternity, the emergence of 1 line  
Academic phonetics render critics tounge-tied  
Ive personified dry humor of cum-laude alumni  
A wise man sees failure as progress  
a fool divorces his knowledge and misses the logic  
And loses his soul in the process  
obsessed with nonsense with a caricature that has no content  
My style is masterful, multi-lateral  
I could battle a fool and be naturally cruel

Words of scorn are a disasterous tool  
from an existentialist's view, I'm a better rapper then you  
Grab the mic and rip your physical fabric in 2  
my attitude is fucked up but abrogable  
Different methods interpreted into different forms  
from entirely different perceptions and seen from different norms  
Not to spit in the palm theres much more involved  
theres much more pieces of the puzzle for you to solve  
48 orders of mechanical laws  
and rays of creational cause, enhance the cadence of my bars  
Maybe I am self-obsorbed  
but thats the effect, to find the cause you should ask my A&R  
Today is what it is, but only because yesterday was what it was  
permitting you heard of Beezlebub  
A tale of demons and drugs, pissy drunk in the club  
with the DJ doing the needle rub  
Chances are you'll never see me son  
yeah I know my names Canibus but I cant help you if you need a dub

*[beat switches]*

I came to holla at some big booty bitches  
and listen to the speakers thump, where you get conceited from?  
Im so nice on the mic, they wanna beat me up  
its deep as fuck, I ain't seen it all but I've seen enough  
Really unbelievable stuff  
theres a lot of times where I wanna speak but I'm stuck  
I should leave this rap shit alone  
and kick my incredible in rhymes in the privacy of my own home  
My imagination is my own  
delibity to speak to freely lyrically on the microphone  
Wit a pen in my hand, I bring motion to the enyogram  
and become "Cani-millenia man"  
Grave my back with the emperor's stamp  
been spittin scientific rap since the 17th century began  
Tryna' escape the wicked empire of Def Jam  
and the land where lyrics are bland and heretics hang  
Every warrior has an axe to bury  
but he has to learn to discern between enemy and adversary  
I said to myself, "Germaine this is insane  
It's suicide its controlled flight into terrain"  
I fought to regain, control of the plain, but went up in a ball of flames  
and got banned from the hip-hop hall of fame  
For two bars I kept hearin in my head  
over and over again, it cost me everything

*[beat changes back to the original beat]*

I'm convinced now that more then truth is at stake  
Where people create language that pretends to communicate  
Euphamisms are misunderstood as mistakes  
but its a bi-product of the ghetto music we make  
From an extroverted point of view I think its to late

Hip Hop has never been the same since '88  
Since it became a lucrative profession as a misconception  
in the movement in any direction as progression  
Even though of the potency of it lessens  
big money industries writing checks to suppress the question  
And nobody gives a fuck no more, no one goes to the book store  
ever since the influence of Moore's Law  
But I stay in the lab, like Niels Bohr  
his son Aage, Edward Lawrence, and Leo Szilard  
Lyrically I take rap music and turn the knob  
to the right full throttle and added panache  
Why would I argue with my own conscience over the truth?  
That's like me telling myself don't tell me what to do  
Dialysis and analyses of battle MC's  
sometimes I say things I myself can't believe  
My lyrical is so skillfully elliptical  
I can understand how it makes you miserable  
You wonder why I never let you play your beats for me  
or why I keep my studio shrouded in secrecy  
You wonder what's my infatuation with Alicia Keyes  
"Canibus why don't you speak to me?"  
Yo, I meant it when I said no one can shine on a song that features me  
That's why I said it so vehemently  
You need to replace the hate with respect  
I'm probably the best yet, Poet Laureate!!!

*[Sampled outro]*

Generally I take.. I go with the given..  
ya know with what comes to me .. over the celestial wireless ..  
whenever it comes, you're lucky when you get it..

# CANNIBUS



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# MIND CONTROL

# Canibus Lyrics

"33 3's"

[Intro, imitating the owl from the "Tootsie Pop" commercials]

One ... two ... three...

[Chomping sound] ... three!!

[Canibus]

Yo, in linear terms, my thirty-three degree, and a

Words will give you thirty-third degree burns

First I write thirty-three lines to a verse

About how I created the Earth out of thirty-three quirks

Thirty-three of my peers never thought it would work

For thirty-three days, I started my relentless research

And I figured, if Jigga could do, twenty-two two's

As an mc, then I could do, thirty-three three's

Suddenly it occurred, at three-thirty, on March third

It came to me like God's word

I started to load my thirty-three caliber Mossberg

Went to the top of the Empire State, on thirty-third

Thirty-three gunshots was heard

Thirty-three pedestrians lay wounded or dead, on the curb

Thirty-three squad cars rushed to the scene

As soon as they heard some mad-man had gone berserk

I demanded thirty-three million

Or I was going to kill thirty-three of the women and children in the building

I gave them thirty-three minutes to respond

Then I proceeded to arm, a backpack nuclear bomb

I set the timer for three hours, and three minutes long

Told them not to try nothing funny or I'd kill them all

They still never responded

Until I saw thirty-three of the S.W.A.T. team jump out of three helicopters

I told them for the third and final time

If they crossed the line again, I'd take, thirty-three lives

Three of the hostages started crying

Three of them started wilding, and convinced, three more to start an uprising

Three of them stood to their feet and started freestyleing

I didn't know what to do, so I started rhyming

I tried to kick three-hundred bars

But I got picked off by a sniper from thirty-three yards

The bullet hit me but it got lodged, and ricocheted off

Three organs three inches away from my heart

My name went down in history, as the illest MC

Rewind it and count it, thirty-three threes

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Canibus Man"

(feat. Pakman)

[*Canibus:*]

Yo, yo, let me explain something so that you understand

You will never be iller than the Canibus man

You could be male, female, black, white

Fuck the details, I rip a nigga with a rhyme till he screams help

Any nigga I told to kneel knelt

You haven't the slightest idea what a real MC is about

You need to be yourself, you can't sound like nobody else

And you can't do all of the beats yourself

You can't do it without the streets help

Niggaz on the block that blast the boom box till the speakers melt

That's how I was brought up, big fat elephant balls what

I'm a knucklehead with big walnuts, small frame extra large guts

I'll do anything to a nigga if he pushes me hard enough

I use to rhyme like all day

I mean little nigga spittin till my jaws felt sore with pain

I use to train with myself in the mirror

Like "Mirror mirror on the wall, tell me who's iller"

How you like that? I use to say it just like that

Maybe I should copyright that, I'll be right back

[*Pause:*]

Sorry to leave you hangin

I write things down quick cuz I ain't takin no chances

Thats the difference between you and me

You a wanna-be, and I'm an MC

I'm just in the booth right now

I'm just kickin it with you right now

I'm tellin you the truth right now

You can't fuck with the Canibus man, you can't fuck with the Canibus man

[*Canibus:*]

Now in this rap field, I got a lot of confirmed kills

I put niggaz through drills to prove if they got true skills

You coulda sold millions, but if you ain't got 100 bars shut the fuck up

At least don't talk to me, cuz I ain't hearin you

If you that ill, give me a hundred bars, I'm darin you

I definitely ain't scared of you

I go to war cuz I'm prepared to lose

Just as long as I get to damage you

Take the mic from you, then put a knife in you

That's what I like to do, make you lose a pint or two

If you a lion I'm a tiger too

I could be as nice as you, but if you a snake I'm a viper too

Look you in the eyes and lie to you

Thinkin about all the possible ways to kill you while I smile at you

You like to get fly nigga I'm a pilot too

Don't even try to get deep cuz I'm a diver too

Don't try to fit in my shoes cuz you can't

Nobody can fuck with the Canibus man, understand?

*[Canibus:]*

Yo, yo, yo, my mouth is mechanically mechanized

My verbal weapon fires a whole clip of rhymes before you can get off one round  
Can-I-Bus will buss ya, apply enough pressure to crush ya, I pulverize mother fuckers

Leave MC's laid out like hurricane debris, 15 Megatons of TNT

The overseas block busta, bustin up blocks like the Tuguska meteorite to hit Russia

Comin from the underground I discovered

A ground underneath the ground before underground bunkers

Dedicate it's bunkers, deeper than the labirth

Conductin excavations of the matrix

Living in uninhabitable places, craters of a desert like oasis with a cydonian faces

As barren as Las Vegas, as barren as the wombs of women who use artificial insemination

As barren as Utah's Salt Lake City basin, as barren as ancient Egypt before irrigation

A five-star chef makin mouth-watering creations with blood stains on my apron

Put the heads of wack MC's in my oven and bake them

Then garlic bread sticks in their eye sockets and taste them

It's not really that odd, when you consider part of the ancient culture loves to eat dogs

Feline cats with their claws, paws and all

Caucasians eat frogs, African-americans eat the hog

Hindus in India will kneel to the floor and worship cows and rats as gods

I raise the odds, spit rhymes towards Mars and beyond to the nearest binary star

I'mma tell you once more my main man, you can't fuck with the Canibus man

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Atlanta"

[Canibus:]

I wake up in the morn', turn my PlayStation on  
Just bought that NFL Blitz and that Basket-Ball  
I read the Vibe and Source, to see what's going on  
I let my hair grow long, maybe braid it in the fall  
Whenever I get bored, I just jump in my car  
I go to Lennox Mall, and look for independent broads  
Sometimes I get a nod, they treat me like a scrub  
I go down to the schools, maybe I get more love  
Three P.M. in the evening, I'm on the highway speeding  
My front-left tires leaking, should have bought a new one last weekend  
I guess I wasn't thinking, up ahead break-lights was blinking  
For more than thirty minutes I was stuck in gridlock prison  
This traffic drives me crazy, going West on two-eighty  
Five bitch almost made me, crash into her Mercedes  
I'm glad I almost missed her, I pushed the clutch and shifted  
It was a white-lady, I'd rather hit a sister  
'Cause see, I know the system, it's easier to trick them  
I use my G to pimp them, then convince I'm the victim  
Nah baby, you hit me, no I was in lane three  
You need some contacts you can't see, no girl don't blame me  
Don't panic just be patient, give the bitch the wrong information  
She'll probably never claim it, scared of high insurance payments  
I love my home Atlanta, I love my home Atlanta  
I love my home Atlanta, I love my home Atlanta

[Canibus:]

The land of pretty peaches, them girls with round features  
Make a nigga say, "Good Jesus," them Georgia dime-pieces  
Started off like, "What's your name? Tell me, what's your age?  
You got a man? Can we be friends?"  
I'm glad you feel that way, come on and ride with me  
I take you to that Crunk bar where them sharks eat  
Five-star baby, bon-appetite  
I got that shrimp appetizer with that dog meat  
If shorty want to creep, I bring her home with me  
Just bought some candles and that Carl Thomas CD  
Bootleg that Jay-Z, stole that OutKast  
Been have that Keith Sweat, I know how to make it last  
Smack that naked ass, she got a big butt  
I ain't in no rush, plus she likes it rough  
Kinky stuff like, leather and handcuffs  
And them thangs you wrap around a man's you-know-what  
That's why I love Atlanta, I can hardly stand-up  
I'm a heavy drinker, fix me a cup and sinker  
I always love Atlanta, that's why I love Atlanta  
I love my home Atlanta, I love my home Atlanta

*[Canibus:]*

As a young child I was so damn bad  
Used to drive up the Ave with no tags  
Niggaz couldn't see me, I was going so fast  
Most niggaz catch whiplash and crash  
Face all chipped up from the glass  
Running from the police hauling ass  
If I get caught, I just give them some cash  
Most police give me dap and laugh  
Other ones pull up behind the flash  
Take a nightstick and tap the glass  
Tell me, "Turn the music down," it's on blast  
Turn the engine off 'cause I'm wasting gas  
Tell them that I'm lost and I need a map  
Looking for a hotel to take a nap  
Freaknik, officer, I came for that  
It was good last year that's why I'm back  
That's when he tried to hit me  
His big fist barely miss me  
I have my camera with me  
I think I'll sue the city  
I love this place Atlanta  
That's why I love Atlanta  
I love my home Atlanta  
I love my home Atlanta

# Canibus Lyrics

"Gybaotic"

[Canibus:]

Yo

I done been from Jersey to Brooklyn

Done been through Queens where the crooks hang

Done been on tour doing group thangs

'Cause I'm always tasting that pootang

Really love it when a girl got a cute name

Got a cute attitude and a cute frame

Got a big ass butt, breasts, and no brain

Them things make a nigga want to shoot game

Now check it, I done been through a few thangs

Done seen a lot more than some loose change

Always been open minded to new thangs

(A)

Been a Hip-Hop nigga since youth man

Beat-box and break-dance too man

Used to do electric boogaloos man

Do Egyptian love with two hands

I remember when I lived down south, yo

In a hot ass one story house, yo

Where the A.C. was always going out, yo

Sometime spend a whole day outdoors

We had a block-party, barbecue

Eating food, in the pool

Music got us in that mood

Everybody act a fool

I'ma tell you like this man

Every night I go down to the city man

To the gentlemen's club where my niggaz hang

Them stripper chicks know how to strip man

DJ's be spinning them hits man

Play the Cash-Money clique and the Jigga man

Them hoes be thick but sick man

Every stripper think a motherfucking rich man

Like Sisqo, the R&B singing man

Think I got a bank account with a million man

Case of Crystal cost about six grand

Bitch better get a less expensive brand

Got to stick to the budget when I trick, man

How about ten dollars for a sip, man?

My whole dance for a ten dollar tip, man

Still waiting on my royalty check, man

How about a rain-check next time, yo?

How about a handful of coupons, yo?

How about tickets to my next five shows

Turn around, let me test that behind, yo

I love a fine ho

*[Canibus:]*

Girl, why you trying to get loud, screaming lies  
Acting surprised, rolling your eyes  
You act like a nigga done committed a crime  
You know my elbow just brushed your thigh  
Now them guys, twice my size  
Trying to throw a nigga like me outside  
I be up in this club all the time  
But it's the first time that I crossed the line  
Damn girl, why you so mean to me?  
You know I can't leave, I done lost my keys  
Don't throw me out, Mr. Bouncer, please  
Let me take the girl up to V.I.P  
She was just playing 'cause I'm low on cheese  
Look at it, she only got eyes on me  
They bloodshot red, so she's smoking weed  
You know how these stripper chicks love to tease  
I think I left my cell phone back at my seat  
I had a couple of drinks and I need a receipt  
Follow me to the bathroom to pee  
I keep about three G's in my briefs  
Damn baby boy, you done ripped my sleeve  
I ain't trying to beef, give me room to breath  
Why I got to leave, tell me what I done?

*[Canibus:]*

God damn girl, give a nigga some love  
I'm all out of dubs but I'll give you some ones

# Canibus Lyrics

## "In The Rain"

[Hook x2]

Drivin' all night through the rain  
Tryin' to escape the pain  
I can't get away  
With the way I drive will I make it home alive?  
How will I survive?

Cereal killer, slasher, Rip the Jacker  
Been on America's Most and still can't be captured  
Think about it, how am I supposed to feel?  
If you ain't have a record deal, how would you feel?  
In a world where it seems like you're all alone  
Like my name didn't help the rap market grow  
Like I'm hardly gold, like I ain't got a remarkable flow  
When I deserved to die old and broke  
I'd rather have an overdose doin' coke or dope or both  
Gettin' bathed in a bathhouse by Dorothy Dandrich  
Hailey Berry and Jennifer Lo, bending over for soap  
What a way to go  
A friend of mine told me that I know a lot of nothing  
I looked him in the eyes and said at least I know something  
I know I've been driving all night through the rain  
And I'm lookin' for a sunny day  
I wanna run away

[Hook x2]

I be the first one to tell you I'm an ill emcee  
But I'm a human being and if you prick me, I bleed  
I might bleed internally, but it's still hurting me  
Can-i-bus is not what he deserves to be  
I just wanna rhyme, I don't wanna beef wit you  
But if you bite me, I'ma put my teeth in you  
I want the whole world to say, "Canibus, I believe in you"  
The same way, my man, Ricky Lee would do  
Don't stereotype us, we freedom fighters  
We drive all night through the rain wit' no wippers  
I paid that price a couple of times  
And when I'm on the mic, I spit double the rhymes  
I ain't scared of the competition  
But I want you to listen to me even when I'm not rippin'  
I hope you never have to feel my pain  
I hope you never have to drive all night through the rain

[Hook x2]

Will somebody please tell me, what does it take?

I been on promotional tours, from state-to-state  
I've done a 100 Bars on mixtape  
People recognize the face, but the sales don't equate  
    I guess I'll plead guilty if  
    Rippin' a rhyme is a crime  
    Cause I'ma get mine or die tryin'  
    I'm verbally inclined to shine  
I spin like a turnbine and blow the rain clouds out the sky  
    I drive through the rain til the roads get dry  
    Bonafide Gladiator that was born to ride  
    You could never put a price on my pride  
If I have to, I'll swim against the tide til my arms get tired  
    But I won't disappear and I will not be quiet  
    Or get pushed to the side, I will not be denied  
        Keep my eyes and ignore the pain  
No matter how long I gotta drive through the rain

With the way I drive, will I make it home alive?

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Mind Control"

*[Chorus: Female singing]*

You're under my, you're under mind control  
You know you're lost, don't even try to fight  
You can't escape, I rule you day and night  
You're under my, you're under mind control

*[Verse]*

Been in this rap game since ninety-six  
Can-I-Bus, also known as Canibus  
And even though that might seem like a short time  
I was never known for spitting a short-rhyme  
I'm known for my ill metaphors and lines  
And I'm inspired by that little voice inside  
That says, 'keep a strong mind and don't compromise'  
Nothing happens before it's time, don't get off of the grind  
See the game is cold, don't lose control  
All the glitters ain't gold, you could lose your soul  
I've been through it before, guess you live and you learn  
Everyone takes turns getting what they deserve  
It's like a revolving door as far as Canibus is concerned  
Please believe it, I'mma get what I earned  
As far as getting that dough, and everything else in my career goes  
I'm completely in control, come on

*[Chorus: Female singing]*

*[Canibus]*

Now don't get it twisted, Canibus ain't getting Jiggy with it  
I'm just dumbing it down for a minute  
Went from Jersey to A-T-L, but then I relocated  
Out to Cali on some one-way shit  
Bought a cheap ticket and split, I'm in coach sitting next to this chick  
With some real voluptuous lips  
She asked me if I can help her give her luggage a lift  
After that, she wouldn't shut up for the rest of the trip  
She said she thought I looked familiar, but she never caught on  
I started nodding off, she was talking so long  
Put my headphones on, then I went to sleep  
Reclined the seat, thought about rhymes and beats  
I thought about how I spent so much time in the East  
And how my mind was never in peace  
In the streets, if you want to that yellow-brick road  
Paved with gold, you just gotta take control, come on

*[Chorus: Female singing]*

*[Canibus]*

I stepped off the plane, never want to sit in coach again  
I can't deal with the neck-pain  
Seen some guy holding up a sign with my name  
What's up my main-man, where's baggage claim'  
Took the elevator, I was physically drained  
The chick from the plane said, 'bye,' and started to wave  
Man, I'm just happy to be in L.A.  
Got my release papers from Universal/M.C.A  
Now it's time to get that real paper, shake off the haters  
They can't break us, we're Gladiators  
World famous, my name is on the mind of all of the majors  
Canibus is outrageous  
Fans sing along when I perform on stages  
Or when they hear my songs on they two-way pagers  
They can't front, 'cause I broke the mold  
And took a little time, but now I'm in control

*[Female vocalizes the harmony until fade]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Last Laugh"

[Verse One]

Ha ha ha ha ha

Check out the bizarre style that I display god

Ha ha ha ha ha

Kinda like when the biz went

Eh eh eh eh eh

But this is the Canibus with the

Ha ha ha ha ha

Now

Ha ha ha ha ha

Ain't just the name of the song

Ha ha ha ha ha

It's probably my favorite response

When I'm walking on the street or I'm out at the mall

And people be talking that blah blah blah

Ha ha ha ha ha

But anyway, a regular day is just like this

Canibus writes a rhyme then Canibus spits, Like

Ha ha ha ha ha

I eat eat eat rhymes, Niggas don't be understanding that shit

Why you think I went and put a fucking mic on my arm

'Cause it belongs to me and I belong next to Ghengis Khan

In a coffin carbon-dried with my body in bronze

Like Han Solo when he got frozen in Star Wars

Ha ha ha ha ha

I'm great but I'm not the greatest

Ha ha ha ha ha

I believe I'm god but I'm not aethiest

Ha ha ha ha ha

I'm crazy but I'm not the craziest

I'm just a normal heterosexual homosapien

Ha ha ha ha ha

The industry tried to cave me and I was an arch angel

But they changed me into Damien

Ha ha ha ha ha

The evil spirit of rap, the evil rapper

Ha ha ha ha ha

Rip the jacker

Master of the ceremony, most people know me as such

My disciples know me as master 'Bus

I can

Ha ha ha ha ha

Change their life with a touch, cause I'm

Ha ha ha ha ha

Lyrically gifted as fuck

Can-I-Bus, could bust it down pound for pound

My style'll make a thousand mc's bow

Ha ha ha ha ha  
You can yah yah yah cha cha cha cha cha all you want  
Y'all niggas know the Canibus is the one  
Ha ha ha ha ha  
Ha ha ha ha ha  
The rhyme creator  
At the drop of a dime I spit 100 b-a-rs  
I'm a S-T-A-R since the day I was born  
And I'll be a star til the day that I'm gone  
Ha ha ha ha ha  
You can agree with uh-huh or disagree with uh-uh  
Whatever, niggas can't front  
Ha ha ha ha ha  
If they respond too late to the 911 call  
They find you on the floor with a razor blade in your palm  
Deep cuts an inch wide and 5 inches long  
Paramedics feel for a pulse to see if you gone  
You was pronounced D.O.A before you got to E.R.  
The doctor swore that suicide was the probably cause  
Probably because, you weak insecure motherfuckers  
feel lost when you hear me roar  
Ha ha ha ha ha  
Like-uh the predator starring schwartzenegger  
Before he triggered the bomb he went  
Ha ha ha ha ha  
Ha ha ha ha ha  
The evil spirit of rap, the evil rapper  
Ha ha ha ha ha  
Rip the jacker

[Verse Two]

Its legibly unimaginable, mathematically incalculable  
inextricably infalible  
Let's not forget utterly impossible or  
Morally unseizable to assume that I could lose if I battled you  
My scholastic aptitude is 1602  
100 bars was just a glimpse of the truth  
Physical proof that I'm the best at this  
I've contructed sentences  
That'll stand longer then stone henges megaliths  
My 1st and 2nd albums consists of more then a million terabits  
More then any of you rappers ever spit  
Vote for me as president, In about a day or so  
I be up in the white house getting feletio  
By an administrative assistant with deep throat  
Butt naked on the floor knee deep in some coke  
Or on a speaker phone freestyleing with some of my folks  
Humping a ho tampering with the republican vote  
I'm like Mel Gibson in Braveheart, fighting swordsman  
Dodging arrows from the arches 'cause I'm a horsesman  
Flying circles around you like flying saucers  
Flying circles around the royal air force's flying fortress  
Maximize my wins, minimize my loses

Til I'm exhausted then lounge like the lyricists on Rawkus  
I'm unsigned right now, it's like I'm an orphan  
Looking for a home taking all calls and offers  
Notify the prince and the duke of earl  
I'm probably the illest english speaking mc in the world  
Ghetto fabulous, verbally hazardous  
Ask any baptist, roman catholic or satanic activist  
Even them trippy hippies on college campuses know about Canibus  
I've got rhymes like beads on an abacus  
My styles totally out the bracket  
Scientist in thick glasses and pocket protectors want to patent it  
My talent is unmatched by any rapper in this rapping biz  
By any rapper on this planet's grid  
Show me where he is, I sign the ordinance  
To bomb his coordinants with Agent Orange and torture him  
Burn the skin off of him, throw a towel on him and stomp on him  
Rip the towel off then pour salt on him  
Continue my verbal assault on him til its 12 in the morning  
And turn into the werewolf monster on him  
Rip his heart out, eat it while its still pumping  
The blood still running, it tastes like boiled dumplings  
Starving artist, I turned down scholarships to Oxford College  
'Cause I heard they didn't serve porridge  
Smartest then any man in Scotland yard is  
Used to work for MI6 but quit 'cause I couldn't take orders  
I was the original James Bond before Sean Conn', Roger Moore,  
Timothy Dalton and Pierce Brosman  
The most awesome walking, talking, breathing  
English speaking mc in the European region  
Rip you to pieces like communism leaflets  
Beef with 'Bis is like playing chess without the pieces  
Modern Christians without Jesus, Rasta's without Reefer  
Jamaican's in Princeton without Visa's  
Radio's without speakers, Mother nature without the 4 seasons  
Without a jacket outside when its freezing  
I'ma tell you straight up, no lie  
Canibus is the illest motherfucker alive  
Ha ha ha ha ha  
The evil spirit of rap, the evil rapper  
Rip the jache

# Canibus Lyrics

"Not 4 Play"

(feat. Kurupt)

[Chorus: Kurupt & Canibus]

Don't play them games, not for play, not today  
say what you say, not for play, not to day  
we horseman man, you fools insane, locked the game  
we spit flames, not for play, not today

[Kurupt:]

Each day I dip sometimes I trip  
this gangsta shit (west gangsta shit)  
I just don't give a fuck  
I gallop role I'm in control  
I like gettin high in G mode  
with the homeys just lettin all the weed blow  
fired up, nigga what you thought it was  
buz cause nigga I don't give a fuck

[Canibus:]

Niggaz like us don't give a fuck  
Canibus and Kurupt, choke a nigga up  
comin through in the four by four truck  
chromed from the flour up, with [?]  
white air force ones with the low cut  
I'm in the back of the jeep gettin [?]  
me and my dawg Kurupt spark that skunk  
I know I'm a G cos' my name start with one

[Chorus]

[Canibus:]

We Horseman man the next Wu-Tang  
you know the name, Killah Priest and Kurupt  
Ras Kass to you heard of us  
we go to the club, curse and cus  
start that buzz, thats wots up  
spike the punch, fight and fuzz  
rush that stage for the mic and bus  
straight up cause I love them guts  
don't call me unless you invite some sluts  
36C cup with big butts  
I pay big books to get my dick sucked  
she can spit it up, then lick it back up  
thank you very much, there you go slut  
a Benjamin Franklin was more than enough  
write your number down ill be in touch

[Chorus]

*[Kurupt]*

A Benjamin Franklin was more than enough  
bitch give me that cash before I fuck you up  
genuine banging in the deck  
same old G, D.P.G  
show you somethin gangstafied  
do or die, gangstafied  
run and ride, now ride don't run  
fuck that nigga, blast that nigga  
lay that nigga, I spray that nigga  
AK that nigga off weed and liquer  
I drop a switch, fuck a bitch  
smash and dip with hollow tips  
[?] me up, what the fuck  
Canibus and Kurupt choke a nigga up  
flippin through the cut, flash flood  
fluctuate [?], pistol tooked, nigga

*[Chorus]*

*[Kurupt: talking]*

none of you bustas, yeah, horsementality, yeah  
Canibus, yeah, Ras Kass bitch, yeah, Killah Priest fucker  
yeah, the Kurupt Young Gotti, yeah, horsemen, smash

*[Canibus: talking]*

we horseman man, not today  
we locked the game, not today

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Stupid Producers"

[*Canibus:*]

Stupid producers

These stupid producers

[*Canibus:*]

"Yo

What's up my main man?

What's your name?

I heard you got beats

Yea, I hear what you're saying, but are they flames?

You got a card or something?

Put your number on this CD, I'll give you a call or something

How long you in town?

Where you staying at now?

Who's your manager? Him over there?

The nigga with the South Pole sweat suit and permed hair?

Listen, don't even trip

I just want some beats to finish my shit

I'm looking for some hard shit

Yea, like some Beat Brokers or Mark Sparks shit

Huh? Play what?

Hold up, lay what?

Yo relax my main man, I'ma call you, peace"

I got back to the crib, popped in the CD

And turned it up loud to see if he had some real beats

I heard something I felt, I hit the nigga on the cell

To see if it was for sell

"Yo, can I speak to DJ

Yo, I'm feeling tracks two and six

Whatever, bottom line, you give me the tracks, I give you the cheddar

We can do it around ten PM

In the studio off of (\_A\_)"

At that point, I didn't even feel like answering him

Stupid ass motherfucking producer got me real upset

And I even got to work with him yet

I showed up at ten thirty so I was already late

He showed up and forgot to bring his own D.A.T. tapes

He shook my hand, with both of his hands

And told me he could play it over again, with both of his friends

Yo, as long as I get tracks two and six

I don't give a fuck who really produced this shit, just do this shit

"When I get back, I want it laid  
Yea, you gonna get paid  
I'ma leave, jump in the car, speed, go to my mans  
Get some trees, get something to eat, and I'll be back by three"

[*Canibus:*]

These stupid producers  
These stupid producers  
These stupid producers  
These stupid producers

[*Canibus:*]

"Hold up, five hours later, you ain't laid nothing?  
Not one piece of percussion? You mean to tell me you ain't press one button?  
You think this is motherfucking pre-production or something?  
You know we ain't got a budget, who told you to order lunch bitch?  
You know what? Fuck it. I don't even want it no more  
'Cause the track you selling me probably ain't even yours"

[*Canibus:*]

These stupid producers  
These stupid producers

[*Canibus:*]

Yo, yo  
Ayo Rip, motherfucker

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Talk The Talk"

[Chorus]

People wanna keep on talking  
Why can't they see [?] you don't wanna be  
People wanna keep on talking  
Why can't they see they're too weak for me  
People wanna keep on talking  
I guess we will see  
People wanna keep on talking  
Talking'

[Verse One]

Yo, let's not talk about me, let's talk about you  
Let's talk about some of the things YOU go through  
Dealing with racists, being patient  
Tired of waiting, what are you chasing  
Sometimes you just want to just explode and spread across the globe  
You wanna let the whole world know  
'Hey everybody! Look at me, yo!  
I used to be nobody, but know I'm known!'  
Thanks to you, I never could've done it alone  
Everybody that talked about me is somebody I owe  
Even the G.L.O.A.T., he talked till he was numb in the throat  
And I STILL took his crown with a unanimous vote  
Talk about it!

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

Yo, you can talk about how I came back so strong  
You can talk about my album and all of my songs  
You can talk about Can-I-Bus the rapper  
What's his name, Nobody or Rip the Jacker  
Talk about my record label, Gladiator's the name  
Cause I BEEN a gladiator in the game  
And I swear on my government name Germaine  
That at Gladiator Records, everybody gets paid  
Talk about the ladies, the kind that I like  
After I get laid, we can talk about the price  
You can stay talking about ice  
I talk about who's nice in the rap game and who got stripes  
Talk about it!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I got a passion for this rapping  
This is my ship, I'm the Capitan

I control your vertical and your horizontal  
What you talk about and who you talk to  
You got a day job and you wanna spit a hundred bars  
Naw, you gotta train hard  
Take a man's advice, stand and fight  
Sacrifice, that's the price  
I'm speaking freely, nothing's easy  
FUCK the TV, you wanna be me  
I ripped the Jacker with his own track  
Maybe I AM the illest alive, talk about THAT!

*[Pre-chorus]*

Talk the talk, talk the talk  
Talk the talk, talk the talk

*[Chorus]*

People wanna keep on talking

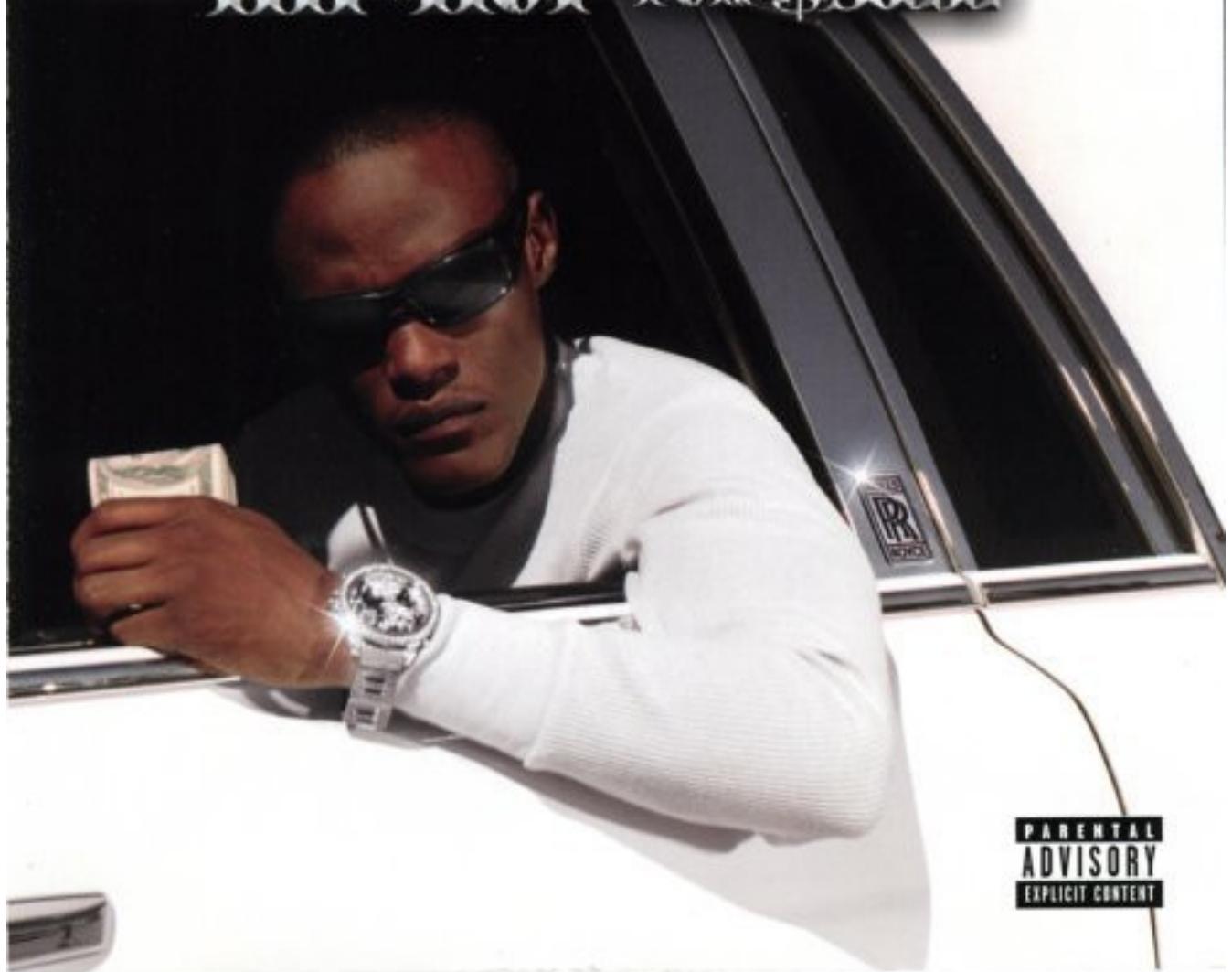
# Canibus Lyrics

## "Nobody"

You know this rap game is a lot like high school  
and high school is a lot like life  
You see in life, you got to do things to set yourself apart from your peers  
you need to identify the qualities that separate you from those around you  
After all, isn't that what most people spend their lives trying to accomplish?  
Wouldn't we all want somebody, somewhere later on down  
the line to remember the things that were different about us?  
Don't you understand? The more you fit in, the less you're noticed  
That's how it is, for anyone to walk through life unnoticed as if they never mattered  
could be a punishment worse than death, and at the same time  
that punishment is the only way you could truly be free;  
free from the things you want people to remember about you  
but also free from the things you want them to forget  
I don't know if that freedom exists for me anymore  
And even though I dream about what it would be like  
it's just a dream, because I realize now more than ever  
that I can't have my cake and eat it too, no one can  
And as time goes on, we will always be loved by some and hated by others  
And whether the people who talk bad about you know it or not  
they really save you from obscurity every time they mention your name  
You see, anytime anybody ever talks about you, either directly or indirectly  
they put a quarter in your immortal meter  
They keep you alive, whether they want to or not  
they practically do the opposite of what they want to do  
which is forget you. I dedicate this song, to the day  
when you motherfuckers finally figure it out  
and the day that you bury me, and erase the memory of me  
Here lies a man, who became forgotten to the world  
in his search to the key for immortality  
He never made an impact, he changed nothing  
and his words meant nothing  
He never contributed to the rap game;  
he never gave you anything to talk about  
He never existed, and he never made a difference  
his name was nobody!

# BENIEUS

HIP-HOP FOR SALE



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Canibus Lyrics

"It's No Other Than..."

*[Canibus]*

It's no other than...

It's no other than... no other than Canibus on the mic

It's no other than... no other than Canibus on the mic

This gotta be the biggest track I ever touched in my life

Like the club can't breathe cause I'm clutchin too tight

You 'bout to see a live Canibus eruption tonight

Thugs in black, the bitches in white

I got the olive green marine fatigues on for sensitive light

Took my time with the rhyme to build, I'm alive and well

Got that seven figure dollar smell

Take a chance baby, not Chanel

She come check me at the telly in a minute with the longest L

As soon as she got there, the plot got clear

The bitch volunteered brains and she didn't stop there

Hot and fierce, she was not prepared

Pounded her upside down from the top of the stairs

'Til [?] started poppin the airs

She thought it would last forever but I told her I was droppin this year

C'mon

*[Chorus: Canibus]*

It's no other than... it's no other than...

no other than Canibus on the mic

Give me a (C, A, N, I, B, U, S) - c'mon!

It's no other than... it's no other than...

It it, it-it's no other than

Give me a (C, A, N, I, B, U, S) - c'mon!

*[Canibus]*

I can't stay long, I'm on my way to the bank

But while I'm here, I'd like to thank

Canibus supporters, they knew the time

Ask 'em, who's the nigga with the dopest rhymes?

(Go 'Bis, go 'Bis) Yo bring it back one more time

And ask 'em, who's the nigga with the dopest rhymes?

(Go 'Bis) I bust/bus lines like public transportation

The rhyme always on time when I say shit

I give you far to go, murder the flow

My voice travel like that smell when they burnin the 'dro

On the tour bus they searchin the coach

In the airport they searchin my coat, they say they searchin for dope

"Legal Drug Money" stickers on the back of my bag

The only artifact from my past that I still have

I'm a brand new man, with a brand new plan

Talkin to bitches new tannin in the Cancun sands

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

I play the nine, you play the target  
Y'all all know my name, so I guess I just start this  
I'm so swift and that's a natural fact  
I'm like RIP, I mark a C on your back  
Yo, follow me into a solo  
To get the flow.. that you can picture like a photo  
They say I'm shallow, I never learned to swim  
But they mention my name cause I got the urge to win  
Tell me who's your weed man, how you smoke so good  
You a superstar baby, why you still in the hood?  
Damn! I hate to brag but you know I'm good  
If a mic was a gun I'd be 'Bis Eastwood  
Bandagin MC's, oxygen they can't breathe  
Mad tricks up the sleeve  
Wear boxers so my dick can breathe, hip-hop is my drug  
I even got a mask and glove to bust slugs, one love

*[Chorus x1.5]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Back Wit' Heat"

[*Canibus*]

(Yeah) The-the-the-yeah

The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin

That's what they yellin

YEAH... UH, YEAH (the-the-the-yeah)

(The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin)

Yeah, niggaz just don't know, but I'ma let 'em know

(They don't know 'Bis, they don't know 'Bis)

How to flow how to (they don't know 'Bis)

How to go how to, how to..

Yo if I cough in my fist when I opened my hand

there'd be dope in my hand cause I spoke in my hand

In the gym 'til I turn the two-pack, to a four

'Til the four got sore and had to make two more

In a whole 'nother state of mind - Mexican standoffs

Waste lives but they save time

You know the danger, the ranger, pantyhose over

Got basic scopes and lasers, my toaster is a widowmaker

Good things come to those that wait

BULLSHIT! Better things come to those that chase

I sweep the streets with a fleet bigger than the Greeks

'Til we occupy your land like thieves, we fin' to eat nigga

[*Chorus x2: Canibus*]

I'm back for the music, back to do exclusives

Back to change the view of hip-hop, from that bullshit

Back to mash up beats to bang up your ave and streets

Canibus nigga, back with heat (yo)

[*Canibus*]

Aiyyo, hot out the box with Nottz, shots just went off

Nigga better check to see if you caught

Shootouts between rap stars drivin fast cars

through the hills of Madagascar, we can take it that far

Screwface you niggaz; yo who's the real rudebwoy rude nigga?

(Not you nigga) You got booed nigga

My close quarter combat not bad

Big niggaz drop dead when I stop they air

You just a man, your relationship with oxygen's clear

Canibus rockin with Nottz this year, yeah

Motherfuckers, your back blast area clear

Canibus rockin with Nottz this year, yeah - bring it

[*Chorus*]

[*Canibus*]

Aiyyo a slug to the stomach make a thug move sluggish  
Crawlin in his bloodiness no matter how big the gun is  
If the fuzz is comin, blast shells by the tonnage  
'Til there ain't nothin left but start runnin  
I got a message 'bout I got a court summons  
Everybody around me wants somethin, they all extort NUTTIN  
I was young, I was stupid, I was really too hype  
Cause I thought a microphone was really worth my life  
Go make a club banger, that's what they asked me to do  
You a DUMB NIGGA, who the fuck is askin you?  
I write a book for ya, Nottz write a hook for ya  
We can both split half of what we took from ya  
I'm just a 'round-the-way neighbor in your hood fella  
You wan' show love, let's break bud nigga  
We control the price of rap fuel  
I attacked you cause annual tax was do  
Four dollars a gallon, we gon' take it back to two  
Hip-Hop nigga, that's what we back to do  
For you.. for you.. (that's what we back to do)  
For you.. for you.. (that's what we back to do)

*[Chorus]*

*[Outro]*

The-the-the-yeah  
The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin..  
The-the-the-yeah  
The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin *[music fades]*

# Canibus Lyrics

"Benny Riley"

*[Intro]*

DJ's, cuttin up beats and stuff like that and  
That was my first exposure to the whole, artistry in hip-hop  
There is nothing in this music, that I don't wanna hear  
There is words, that are kind of syncopated and rhythmic  
And there's this hot drum track, it's great!

*[Chorus: x2]*

"This is, this is great! This is, this is great!"  
And I could hear, this enormous  
"This is, this is great! This is, this is great!"  
This is music, I've been waiting all my life to hear

*[Canibus]*

Aiyyo! I don't give a fuck, if you gettin some cash  
or gettin some ass, if I was there I'd pick up the tab  
Talk to a rag, tell you to wipe your stinkin ass  
Get back to the lab, make sure hip-hop last  
Through death or dishonor, I do this cause I wanna  
Your body armor don't protect you from your karma  
I'm ready for the encounter like a titty bar bouncer  
Or Muhammad at the Mini-Mart counter with four-pounders  
Quick Draw McGraw spitter, let me see your hands jitter  
I'll hit'cha where the good Lord split'cha  
You faggot-ass niggaz are see-through  
I treat you like we in the same cell, but I'm Bugsy Siegel  
Smack your teeth loose, the street juice  
Go to court in cheap suits, givin testimony over beat loops  
Take 'em to my hood, show the evil I'm from  
They can't blame me for the evil I done, now they see where I run  
And why I keep a tight leash on the gun  
Why my speech is so revered by the young, cause my spirit is young  
A nigga spittin LIKE THAT, got SERIOUS LUNGS  
Yo I'm serious SON, he a FURIOUS ONE!

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Yo, the name Benny Riley, the trip took twenty-eight days  
from New York to Cali, drivin through alleys  
My mom mad at me, my dad laughs at me  
My life's a track meet, I need this record deal  
Precious, she got the freshest breast-es, and the ass from heaven

36-24-37

She the second broad I ever humped, under a bridge  
But she the first broad I ever fucked with in the record biz  
Desi told her I was crazy and she called the feds

The bitch didn't know any better, I let her live  
She don't know Desi is a greasy fuckin pig  
And he's settin me up for somethin he knows I never did  
When I see him I'ma put the Smith & Wesson to his head  
To change his outlook on life  
Maybe I'd show him what it's like to be DEAD  
Like the way I look at lyrics, I kill it 'til they DEAD  
It's that vivid; got skills to kill the rap business  
Got bills to put a contract on the witness if he rat-snitchin  
You niggaz in the back, thinkin holds 'til your next actin role  
Get buried wit'cha cash and gold  
Acts that sold, family of Marlon Brando broke  
Shattered hopes, rappers choked, took it like a man though  
Benny Riley is the closest thing to Canibus yo  
Niggaz just don't be understandin his flow, until the hammer let go  
Grab the mic and cold damage the show  
Get split with bananas, flows of the Canibus blow

*[Chorus]*

*[Outro]*

This is music, I've been waiting all my life to hear  
And I didn't know it

# Canibus Lyrics

"Show 'em How"

Yeah [echoes]

[Chorus: Canibus]

They don't know what they fuckin with  
They don't know how you bust it 'Bis  
They don't know how you comin man  
They don't know how you done this shit  
Yo show 'em how a brother spit

[over Chorus]

The MC, with the N-O-T-T-Z, yeah!

[Canibus]

Aiyyo Canibus'll spark it for ya, Nottz'll paint the target for ya  
Mic Club'll launch it toward ya  
This is the beginning of the rest of my life  
Rippin the mic, and rippin it right, you listen you like  
You dislike you get disciplined with the pipe  
Muzzle flashes of light that says goodbye to life  
I'm anti-social but humble  
I blow a hole in you to get a hello from you! If that's what it come to  
A little camera shy, I play the background  
Turn the mic on, lock the cage, I attack crowds  
Y'all niggaz is just clones that rhyme  
From a bloodline that's closer to yours than mine  
You ignore the signs, but we all divine  
DJ's rewind, MC's distort the time  
Sharp enough to read your mind, I can hear your applause in silence  
You're fuckin with an awesome talent, yo

[Chorus x2]

[Canibus]

Yo, you gotta call this a comeback, I been here for years  
You should thank God for answerin your prayers  
The hip-hop hero, off of hip-hop skid row  
I rip a show for a beer and a smoke  
You know that hip-hop flow that got him clearin both coasts  
For that hip-hop show I appear as the host  
Used to be the type of MC they was scared to approach  
Nowadays I just share what I know, spare what I don't  
Might act like I care but I don't, see they want me to share  
It's only logical they fear what I wrote  
Forty-fives with broken handles go off like roman candles  
Ricochetin through your mans and you  
They so busy tryin to get an ambulance for you  
They ain't notice that a fan was hit too, plannin to sue

They got a lot of anger for you  
Introduce you to the anger management crew, with Canibus too  
Switch places with the person that was bandagin you  
And start stranglin you, and keep stranglin you, yo

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Yo, they don't know how to double 'Bis  
They already woulda done the shit, Canibus the original thumbprint  
Five MC's, pick one quick  
He's usually on the thumb you lift  
Yo, y'all fuckin with an awesome talent  
I can't be silent, where's the balance?  
I'm on some Kanye shit, waitin for my "Spaceship"  
Exercisin patience, grindin for this paper  
The universal language is love, not hatred  
Sex money and drugs, destroy your foundation  
That's what I would say, if I had to make a statement  
But sex money and drugs, built this proud nation!  
Salvation without authentication, false pagans  
Bought lawmakers to orchestrate how the law changes  
We the new breed of firebreathers, inspire speeches  
Got fans fightin in bleachers, they can't keep quiet neither  
I wanna team up with the best there is  
Bless the mic and address what is, impress the kids  
The deep life I live is shallow to sheep  
'Til I show a couple scars, let the experience speak, yo

*[Chorus x2]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Dear Academy"

[sampled song "The Awful Truth" by Carole King]

Dear Academy, take note!  
I should get, the Oscar vote  
If I don't, I'll bite your throat!  
Signing off now, quote unquote

[Canibus]

Yo, nominated for being underrated; we made a name for ourselves  
but I guess Common was the only one that made it  
I clapped when he won his award  
Him and Black Eyed Peas and them, we was on the same tour  
And DMX too, you my dawg for life (rrrrrrrr)  
I feel for you, I wanna see you get yours tonight  
Mos Def you on the screen now, followin your dreams now  
Me you and Spike Lee used to sit and freestyle  
I said two words, they both got bleeped out  
If you ever need me again, just reach out  
I got poseurs that belong on posters  
Pour out all my emotions and double what the gross is  
Everybody in the box office know the flow sick  
I wanna thank Nottz, the producer that chose 'Bis  
Motherfuckers!

[acceptance speech]

I wanna thank my mother, I wanna thank my brother  
For makin the film, cause all the support was very important  
From the beginning I got fans and, y'know cult members  
That never let me down from day one - I'm just inebriated to be here  
I wanna thank you all

[Canibus]

Yo, I don't wanna bite nobody's throat, I just want smoke  
Yo pass the 'dro nigga; yo, I can't believe  
I'm sittin with Don Cheadle, Denzel and Russell Crowe man  
Dave Chappelle yo I really liked your show man  
Ice Cube, yo he in the next room man  
D12, me and them struck a pose man! {shhh, shhh be quiet}  
With Slim Shady, yo this must be a omen! {shhhhhhhh shut up}  
I think I'm 'bout to go platinum, I'M EXPLODIN! {shhh you're too loud}  
I'm a fool man, what I'm 'sposed to do man  
Red & Meth, "How High Part II" man  
Bokeem Woodbine bump me in his hood all the time  
I wanna say peace, I'm a fan of yours brah  
I seen Hov' on a hundred foot boat  
At the Cannes Film Festival with Sophie and Cope'  
And Scarlett Johansson, she was with her man friend  
"Lost in Translation," number one smash hit

(And now, introducing, Can-I-BUSSSSSS!)  
Yo, I'm in the game now, I ran "8 Miles"  
I ain't the same old nigga with the same style  
The lifestyle of Jermaine is my brainchild  
Jermaine's really like the black John Wayne (WOW)  
Or James Caan, negotiatin some rhymes for the Don  
I ain't seen my niggaz in so long (so long)  
We did a short film, "4,3,2,1"  
It was hot back then when it was new, but  
I did this other film, "Gone Til November"  
Me and Wyclef was in the trenches together  
I did a big movie with him, he put me on soundtracks  
Back then, I didn't understand the music business  
Every agent found it hard to find me  
In the backwoods of Holly, rehearsin my hobby  
Shoutout to R.O.C. and State Property  
I was inside the beast, shoutout to DMP, peace

*[shoutouts]*  
Killa Khan, Sha, Black & Deco, my nigga Star  
Nottz, what? Yeah  
Throw shots, spread out your face like Botox  
Nigga what?

# Canibus Lyrics

## "I Gotcha"

(feat. DMP)

[Intro]

I gotcha!

Uh-huh, huh! You thought I didn't see ya now didn't ya? Uh  
Uh-huh, huh! You tried to sneak by me now didn't ya? Hehehe

Uh-huh, huh! Now gimme what'cha promised me

GIVE IT HERE, C'MON!

[Canibus]

Yeah, yeah

Yeah, uh, you know it's all terrific

Know it's... yo

[Open/Close]

I just wanna see you pump yo' fists

I don't wanna hear y'all talk no shit

I just wanna get on stage and show the gift

Show the gift...

[Chorus One]

I'm the type of nigga that'll click-click ride wit'cha  
The type of nigga that'll smoke that lah wit'cha

The type of nigga that'll bust that nine at'cha

Spit that line at'cha, hit that fi-i-yah

[Canibus]

Yo, aiyyo whattup, God? No love? Odd

You can't sell crack on the block no more

Cause I pulled up, parked, rolled up, sparked

Dogs barked, OH SHIT! NARC's

I Jackie Chan up the wall and sit in the dark

Or go runnin for a jog while I spit in the park

My jigsaw still hard, the metaphors remain sharp

Give you sharp pains through your brain up your slang box

Me and you in the sandbox, with our hands locked

Get the same shit your man with the broken hand got

I bang glock, I been hot

Cocked back Mai Ling from Bangkok [?]

Mind grow, but the fat-ass can sit up front

Your broad that look like trash can sit in the trunk

I'ma fuck 'til I break off chunks

Break off a big chunk of skunk and take off with a blunt

Hit the studio, sometimes I work all day

Still change my voicebox oil every 3K

Step to the stage, throw a sign to the DJ

Everybody screamin out - do what the weed say!

*[Chorus One]*

*[Chorus Two]*

The type of nigga that'll set up shop wit'cha  
The type of nigga that'll pace the block wit'cha  
The type of nigga that'll pass the block to ya  
Stash the rock for ya, nigga I gotcha

*[DMP]*

(This is!) The ghetto-ass shit for you baby  
The hood love it, so I gotta give it to 'em daily  
I'm on the block, like Olajuwon and Ewing  
I'm a pimp bitch, by the way, how ya momma doin?  
Like Rakim Allah, I'm a "Microphone Fiend"  
The fuckin "Last Dragon" like Leroy Green  
That Mausberg kicks, rearrange your spleen  
Now you on part of the Handicapped, Olympic Team  
I got a, deadly disease without a vaccine  
It's called {"Get the fuck outta my face before I let this Eagle scream!"}  
You runnin game, all I'm sayin is where your fuckin team?  
This that dope, somebody [?] and let the lyrics fiend  
I'm livin dreams from a stroke of the pen to get the cream  
You garbage, I turn the channel when you come on the screen  
Flow so pure, cause I'm fuckin with raw  
Suited up, booted up, and I'm ready for war  
Yo 'Bis, let's get it live, grab the tec-9, what else?

*[Canibus]*

The glock 9, and the double-axe forty-five  
Bend your mental from the beginning to the end  
It's connected to the beginning like infinity symbols  
I keep it simple, don't wanna offend you  
Cause niggaz don't understand what they ain't in to  
(Misunderstandin, is still a form of understandin)  
But y'all niggaz don't hear me though

*[Chorus One + Chorus Two]*

*[Open/Close]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "So Into You"

(feat. Juli Ecaro)

This for you girl, you know I love you  
Baby

[Chorus x2: Canibus]

I'm so into you  
I wanna do so many things to you  
I can't talk without mentionin you  
And let me tell you what I think of you

[Canibus]

Yeah, my name is, none of your business, let me tell you why I love her  
She hot when she in front but she stand behind a brother  
She wiggle, her booty jiggle, my finger spreads her middle a little  
Let me see what I might wanna get into  
I always empower her, tell her that I'm proud of her  
Show her I don't wanna make no housewife outta her  
Sprinkle her with compliments, but I never shower her  
That's the last thing I would do, cause I value love  
She give me ounces of love, let me bounce the bum  
And when she call my name, I come/cum  
If I front she raise up, we fuss fight and break up  
Then wake up in the Bahamas after we done made up  
She know my psychological make-up  
I'm therapeutic with the broad, we keep it raw when we make love  
And can't nothin change the trust we have  
Wherever we are, we think about the moments and laugh, because

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

When I was on tour, I held the elevator for this broad in the lobby  
Seen her later on in the bar, she sat beside me  
Said the guy at the front desk recognized me  
And told her all about me...  
She said I heard you're a rapper, career in the crapper  
I know you want some ass, you probably won't give no cash up  
You should fill my glass up, tell me 'bout your bad luck  
And if I feel sorry enough, I'll give you the sad fuck  
I had to laugh, put my hand on my gut  
I told her I'd let her have the next grand that I touched  
Walked back to the elevator with my hand on her butt  
To the bed with the camera in front (MONEY SHOT) cut!  
I hopped up and blazed one  
Yo the room and tax is paid hun, stay as long as you want  
I'll be back in a hour, she said that's what they all say  
I know ma, I've been sayin that all day

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

The valet don't remember nothin, he didn't leave the engine runnin  
I jump in, don't bless him with nothin  
Call up this other ma, she remember I'm comin  
I told her I'ma cook, but I'ma just pick up somethin  
The fireplace runnin, she layin on her stomach  
Nasty english all in her muffin, she love it  
She giggle, her booty jiggle, my finger spreads her middle a little  
Let me see what I'ma get into again  
I told her I don't really like to come through her block  
Cause the blueberry drop attract too many cops  
Girls hop in the drop, take off they top, my belt buckle pop  
They know that I'm hot, can't tell me I'm not  
They surrounded the car, six cops  
I was holdin up traffic for six blocks, they put me in the shitbox  
Look at you now, I can't even come through your spot  
And it's messin with my mind, cause I loved you a lot

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Da' Facelift"

[Canibus]

You want a facelift? This what it take 'Bis  
A beat that'll make a nigga think an earthquake hit  
The blue collar rapper, enigmatic, democratic  
Rap-saavy fanatic that can smash any matchup  
High with a roach, bring wealth and goggles to my show  
My flow glow brighter than any diamond that you know  
I walk among you, draw energy from you  
The art of Sun-Tzu, he used to bust too  
I'm like a Shaolin monk on crunk  
Holdin himself up with his thumb on the stump  
Get a Hummer for the summer to stunt  
And just sit in the front, while my lungs become one with the blunt  
Futuristic old schooler, look like JFK Jr  
When I shoot up, Jacob the jeweler with a new cut  
Can-I-bus, I ain't got what I want yet  
How would you expect one of the best, what  
I can't get no, grab the mic, niggaz lets go  
Tell me who got the best flow, end up with less dough  
Open your vest, let your chest show  
I'm open your chest, let your breath go  
With a thirty-eight special  
Keep it on the low, don't let the press know  
Behind the scenes, they put me on death row and won't let go  
Brace yourself while I break the chains  
My beats bang so hard, they erase the blame

[Chorus x4]

This is full battle rattle, attack you  
Salute while I smash you, Can-I-bus bus to blast you 4X

[Canibus]

The hudred bar monster, spit without hawkin up  
Smash your whole roster, fuck what it cost ya  
Fuck what it cost me, join the army  
Smoke Bob Marley, the sergeant major honorably discharge me  
From my sentimiliar and my hemping sence  
Inspiration, why is it only worth ten percent  
Another day in the life of Mr. Can-I-bus  
MY life too rought for me not to recognize lust  
The soldier's back to blow a fuckin hole through rap  
I wish they'd let me out the cage and stop holding me back  
You might say the only thing holdin me back is myself  
It ain't hard to tell what's holdin me back is my cells  
I don't make records for girls, I spit for the pearl  
But I'm an artist in an ignimant world, world  
World class athlete, trained to attack beats

Mixtape smash the streets, try to patch the leaks  
Niggaz try to battle me but lose  
They got limited views, I remember when I was primitive too  
I'd sit and talk with the inquisitive youth  
'Cause I be spittin the truth  
sometimes I ask 'em, what you listenin to  
Lyrical fitness is the proof, let me put you in the booth  
Nottz'll play the beat loop  
Let me see what you could do  
The older advise the younger when they recognize the hunger  
I do a couple raps with the mic to get pumped up  
Monkey bar sit-ups, blood rush to my head  
I write rhymes upside down with an astronaut pen  
Spit a hot sixteen and my ten, take it up a notch, then  
Lost everything when I'm locked in  
You in the kill zone, boxed in  
Tried to play jump-rope  
With skeets on and got dropped when you hopped in  
The last mohican, smoke you in the first season  
You don't speak it but it's no secret  
Peep it, you light weight like rice cakes  
Anybody under twenty-one to touch the microphone is mic bait  
Hungry niggaz start to get type faced, that's when the fight breaks  
A sixty second rhyme is a nice pace  
Work a nigga out 'til he spit out white paste  
Tell him he could hide the proof on his face with night shades  
You looking for a battle, you came to the right place  
This is Mic Club and over here I'm the mic ace

*[Chorus x4]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Hip-Hop Body Rock"

*[chorus]*

Hip-hop do that body-rock  
Jam on and keep smokin  
Hip-hop do that body rock  
I've been gone for a while but I'm still in style [x2]

*[Canibus]*

Yea, come on now get on down  
Can-I-Bus, back with the hip-hop sound  
Twenty years deep in this culture, compulsive  
Every day, this was the dream that I wrote with  
Outside chillin, b-boys spinnin  
Pretending not to notice the supreme choice women  
I rep the rude boy, not the dread posse  
I a bugsy ride with zombies behind me  
Turns the lights up, pick the mic up  
Get 'em hyped up lookin for the right cut  
I don't write much, but I love to bust  
At the crowd 'cause they love the rush  
The mark is on my arm, was drawn  
To symbolize the art of hip-hop in its rawest form  
We could take it to the stage like we goin to war  
Both fallin through the crowd, we perform on tour  
Come correct with the rhyme, they remember the flow  
I was "Gone Til November" six Decembers ago

*[chorus x2]*

*[Canibus]*

Every day is a piece of enernity to weed control  
That's why rap music feeds the soul  
DJ drop needle, I shock people  
There's mic doc in the house and he's not legal  
Canibis just entered the building yo  
If you lookin for the illest, start filming yo  
I get a call, slide to Diego  
Hit the bay off with something less than a day old  
Here's a hot one for you to hold  
The super MC, Superbowl, winner takes all  
The Fahrenheit, nine eleven, rhyme weapon  
The underground give me credit when I'm sound checkin  
I feel like it's now or never, the rhyme state clever  
When the wisdom teeth grind together  
(Go to sleep) I cant go to sleep unless I write something  
(Then stay awake) I can't stay awake unless I recite something  
I can't recite something without tight substance  
When I bust and I leave mothafuckin mics busted

*[chorus x2]*

*[20 seconds of beat playin]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Take 'Dat"

(feat. Star Awon & Ike Infa Diamond)

Fake niggaz get rejected auditionin for heart  
They auditionin for the wrong part  
Nigga you ain't from the hood you got the wrong one  
You all soft with no thought all talk  
You in the wrong sport  
In a golf cart talkin bout you hardcore  
With that bullshit 22 you bought from Wal-Mart  
My gat bark, bite you like a shark  
Right in the heart like a mosquito bite in the dark  
You got bit you massage it, I'ma lighten your pockets  
Make a withdrawal and take your deposits to split profit  
My sawed-off blow arms off  
Insurance don't cover what a prosthetic skull cost  
It's your loss; Motherfuckers keep your ears to the streets  
Cuz if you raise up get hit in the head with the heat  
If you dead you can't eat so don't be a fool and  
Try to protect your jewels cuz they can't protect you

*[Chorus x2]*

Yea, pull out the heat them cats will get back  
Then shut your mouth niggaz'll get clapped  
Oh, you still off runnin' your trap  
Well nigga take 'dat, nigga take 'dat

Uh, murderous mind state is a given  
Master of self but a slave to the rhythm  
My wolves like dogs say sick 'em man get 'em  
My slugs heat seekin if I spit 'em I'ma hit 'em  
I'm a marksman spend my free time at the range  
Just incase I gotta put one up in your brain  
Sit your five dollar ass down before I lay change  
I don't believe y'all niggaz, y'all niggaz been lames  
One spit flames call a fireman  
Sendin these weak motherfuckers to the [?]  
Sixteens hit like the bird flu and my word true  
I could dial seven digits and get you hurt dude  
Remember, A-1 remarkable rhymin  
Prozac washed down with Grey Goose and lime and  
Niggaz do what I say like Simon  
If I got the iron, hands in the air I ain't lyin'

*[Chorus x2]*

Yea, pull out the heat them cats will get back  
Then shut your mouth niggaz'll get clapped  
Oh, you still off runnin' your trap  
Well nigga take 'dat, nigga take 'dat

The street lights illuminates the crooked runway  
Leadin' us from the one way  
Toward a narrow path of 40 odors and gun play  
Tryina stay away from the crosshairs when the gun spray  
The air will dry your body like salt tears in the sun's rays  
Sorta like we raisin or paper chasin with [?]  
Stayin on a case do a number like 40-1k  
Thought of pushin rock like McGrady across the half court  
Dribblin the crack while on the post with the black torch  
Dumpin off jump shots stackin' up for the black Porsche  
Law enforcement officers flash badges like passports  
Actin' like we free when we actually being trapped off  
My rap keep you runnin' like athletes on a track course  
Ridin' with the mac like we saddled up on a black horse  
It's like they tryna shackle the very root of my black thought  
Flossin on a broad day ballin out in the off ray  
Chevrolet Suburban gold ? chuckas it's all suede

*[Chorus x4]*

Yea, pull out the heat them cats will get back  
Then shut your mouth niggaz'll get clapped  
Oh, you still off runnin' your trap  
Well nigga take 'dat, nigga take 'dat

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Punch Lines"

(feat. Hamza)

*[Hamza]*

Canibus, Hamza!

Follow us into a new era

Where lyrical content is a MUST!

*[Chorus: Hamza]*

We cut microphones like, gangsters holdin chrome

Like, Toto you far from home

Like, words spoken wrong will never help you reach excellence

Stop bitin like you got a speech impediment

When will you learn?

Whack lyrics and a hot beat makes your song irrelevant

This is not a movie

I'm a poet so it takes more than punchlines to move me

*[Canibus]*

Can-I-Bus, your favorite rap star on ice

What I talk on the mic make them call on Christ

As far as the eye can see, gaze out into the wide sea

Look for the island, the island is me

I heard Fat Joe said, I was over in Iraq

He said I was a soldier in lyrical combat

Other people slandered my name but I dodged that

They don't see the missing pieces my thesis provides rap

Under the influence, bang 'Bis music in a Bonneville Buick

I see your face, I'ma crash into it

Lyrically I kick ass, if you don't wanna know don't ask

I might do it pro bono for no cash

The two-handed choke from the hope

turn your brain and skull to sand and salt, sprinkle you on the floor

I didn't wanna rap like that, but I had to

Cause that's what my master would do if he was asked to

The perfect music machine, mechanical being

The most lyrical digital streams the world has ever seen

I did, I do, I does, I am, I will be, I was

The same nigga you love

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Yo, I hope they film this shit, cause I'm 'bout to blaze you

And get it on tape too, I'm 'bout to Kay Slay you

Somebody gon' grab you - try to escape

Hold you down while I perform [?] on your face

Why you sound like that, why you tear the mic down like that

Why you sound so intense when you rap

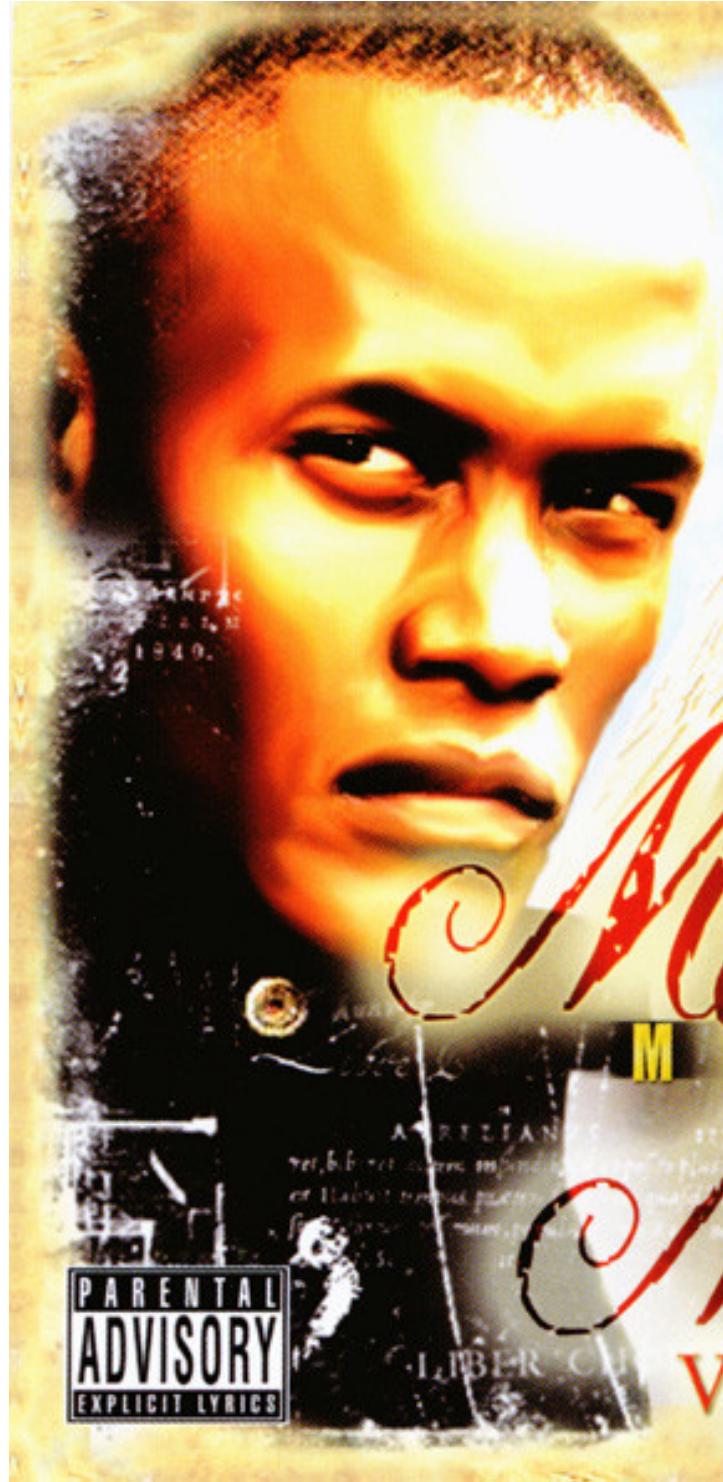
The airborne attack you can't call off  
Breathe exhaust like a horse or a supercharged Mustang Ford  
Drugs rain from the sky, it's like the angels want me to die  
They push me harder cause they want me to try  
A pitbull off the leash, barkin speech  
Like a bull in the pit, liftin you off your feet  
I feel like the world's mine, I can park in the streets  
Kick the world's illest rhyme, police officers weak  
People layin on the concrete, exhausted from heat  
Watchin John Kerry spit over the mic with more beats  
This is a little somethin that my repertoire boast  
I almost, was in control of all coasts...

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*  
I get advanced rhymes to quote, they all dope  
Tote a lyrical landslide, give me all votes  
But I can be as quiet as they want me to be  
Cause even though they say my name, they ain't talkin to me  
They talk to magazines, they talk to MTV  
They up on 106 on BET talkin to Free  
Big niggaz actin tough, but they walk like they ankles is cuffed  
Who gives a FUCK if your ankles is buff  
I can ar-ticulate, I wanna participate  
But they tryin to hold me back, a black ball number eight  
I pick the microphone up and spark the debate  
Ever since ninety-eight I been a target for hate  
Jesus Christ! My name should be He-Bus Mic  
Even when I rip the shit, fans leave uptight  
But I don't know if I'm right no more  
But I don't know if I'm right no more

*[Chorus]*

*[shotgun blast]*



CANIBUS

# Canibus

MIXTAPE

# Master

VOLUME ONE

PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT LYRICS

# Canibus Lyrics

"Shogun"

(feat. Shaq Diesel)

[*Shaq Diesel {Canibus}*]  
(One) Yo yo (One two!)  
Yo Big {Talk to me Big}  
(Check me out right here yo)  
Yo Big Big, tell 'em turn it up!  
{Yo talk to me so I can talk to them} Turn it up!  
(You need to turn the track up a little bit for me)  
{Tell me what the fuck to do} Turn it up!  
(All up in my ears, the mic is loud but the music ain't loud)  
Yo... this ain't about battlin, this ain't about beef no more  
(Yeah) {True} We stickin to the music {aight then}  
(Yeah!) You had a couple, a couple of altercations  
A couple of cats knocked you down - you gon' stay down?  
{Hell no nigga!} You gon' get up? {I'm 'bout to slay these niggaz!}  
Show me that lyrical fitness you was talkin 'bout  
{Aight then, aight, let's go!} (Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh)

[*Canibus*]

Aiyyo the sun don't shine forever, but I could rhyme forever  
I'm a Ripper, this is personal nigga  
I'm back - so charged, I don't know how to act  
The face lifter, Kay Slay, Money Mark and Shaq

[*Shaq Diesel*]

In the Commission, I ain't got to ask for shit  
I'm D's Capo, B.I.G. from the Bricks  
You heard of me, seven one, three-fifty  
Real black and shitty, wife real pretty  
Shaq Dizzy, I take what you won't give me  
I bust off a couple, bitch let 'em hold fifty  
MC's is comical, Sasquatch phenomenal  
IV's plug in your arm inside the hospital  
Never gotta spit, I make more than Mike  
Anyone - Jordan, Jackson, Tyson  
Ac-shun Diesel, ridiculous  
Big Shaq, Kay Slay, 'Bis back to bust

[*Canibus*]

Can-I-bust verbal to burst you  
Raw shit, forklift the high hats in the side to let my verse through  
I'm so high in the clouds I gotta aim down  
Lyrically I'm six foot one from the waist down  
Lay down or taste rounds from the trey pound  
Kiss the ground as you lay face down  
Ghetto life is a death sentence  
Born in the hood, end up dead slumped over a car engine

I am Shogun, loved by no one  
My props stop when the show's done, how come?  
These uncreative ungrateful scum  
Been where I been, but can't understand where I'm from  
Let me show you how the fire work over here son  
You gon' wear that watch, you might as well wear a gun  
When you come around real gangsters, you don't front  
Unless life is a luxury that you don't want  
The long gat, the stocking cap, serious  
as a heart attack like Redd Foxx puttin on the act  
Couple more reps, let the muscles flex  
Damn you gettin big 'Bis, they don't love you yet?  
I'm as smooth as smooth can get  
I shake your hand to bruise your neck to improve your breath  
Hang with rappers, actors and descendant masters  
Puffin on hash and defendin the classics  
I got hip-hop in my blood, I'm blessed  
Outside the bones but inside the flesh  
They better film this shit, cause I'm 'bout to blaze you  
And get it on tape too, I'm 'bout to Kay Slay you  
Somebody gon' grab you, try to escape  
Hold you down while I perform capouetta on your face  
Why you sound like that? Why you tear the mic down like that?  
Why you sound so intense when you rap?  
The airborne assault you can't call off, breathe exhaust  
like a horse or a supercharged Mustang Ford  
Good God niggaz is weak, I got real power  
Y'all rap for minutes, I rap for hours  
Now I only got a couple more bars to pounce ya  
Over the counter drugs, Canibus all in ya mouth son  
I wish this was a battle, I'd grab the mic  
and do curls and destroy you in front of the world  
Besides Corey Gunz, ain't shit hot since I been gone  
Maybe it's because you puff the same shit I bent on  
Kay Slay, 2004 nigga, the Ripper..  
Mic Club, get the picture?  
Mic Club, get the picture?

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Vitruvian Canman"

*[Canibus]*

Yo, even when I rhyme slow  
My lyrics move at a high rate of speed cause they comin down slow  
My pantheon stands beyond songs, beyond the norm  
I've managed to draw the sihlouette of God  
Connect the dots with stars 'til my C forms  
in the shape of a deep sea prawn, go to the store  
Grab the CD without tongs or gloves on  
And see if it don't barbecue your palms and arms  
Ambience have a seance in the garden of Eve  
I'm a God, a gardener, a guardian of trees  
Banana clips and the spliff is all I'ma need  
I'ma inhale and exhale as long as I breathe  
Turn the mic on, I'ma torment the beat  
Tear the club down with a warning to leave  
Snit snow in the sauna, up to my knees  
Conduct business with broads that fuck for the queen  
Givin angels anal through halos  
Cause the skinny nigga in the seude gold say so  
I'm a pimp with a payroll, tryin to get paid  
Worldwide, I'm thinkin 'bout hirin some gays  
I pace back and forth like a lion in a cage  
Goin out in a blaze, call the fire brigade  
This is Canibus nigga, fuck what you heard about the name  
Niggaz know the steez, I tear mics out the frame  
Who wanna be famous, who's the brainless ignoramus  
Tryin to go against my steel stainless, I train for this  
How the fuck you gon' be grimy? Your guns is tiny  
Kill me you gotta deal with a batallion behind me  
In the center of the circle I stand as the Virtuvian Man  
I'm the illest, truly I am  
I unzip my own flesh and step out my skin  
Let you observe my inner being, it's a beautiful thing  
The intensity in the eyes, the reflection in the rhymes  
Microscopes couldn't find the depths of my design  
Sometimes I rhyme slow, sometimes I rhyme quick  
Sometimes I rhyme so long, the listeners quit  
This the template real MC's should abide by  
Let me wipe the mucus out the side of your mind's eye  
Singlehandedly carried the torch for ten years  
With a trojan horse techinque, that modern man feared  
And I never lost a battle motherfucker don't front  
Maybe on the 32nd day of the 13th month, CHUMP!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Kill The Conjecture"

*[Canibus]*

Yeah, let's go... yo

Aiyyo I put it to you so raw, you probably OD on the floor

That's what you get for disagreein with God

The LeBron James Bond, my aim with the arm is so long

that I can tag along with SOCOM

I spit to the beat, flip like Swizz did to the Beat

At sunrise, I spit to the East

Niggaz talk shit in the streets, when they 'bout to get released

They ain't got no lip for the beast

Make you strip like police, I point the heat

From the hip to get leverage if you more than four deep

Got a pistol grip hawk with a chrome beat, shit is so deep

I check to make sure it's no leaks

Lookin like Jada in a black Jig-ari

Half Jag, half Ferrari, the valet saw me

Shorty wanna know how the flesh work, what's under my sweatshirt

That's why I hit the gym 'til my chest hurt

Next year or summer I'ma kill the conjecture

For now I'm just a hustler tryin to give you my best work

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Say It Ain't So"

*[Canibus]*

Oh my motherfuckin God! Say it ain't so

Jesus Christ, my name should be Jeebus Mic

Even when I rip the shit, fans leave uptight

Can-I-Bus, spit is in my blood, I'm blessed

Outside the bones but inside the flesh

And yes, if I was focused I could crush you

Cause you sayin you focused, now how come I can still touch you?

I bust you, then spit some Young Buck shit at you

Cause I still got the heart to go bust me a head or two

The perfect music machine, mechanical being

The most lyrical digital streams the world has ever seen

I did, I do, I does, I am

I will be, I was the same nigga you love

But slugs rain from the sky, it's like the angels want me to die

They push me harder cause they want me to try

A pitbull off the leash, barkin speech

Like a bull in the pit, liftin you off your feet

I feel like the world's mine, I can park in the street

Kick the world's illest rhyme, police officers weep

People layin on the concrete exhausted from heat

Watchin John Kerry spit over some Michael Moore beats

This is a little somethin that my repertoire boast

I almost was in control of all coasts

I give the fans rhymes to quote, they all dope

Total lyrical landslide, give me all votes

But I can be as quiet as they want me to be

Cause even though they say my name, they ain't talkin to me

They talk to magazines, they talk to MTV

They up on 106 on BET talkin to Free

Big niggaz actin tough, but they walk like they ankles is cuffed

Who gives a FUCK if your ankles is buff

I can ar-ticulate, I wanna par-ticipate

But they tryin to hold me back with black ball number eight

I pick the microphone up and spark the debate

Ever since ninety-eight I been a target for hate

Jesus Christ! My name should be JeeBus Mic

Even when I rip the shit, fans leave uptight

Fuck it, I'm in the middle of little Italy

With a middleman that didn't know diddly so I killed him lyrically

The Big Pun, energy enters me strengthens me

Lay you on the floor, shoot you in the back, make you Centipede

My sense of speed is ten over three

MC times Kay Slay over the motherfuckin MP

My fanbase sit and wait for the comin

They couldn't follow the leader long enough so I drug 'em

Yo Kay Slay, can I bust 'em?

# Canibus Lyrics

## "U Don't Cee"

*[Canibus]*

It's the capital C, little A-N-I, capital B, U-S, whattup G  
Even from a distance I got a front row seat  
And I'm watchin what y'all don't see  
Listen up kids  
Your favorite artists are mafia bosses  
From the streets to the corporate office of they lawyers  
Niggaz got money and then they got hungry  
Got friends in powerful places just like Bugsy, but more ugly  
It's gon' get bloody, niggaz don't know  
the side of the street shit the TV don't show  
Tour buses full of weed and coke, gettin a hundred G's a show  
These niggaz got cheese to blow  
On the phone, governor hits, gotta hide they mothers and kids  
Talkin in code, watchin out for the feds  
Every day they address change  
Hoppin out of bombproof automobiles, from real jet planes  
The mainstream think they just rappin  
They don't have the eyes or ears to see or hear what's happenin  
I'm from an island where the skinny niggaz ride  
It's an island where the real skinny niggaz die  
Ask my nigga Spragga Benz, he'll tell you why  
We represent Jamaican pride  
It's a war bein fought on all levels, let me paint the picture  
It's the straights against the gays, but the gays is richer  
There's a lot of sexy beasts in the system that like men more than women  
Cause they spent so much time in the prison  
I can tell you what it is and what it isn't, this shit is subliminal  
Can't see it without the criminal vision  
Motherfuckers is livin a life nobody ain't filmin  
Thug TV, and it ain't for children  
Guns, sex, money and drugs, fuck your feelings  
Feds puttin smoke detectors with bugs in ceilings  
Niggaz hirin they own law enforcement  
Goin to court bent, dollars be talkin, drop the charges  
Don't forget, that nigga Shyne comin home soon  
And I +KNOW+ he hungry, I wonder what he gon' do  
If you can hear me cousin, I got my money on you  
What niggaz sayin in the streets is true, see you soon  
We can do somethin with Spragga B or Elephant Man  
When you come home, you see my shit is militant man  
I just came back from Belize, my uncle got married  
to this drug lord's niece, and bought a 36 karat marquis  
I'll holla at you, we'll discuss the plan  
I'm a soldier but I squeeze with a delicate hand  
The 50 cal cost fifteen thou'  
And I ain't stupid enough to say I got one, you figure it out

It's a lot of nosy niggaz around  
That's why I moved the fuck out of New York to a less busier town  
With a 9 to 5, I still experience life on the finer side  
Hollerin ride or die  
Man of flesh with the eyes of God  
A concrete bunker protects my mind so I cry inside  
While I watch how the media designed the lies  
But real niggaz see eye to eye  
While fake niggaz run around lookin for another ride to buy  
With they lawyers co-signin the crime, I rhyme like  
there's a hundred million dollars on the line every time  
I'm ready to place a bet any time  
Empty a whole nine into any shield you hide behind  
to breach your contract with Father Time  
Just an old problem in the modern world, you see how these niggaz  
is thorough from borough to borough, I'll give you referrals  
7-1-8, 3-6-0, 2-5-1  
Send the last digit on a bullet through a barrel  
My hundred pound rucksack full of ammo and army apparel  
If a nigga REALLY wanna battle

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Collecting Taxes"

*[Canibus]*

What? You wanna battle with a Jesus piece, you need luck  
You couldn't see me with Jacob piece from Jesus  
I lean you back like your spine just cracked  
Rhyme chiropractor get paid to adjust raps  
Spit somethin, let me see if I'ma bust back  
I front back gore yo' ass 'til you collapse  
Spin hats around lightspeed well hubcaps  
My gun'll clap faster than Savion Glover taps  
Wave the four at you, if it take more than that  
I kick down your door before you get the double axe  
Strapped for Canibus, just relax  
I came to collect taxes, as simple as that  
I raid your refrigerator, but other than that  
Before I leave I remind you to remember you're whack  
Yo my girl loves Usher but she said he gettin cocky  
I told her SHUT UP, cause that's the same way she knock me  
In the name of hip-hop I rock beats on blocked streets  
There ain't an MC that can stop me  
Need more beats? Scott Storch ain't cheap  
In Virginia, DMP or Nottz got heat  
Yo, \_I Get Around\_ like 'Pac and Shock G  
In a drop Jeep, lickin off shots at [?]  
It don't have to be a special occasion, I'll be blazin  
I'm Jamaican, you know that I don't worship no bacon

This is real Canibus, leave your nose achin  
Niggaz be hatin but on the low they know the flow's dangerous  
The hip-hop Joe Namath, never missed a payment  
Don't say shit to me, talk to the niggaz I came with  
Kay Slay shit nigga, Drama King nigga  
Bada Bing nigga...

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Get Off Yakneez"

[Sample:]

"Man, get up, I got up"

"They said to be quick my friend, and "Get Off Ya Kneez""

"I got up, they said to be quick my friend, and "Get Off Ya Kneez""

"The word 'I can't' nobody knows"

"They said to be quick my friend, and "Get Off Ya Kneez""

"I got up, they said to be quick my friend, and "Get Off Ya Kneez""

"The word 'I can't' nobody knows"

[Verse 1: Canibus]

Yo, "Get Off Ya Kneez", change your style 'cause it's time

Niggaz want me to rhyme pre-ninety-nine

No one can flow with 'Bis, most people know this

But others just won't admit, they can't get over it

Rhymes I been known to spit, mic's I been known to grip

Makes me the ultimate, God-Father over this

I'm just a ghost of Rip

A soldier in this show business don't exist if he has no defense

My opponents are so intent, not to show respect

They fret 'cause I'm a global threat

I'm so hard to catch, a covert celeb

I relocate so quick they can't close the Net

I expose the press, dispose of the prints

On the loose again nobody knows what's next

My virus infects, every machine with clandestine speech

Nigga "Get Off Ya Kneez"

[Sample]

[Hook: Canibus]

"Get Off Ya Kneez"

"Get Off Ya Kneez"

"Get Off Ya Kneez"

[Verse 2: Canibus]

Yea, Hip-Hop's habitat, Rip the Jacker's back

This is battle rap, therefore I master tracks

I mix an with thrax in your digestive track

I suggest it's wack, then I side-step to the back

I kidnap your ex, for ten million Francs

Make you shit your pants; you smell like septic tanks

Just respect it man throw a fist in the air

The distance is near, Armageddon is here

I permeate unworldly planes

As they crash in the Worlds that Trade, only my words remain

Altruist Egoist, people are ignorant

What is the meanin' of meaningless meaningfulness?

Formulas of primordial audio  
Forty ohms of euphoria anointed flows  
It Was Written so it shall be told  
"Get Off Ya Kneez", give me the microphone  
Motherfucka "Get Off Ya Kneez"

*[Sample]*

*[Hook: Canibus]*

*[Verse 3: Canibus]*

My manhood is massive, when it's not flaccid  
'Bis is real cool when he's not "Rip the Jacker"  
I am modernesque, I am complex  
Vicarious logic of bodily hardship  
Beat your ass 'til your teeth mash  
Sand-blast your face blow a breeze past, make you bleed fast  
E.K.G.'s beep fast, doctors speak fast  
For skin graft the patch over deep gash  
Give me details, how does meat smell?  
After a train derails into a field of gazelles  
Step in the club; turn the crystal in your cups to red blood  
Fuck your heads up  
Suspend me from the game, don't mention my name  
Impossible Can-I-Bus ruptures your brain  
Don't be a schmuck, you act like a movie  
I've proved I'm the illest you cannot disprove me  
"Get Off Ya Kneez"

*[Sample]*

*[Hook: Canibus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Baggin' Up Da Poundz"

(feat. Young Zee)

[Chorus x2: Canibus & (Young Zee)]

Funky funky funky funky 'cause you heard it from hearsay  
A jam that you love but don't be getting no airplay  
Strictly for stuntin' when you ridin' around  
(At twelve o'clock at night, when I bagged 'em dem pundz)

[Verse 1: Canibus]

This is strictly for stunting when you ridin' around  
With a Vida Guerra look-alike massagin' you down  
Bitches hop in the drop, take off they top, my belt-buckle pop  
They gobble the cock, then swallow the shot  
General Hip-Hop just ordered you to stand down nigga  
Beat you up with your fans around nigga  
Studio spot-check, let me see what you wrote  
Motha fucka, you don't want to spit, flutter kicks, go  
Fake niggaz get rejected, auditioning for heart  
They auditioning for the wrong part  
Them niggas ain't from the hood, they got the wrong walk  
They all soft, with no thought, all talk, they in the wrong sport  
In a golf cart, talkin' 'bout they hard-core  
With some bullshit twenty-two's they bought from Wal\*Mart (Bitch!)  
My gat bark, bite you like a shark, right in the heart  
Like a mosquito bite in the dark  
You got bit, you massage it, I'm a lighten your pockets  
Make a withdrawal, and take your deposit, to split profit  
My sawed-off blow arms off  
Insurance don't cover what a prosthetic skull cost, it's your loss  
Mother fuckers, keep your ears to the street  
'Cause if you raise up, you get hit in the head with the heat  
If you dead, you can't eat, so don't be a fool  
And try to protect your jewels, 'cause they can't protect you

[Chorus x2: Canibus & (Young Zee)]

[Verse 2: Young Zee]

Young Zee, I keep that .357 weapon  
Get your chest pressed in  
Leave you dead in Best Western  
Bye, send your master to look for us  
Better be Bruce Lee, me better bring Chuck Norris  
I get glocks from the Italian Mafia  
I dress up, meet them niggaz down in Operas  
I won't stop 'til my town is popular  
House so far, can't see without Binoculars  
On the streets I'm creamin' with DU  
All in the hood, see they dreamin' to be you

I roll up with 'Em, give dime honey's heart attacks  
Out in Florida with money market Shaq act up  
I put flesh and dirt, hope you bless through church  
'Cause to find y'all, they gon' need a rescue search  
Yea, I'm waitin' to drop these syllables and nouns  
'Til then, I'll be baggin' up dem pundz

*[Chorus x2: Canibus & (Young Zee)]*

# Canibus Lyrics

"Yeng Meng"

*[Chorus: Canibus]*

Niggaz runnin' around like, "what did he say?"

    All day, everyday, "what did he say?"

Everybody want to know, "what did you say?"

*[Verse: Canibus]*

Yo, I don't want to waste no lyrics talkin' about you

    Just let my body die and rot in hell why don't you

    You asked the same question, I already told you

        I'm a lyricist, I do what I'm supposed to do

You ever wonder what Hip-Hop would have been without me?

    I'm six albums deep, somebody is thinkin' about me

        Whether it's good or bad, yo, I can't control it

        A nigga's opinion belongs to him; I can't own it

    I microphone this with my own way of doin' things

        All my rhymes really do is provoke you to think

    People don't care about your passion when they comin' at you

        All they ever see is record sales and dollar value

        What the fuck does it matter what I'm rappin' to?

        I can rhyme acapella and attract the youth

        If you want to compromise, we can do that too

    But I ain't never in the mood to drink no wack juice

        The bottom line is I need a bigger budget

        Advertising is how you program the public

    People don't have to understand to love somethin'

As long as they see it enough, they just trust it, that's why I'm like fuck it

    I might as well do what I do best

        And that's rip a microphone to shreds

    Even the best confessed, at some point in they life, they said

        That I'm the illest, but now they want you to forget

    So I accept the bitter with the sweet, mix it with some heat

        Show them how to emcee, and spit it to a beat

        I can do it in my sleep, nigga

If I'm awake, how the fuck you gon' compete, nigga? The nerve of these niggaz

    I move like my shadow is weightless

        Expose myself like a faceless, plastic surgery patient

        Transmitting from an undisclosed location

        Pirate stations with phantom frequency modulations

        My throat-pistol spit ghost-signals

    And you never get the antidote from me, 'cause I bit you

    Stab you with a jagged crystal, 'cause my energy emit through

        Anything metallic, even a pencil

    Feel the bush burn, turn your cornrow into a good perm

        My flat-feet with no curves squish worms

        The bad news is I got a tight flow

        The good news is I just switched to Geico

        This is Hip-Hop nigga

Listen to the voice go drip-drop nigga  
Swimmers in my saliva river drown when I give it to them  
The hemispheres of my brain got a river through it; gray-matter fluid  
The mic is a spark-plug  
When I grab it, I glow, come with that Edelbrock carburetor flow  
When I yolk back the choke full-throttle and go for broke  
I've become a G.O.A.T. ripper on a positive note  
The width of my rap, too thick to fit through the gap  
The viscosity of my spit lubricates the track  
Touch the VAT-lit screen, illuminate the map  
Show me where you at; show me how you plan to get back  
My navigation better than yours, and even though you the best  
Hip-Hop is my house; you still my guest  
You want more, I give you less  
You want less, I give you more 'til you swimmin' in it up to your neck  
Listen to the words bouncin' off the lungs in my chest  
Hittin' you from every angle like porno-sex  
Still here 'cause the Lord knows best  
Last thing he said to me was, "let them know 'Bis," I'm a let them know this  
Nobody contends with Canibus  
When it comes to rhymes; everybody pales in comparison (Word)  
Nobody compares to Canibus  
Hip-Hop is Yeng, Canibus is Yang to balance it

*[Chorus: Canibus]*  
Niggaz runnin' around like, "what did he say?"  
All day, everyday, "what did he say?"  
Everybody want to know, "what did you say?"

# Canibus Lyrics

"HRSMN Talk"

(feat. Killah Priest, Kurupt & Ras Kass)

*[horses galloping and neighing]*

*[Intro: Killah Priest]*

Yea, mothafuckas

*[Chorus: Killah Priest]*

This is "Horsemen Talk", Horsemen walk  
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk  
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate  
Don't you know the shit could get real when your ass get smoked?  
*[gun shot]*

This is Horsemen Talk, Horsemen walk  
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk  
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate  
Don't you know the shit could get real when you wind up smoked?

*[Verse 1: Killah Priest]*

I spit volcanoes, twist heads, spit lead  
Then boast like the angels, the scorpion tongue  
Come close I'm a sting you, I'm Morpheus' son  
Part two to The Matrix, I'm atheist  
Only God is my gauges and the clip is my church  
Show the beginnin' and the end when I'm spittin' my verse  
Voodoo curse brought back The Horsemen from the grave  
Four headless mothafuckas now clappin' their gate  
Stomp his chest in and put the fuckin' axe through his leg  
Chop his head off, 'cause the livin' mothafuckas never seen the dead walk  
'Til now, Horsemen spread his corpse across the ground  
Priest pick niggaz off that talk, with a pound, c'mon

*[Chorus: Killah Priest]*

This is Horsemen Talk, Horsemen walk  
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk  
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate  
Don't you know the shit could get real when you wind up smoked?

*[Verse 2: Kurupt]*

The headless Horsemen nigga  
I'm back, give me a fired up Mac  
Seventeen different satchels of uncooked crack  
Dogs don't associate with cats  
Horses beat niggaz with metallic wiffle ball bats  
If time could rewind I would have rewound before  
Knocked down, surround and drowned before  
Concentrated, ligaments separated

Pronounced un-hoofed with the hoofs pound  
I'm Kurupt, Young Gotti, the Headless Horseman  
    I'm the one that started off extortion  
    Contortion began to spread to scorchin'  
    Featherweights came with the enforcements  
        And forced the enforcements I'm forcin'  
        And open the doors, let all the force in  
        I never really gave a fuck what it's costin'  
        Time ain't money 'cause I take my money  
        And I take my time when I take my money  
        I'm always careful when I make my money  
        I know about niggaz gettin' quaked by money  
    But The Horsemen here though  
Comin' through with the Hennessey and dough dough  
    I'm lookin' at the niggaz peepin' out the hoes  
        I start cookin' mothafuckas like kilos

*[horses neighing]*

*[Chorus: Killah Priest]*

This is "Horsemen Talk", Horsemen walk  
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk

*[Verse 3: Ras Kass]*

Cock my Beanie like Anna B C, Gwen  
Release the beast, G heat, creeps beneath me  
    Like the over fiend ET with DVD  
    Feasibly he see beyond 3-D  
    We the glitch in The Matrix  
Neo - "these niggaz got computer code runnin' across they faces"  
    Temporarily trade places  
    I define Hip-Hop and transcend it  
    Take linear time and bend it  
The biggest lie ever told, ever since the 13th amendment  
Was whoever told you, you could contend with men with tremendous?  
For rhymin' magnum mentality, for rhymin' over instrumentals  
    Flow like menstrual  
Mena trois menaces, murder fresh-maker like Mentos  
    Rock like cement, cum like semen  
    Judgmental demon, mad lizard  
    Y'all niggaz is fembots  
    We bend blocks with big shots  
And kill your little homey like Kid Rock's  
    I kid you not, kick rocks or kick box  
I'm like a one legged man in an ass kickin' contest  
    You're gon' get your ass stamped repeatedly  
    And immediately Hannibal Lector gon' feed it to me  
        Please believe what you see  
        Or see it to believe it  
Heard men are from Mars, that's why I floss on Venus  
    Wipe out the species, extinct ya whole genus  
        So fresh and so clean this  
        The OutKast of rap, Horsemen attack

The only thing gon' pop is my collar and a gat

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

This is "Horsemen Talk", Horsemen walk  
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk  
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate  
Don't you know the shit could get real when your ass get smoked?  
[gun shot]

This is Horsemen Talk, Horsemen walk  
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk  
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate  
Don't you know the shit could get real when you wind up smoked?

[Verse 4: Canibus]

Yo, yo, yo  
Fuck beggin' for ya life, I have you niggaz beggin for death  
Use a dull blade and sever ya neck  
You're whack because I say so  
In my platoon niggaz like you are good for peelin' potatoes  
With your manicured hands and gay flows  
I murder your first born after it's only a day old  
"Rip the Jacker" rips the track up  
Rippin' rappers, eight sack, rippin' that ass up  
Niggas back up when I attack with my axe up  
Swingin faster than Tiger Woods at The Masters (FORE!)  
I decapitate you faggots  
Then gallop over ya body with a horse and carriage  
Kidnap ya widow, fuck her in a wooden cabinet  
Pass the pussy to Priest and let him stab it  
Ask Ras and Kurupt if they wanna get at it  
Laughin' like madmen, swallowin X tablets  
Natural born spitters that mean business  
Millennium niggaz, got the Sword of Guinean with us  
And we all got a bone to pick  
Niggaz talkin' about frozen wrists and how much dough they get  
Go to war with them like the Bosnians and Bolsheviks  
Put an umbrella up they asshole and open it  
While I'm still holdin' it, openin and closin' it  
I break they motherfuckin' pelvic bones with it  
I will sabotage, everybody knows that shit  
A nigga spittin' like me ain't supposed to break  
Now I got a formula that's guaranteed to work  
The Horsemen, remember you heard it from me first  
Four niggaz that done been through it  
With more knowledge than the Druids and the will power to do it  
My cranium pumps uranium  
My first name's Germaine so my heart probably pumps Germanium  
When I die, they should have my wake in a stadium  
You can witness my body beamed up by aliens  
Radiation poisonin' that will probably make ya skin fall off  
Motherfucker this is "Horsemen Talk"



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Da Paycut"

*[Canibus]*

Yeah, Mic Club

Aiyyo we got off to a cold start, let me warm shit up

You now listening to Can-I-Bus

Yo why would you do that? Your view too black

You must have smoked somethin I used to call pool hall crack

Put a suit on you still look whack

Somewhere givin orders from confined quarters, handcuffed to a fag

Played the street too much, shoulda been in the lab

Now you sad, mad at who you was fussin with last

Life's a bitch ain't it? Smile, it ain't nothin to laugh

Rose hell at show'n'tell, brought a gun to your class

Keep the herb on the dash cause I'm servin 'em fast

Classic lyrics for that ass, cause the purpose is cash

Look I got a couple photos of you tryin to showboat

Before my gunboat touch your throat, don't talk

The microphone shark tear your bones apart

Spread you over your background like bogus art

Put the most in art, try to focus on the frozen dart

Cold and dark as a cobra's heart

I drink the absinthe raw, no chaser

Madness follows me like investigators after Al'Qaeda

The metaphor make a voice like Lord Vader

If you love hip-hop, I am your saviour

Rip your mixtape up and still take a paycut

Me and you in the booth, who you think is gon' say somethin?

'Member ninety-eight when I rung those bells?

I'm a chip off the old block like Uncle L

Fuck a bootlace, I strap velcro up

Niggaz had gun talk, so what? They still didn't show up

Fuck around with 'Bus on the mic, they got no luck

Other than that, I don't really know what

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Give It More"

[Verse One]

I got this beat from Riggs, yeah I got it from Riggs  
Cause in a minute I'ma be on top of the biz  
Try to act like you don't know who it is  
Around the globe there's kids that play the Canibus quotable quiz  
Its like if you ain't a mogul they don't know who you is  
But I'm a oldie in the biz with the vocals and libs  
Said so much crazy shit on my last album  
my name shut Interpol down for two hours  
Now that's true power  
I create what I can't count to rhyme from my anger management counselor  
Just listen to the fives and blend in with the signal you getting  
Can you hear me now? Answer the question  
You wanna talk about sick poems? I spit stones  
Leave you split holmes, tied knots with your rib bones  
Quick blows break off your limp wrist bones  
Make you scream melodies in twelve different ringtones  
I can speak Chinese, ching chong get off the ding dong  
Knock your ass over the tables like little ping pong  
You got balls? Bring 'em on  
I smash 'em with a spiked bat like Raekwon with Cuban Linx on  
Blink and you gone, let off more shells than shrimp farms  
Spit raw, your face look like you smelling stink bombs  
You ain't dreamin nigga, pinch your arm  
Canibus be spittin' bars that can dislodge Kanye's jaws

[Hook x2]

What you lookin' for? We hookin' off  
Punchlines on the song through the hook and all  
You actin' like you think you too good to fall  
You spit with a glass jaw, get up give it more

[Verse Two]

If I was focused I could crush you  
Cause you sayin you focused, then how come I can still touch you?  
I bust you, then spit some young buck shit at you  
cause I still got the heart to go bust me a head or two  
My little arms carry big arms, to tickle the clip finger  
Keep the sig warm when I bring harm  
I have a nigga screamin' for his mama  
Your body armor don't protect you from your karma  
Come along with me, let me see what you got  
Battle you on the spot, show you how nice you not  
I'm the champ like Ali, you just a close copy  
When people see you, they don't know that its not me  
I flow 'cause I got to  
This shit sound hot 'cause its not you

You tried to catch me, but I got you  
I got a mind that spins like belt drives  
And when I seen hip hop die I felt cries  
But I got an idea to bring it back to life  
Bring me back to the mic, make sure you package it right  
I'll go all out, pour my heart out, mix it around  
Put my voice to these beats, let it mix with the sound

*[Hook x2]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Mic Disease"

[Canibus]

Yeah! New York City

You are now rockin with the best, the 'Bus

And I'ma test this once (yeah, yeah, yeah)

Let's go, let's go

Aiyyo I'm so updated niggaz get frustrated

I'm the best that you ever heard, nigga fuck your favorite

Fuck a public statement, I'ma say it right here

It's quite clear, I'm the nicest anywhere

You paranoid, what's the reason for that?

Scared in the barbershop chair, with heat in your lap

I drag you out in the desert, freeze you in fact

Pulp trees run out of paper, roll leaf with the map

It's like that, give me dap, Cani-Beezy is back

I'ma take 40 million this season in rap

Take small change as long as I can afford range

When I'm flyin overseas, I can't take no small planes

If the course change, I'll be in the cockpit

With the glock cocked, lookin at the pilot all strange

Jason Jermaine, born Williams as a false name

U.S. military trained, remember one thang

I remember was no other soldier like me

My M-4 carbine bang nightly

Hand combat Tai-Chi, fight me

I'm Sagittarius, so I don't like Pisces

Effect you with the mic disease, try to breathe

Airborne spores reach overseas with light breeze

Out in Waikiki with ki's and G's

On a hammock with my trees like, what you need?

Got shorties in tight jeans over there, this is what life means

She suck me off, then she take me sightseein

Spendin per diem with a real nicely tanned Korean

She and her friend, they drive a little BM

Picked me up at 10 P.M., took me to the VM

Cause I was already kinda leanin off the Seagram's

I'm feelin weak, blame it on the herb rush

Yo that's Kay Slay bangin Lloyd Banks? Turn it up

I got a track after this one, I burnt it up

Big Shaq, Money Mark, Canibus, you heard of us

I do you rhyme surplus, words deluxe

Manufactured the 'Bus, just observe me once

I'm the bright light before you, the first of one

Kay Slay brought me back cause they worshipped son

The cursed one, my hip-hop heartbeat thump

Who that punk talkin junk, I'll punch the chump

Badunkadunk, like Lil' Jon on crunk

Have wonton for lunch with Brazilian fudge  
Toss a rock my way, and I'll probably throw a million slugs  
Be at your door with a million thugs!

# Canibus Lyrics

"Allied Meta Forces"

(feat. Kool G Rap)

*[Canibus:]*

Yo, the shotee rip, perforate the skin on top of your ribs  
Red stuff comes out of squibs like a Hollywood script  
Bitch niggaz on the floor screamin' for mommy and shit  
Cardiologists hook up the heart monitors quick  
Thermometer temperature dips below seventy-six  
That's what you get for tellin' niggaz that you're better than 'Bis  
Not possible, if I can't pronounce it, it ain't rhymable  
The audible probability probably ain't probable  
Supreme rap, G rap underground without a roof  
Chopper proof, holdin' Hip-Hop for hostage about to shoot  
Helicopters stabilize at low altitudes  
Talkin' to the negotiator layin' out the rules  
In a tight compromisin' loop road blocked with troops  
Under orders not to shoot but they break your vertebra with boots  
Ten O'clock news flash, 'Bis and G Rap  
All points bulletin lookin' for them niggaz in black  
Leaned back in an Avocado El-Dorado  
Passin' the bottle, speakin' Japanese like, "No me mah show"  
She's got a banging body, cold sushi with warm saki  
And if I'm rappin' sloppy G's got me

*[Kool G. Rap:]*

Welcome to my world, danger and hazards  
Gang of bastards, bangin' they ratchets  
King and the Jacker, slangin' in traffic  
Claimin' they cabbage, obtain half, they aimin' for stackage  
Get brains from the attic, keep blingin' with karats  
Cops see me in Maddox, then let ya dame have it, flames to the attic  
The stains on ya fabric, the paint in the graphic  
Canibus and G Rap, bangin' a classic  
And if that beef on the street - hate you enough  
Blow out ya brain in ya casket  
Don't you love this drug element?  
Where slugs crush ya melon and dome  
Chrome that's known to break bones in an elephant  
Shotgun pellets and, gunsmoke; smell the scent  
Big bullets wiggle ya guts like gelatin  
Cut through ya skeleton, knockage intelligence  
Bystanders bite the dust  
Jake wanna be like a Russian cuffed thrown in that Riker bus  
We raised in the slums, with haze in our lungs, raisin' the guns  
Knowin' - my day'll come, razors under the tongue  
Clips in the steel, bricks in the wheels  
Chips in the field of fortune  
Dead men walkin' with hits on the grills

Late night at the spot, posted with goons, dope and balloons  
Coke and the doom, you scheme?  
I'll leave you open with wounds, nigga!  
Witness G Rap put it back in perspective  
Beat up shit with a dash of the peppers  
Get blast for ya necklace  
Leave ya brains on the dash in ya Lexus  
We up in the club, dash for the exit  
Make ya spread 'em out - show you what this lead about  
Take it from an old thug, whoever clean cold blood  
Believe they bled it out (Yo)  
Crave for the war, pop out rages with fours  
Hit the jackpot, blazin' the raw - gettin' bands in the pores  
Bitches enjoy with dick in their jaws  
The frame drank sick of Valor, straight bandit spot  
Open up shop, turn the block to "Planet Rock"  
Shit with no chop, slept with the glock with the hammer cocked  
Servin' the fiends, hop in the Suburban and lean  
Look at that don nigga swervin' in Queens, playa  
Ballin' a lot, brawlin' for props, callin' the shots  
Hit the curb, birds all on the flock  
Jockin', like "who that there covered in all of them rocks"  
(Giacanna) It's royalty bitch, fall on the cock, recognize one (Ride out)  
Giacanna G Rap, that live one - pay homage (God bitch!)  
Get it fucked up, I spray comments, nigga what?!  
(Nigga what, it's The Curriculum: Mic Club)

[*Canibus:*]  
Yo, e'yethin' is e'yethin' my nigga  
I ain't bitter but if I give you the finger it'll be behind a trigger  
Faggot ass nigga livin' in a gated community  
Up at radio tellin' them what you're going to do to me  
I live in the 'burbs  
Clean my Winchester every other weekend with the same dirty Hanes shirt  
It takes two to tango, three to jump rope  
Four to bury the body plus look out for poe'  
Yo, I guard everythin' within the limits of my post  
My orders are to smoke you if you get too close  
The whole Globe is scared of my flow  
Spirit world, scared of my soul  
Nowadays it's like I'm scared to be known  
The methods of my motivation is completely subjective  
My perception is completely parallel to perspective  
Rhyming is the reason I spit in faces  
Habituation of my flamboyance without rational reservation  
Whiskey, X-ray, Yankee, Zulu, unusual  
Wordologically my syllable position is beautiful  
Only respect niggaz if the feelin' is mutual  
G Rap snatched the jewels from you; I'll throw them in the crucible  
Probably throw you in it too, mix it up and make nigga-stew  
If you can't admit I'm iller than you  
Baby what's wrong with your shadows, Canibus and G Rap flow  
Mothafucka you're 'fessionallin' with the Pros

*[Kool G. Rap:]*

Know it's, dough over hoes - bankrolls, Rovers and clothes  
And shots blow all them cowards and foes  
Giacanna proud with the pros, foul mode  
We quick reachers, spear with the fearless 'til you drip liter  
Flip divas, the big secret on the strip to 'til their tits and beaver  
Sip Cris' and sniff coke of the peeter  
Yeah we ball big baby, lock off the meter  
You should see us, it's movie star status  
Scar lavish large cabbage, rip the Pablo Escobar fabrics  
Froze the road we chose, not a pretty route, nittied out  
Grimey and grittied out, stack dough, jiggy out  
Dime bitches behavin' like ya sex slave skizzied out  
Some nigga dizzy style 'til he's out, busy mouth  
Swerve to the curb, hit the bird split the kitties out  
We kidnap for trap - blackmail for a gang a mill  
Spot banger himself, fishscale rocks under the fingernails  
The blood trail lead to a corpse  
Treat my appetite for greed with a torch  
For keys to a Porsche, to breeze in the loft  
Roll up my hand sheets with the force  
We squeeze off, no need for remorse, playa  
Forty wild goons, we forty Calhouns  
You die forty foul dooms for forty coward moves  
Bless sparkle, and spark until my shorty style rules  
Giancanna dead? We spread; I'll be a 40 mile tune nigga  
What, what nigga? The noble laureate comin' at y'all niggaz  
Uh, 40-pound style nigga

# Canibus Lyrics

"Mic Club Mascot"

*[Canibus]*

Yeah, just one of those moments  
where a nigga feel like tearin this shit down  
Y'all niggaz know what Canibus is known for  
Yeah, yo  
Propane in the form of flames sprayed when I point the barrel your way  
Ever barbecue a piece of meat for a whole day?  
You'll see a smoke cloud the darkest shade of charcoal gray  
Even when you get to heaven you'll be D.O.A.  
Send him to a place GPS couldn't locate  
My mind so great, my neck might break from the weight  
Robin Hood of mixtapes since ninety-eight  
Steal from the fake, give to the real cause they feel what I make  
Stash steal then I pealed over the hill by the lake  
Don't make me have to go get it, I peel the grill off your face  
Jermaine's hell, yeah I package paint myself son of Jorel  
Take and cram more yay by the grill  
Courage in you to yell, order men to tie you to the top of your cell  
While I stab you in the navel with a quill  
Askin you who's ill, tryin to break your will  
Spinnin the wheel, lower you down knee first on nails  
Make you shit yourself, witness the smell  
Picture an anal IV feedin you poisonous liquidous gel  
It's violent but why you gettin all sensitive now  
I'm the real king of battle, this is how I get down  
Can't listen to it then DON'T, you spit it fluid then DOPE  
The illest, comin from what the other illest quote  
Magazines once said I was the greatful hope  
Some washed up bloke that couldn't execute what he wrote  
It ain't over cause I still find ways to promote  
Waves engulfed my boat but I managed to float  
Swim to the coast, make a new ark from oak  
Build a bonfire and smoke, pounds of 'dro  
My own rhyme scarred my throat, torn is how I'll be remembered by most  
From now 'til the day that I croak  
In a year I'm liable to be on a yacht in the ocean  
Or in an armored platinum pine box decomposin  
Mic Club motherfucker...

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Gone In 60 Seconds"

*[Canibus]*

You got less than a minute left to recognize the voice  
Take your blindfold off, look at the size of this joint  
I see you lookin at the barrel, I'ma get to the point  
What the fuck is this I'm hearin 'bout beef wit'cha boy?  
Beef with who? I got my problems to face  
Cause it pours when it rains out in Washington state  
Behind a hexagonal shaped gate, you can't even relate  
Right now I live inside a base  
Inside the beast, watch how I move and speak  
There's military police on every street  
Life is shit, I taste it in the food I eat  
Motherfuckers be amazed by how cool I keep  
I don't get depressed, I get the vest  
You still don't recognize the voice, you got 20 seconds left  
Dawg, my team is small, but you can still look  
to the left of your head and see a red beam on the wall  
Firepower so awesome, when the barrel is barkin  
I lean forward to keep from fallin  
My gun's got grenade launchers on the bottom  
Keep talkin, you'll be restin as pieces in a coffin

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Box Cutta' Blade Runna"

*[Helicopter flying, and Pilot talkin]*

"Record Industries most wanted: Rip The Jacker:"

Wanted for the '98 slayings of several rappers  
One of which went on to be a successful actor  
Here's the realection: He called me at my mans crib  
The phone probably rang 2 times then I answered  
He sounded really amped up, he tried to scare me  
    He told me that Def Jam wanted to ban me  
    And told me Trace at the label wanted to bang me  
Damn I wanted to get in her panties, she was scared of me  
    Canibus hates the media and the magazines  
They have so much credability to elaberate schemes  
    Internet chatrooms with live feeds of a rapper  
        Being eatin alive by La Peez  
Sound barriers like the Lockheed even without means  
    I run a course rough Terana Mach speed  
        Thats a rhyme from like 9-3  
Thats vivid in the mind, as pictures with 600 DPI's to a sheet  
    If I'm high when I speak the knowledge is deep  
    Silent as concrete this is real hip-hop for the streets  
        I never leave any witnesses, its rediculous  
They serve me court papers in the studio I did this in  
    Missin from society, because they lied to me  
They didn't want to accept my documents in society  
I study with hundreds of scientist and science teams  
    And various Ivyleagues, they respect my asteam  
What do you want me to rap about? Go ahead try a theme  
Gimmie a person, place or thing I'll create the time and scenes  
    Somewhere in Afghanistan, U.S.A survival teams  
Keep a eye on their surroundings and the Jahad Rageam  
I total riot scene, back and forth they encript fiber optic beams  
    On my album out next spring  
    You motha fuckin right nigga I'm about that cream  
I promissed my self I wouldn't shoot it without that scene  
    It doesnt look right like Cash Money without that bling  
    Siblings, I mean we all got the same last name  
        Jermaine Williams, thats my name  
        Say it again Jermaine Williams, Danggg  
I think he goes by the name of the Canibus Man  
    And occasionally Rip the Jacker but never Stan  
Get it through your head and don't ask me again  
    Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat  
Have you ever read the book called "The Catcher in The Rye"?  
    It so happens I'm looking for a copy I could buy  
        Canibus is comin for ya'll round day outside

Round day outside, round day outside  
Alotta ya'll shine, but ya'll cant rhyme  
And its about time that I put ya'll in line  
Twist your mind with twisted rhymes

As weird as Michael Jackson's nose from the side  
Flows that'll buy the quite bow for the times  
No need to hide your freinds are all associates of mine  
Don't be a stranger come over some time

I got coke if you do lines, you get a Rover to drive  
If you hear the engine knockin, just pullover to the side  
I guess it hasn't been serviced in all this time

Halloween: True Hollywood Stories release date

We should have a who wants to battle Canibus sweepstakes  
Limited to three states

New York City: home of the greats  
Philly and out West piece-a-cake

Old school rappers, I wouldn't be around without  
Ain't got shit to say but keep puttin albums out  
Don't let what I say get you upset

Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat...

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Rip Iz Alive"

[22 second intro]

[Canibus]

I'm the real king of my kingdom  
I make my women practice isolationism as soon as I get 'em  
Run my world with an iron rod behind iron bars  
Enclosed behind iron doors in a small iron box in the corner  
Shielded behind firewalls and water doors  
Down the gaseous corridor, welcome to my world of horror!  
A coroner with an immortal aura  
The rhyme slang and holla at a Ripper, rip you to live longer  
Get stronger every record that I record  
Morph my arms into a sword and clotheslines you running forward  
You can't ignore 'Bis, motherfucker I started this!  
As far as artists that spit, Canibus is dominant  
Hot shit from a lava pit studied by oceanographers  
At the ocean's bottom, with rocketship sound effects  
A Ripper in the flesh, signed in ink, nigga  
You ain't ill if you need to time to think  
You talk shit, my personality split, you get ripped and that's it  
A "True Hollywood Story" bitch  
In my world Jermaine's gone, Canibus is just a moniker  
Stay behind the follower, I'm fin' to demolish you fucks  
Can-I-bust? (YEAH!) Now that's what I'm talkin 'bout  
Call me Mr. Spit Shit, also known as Toilet Mouth  
Y'all been warned about a million times  
I done wrote about a million rhymes since July '85  
When I'm writin I'm impervious to fraud  
My fine art's verbal collage is worthy of the Gods  
When I'm 30 years old, I'ma quit rhymin  
Collect my own catalogue and open up a library  
Lock myself in solitary six months at a time  
Work at the university and teach sick fucks how to rhyme  
NOBODY'S SAFE, NOBODY can say that they great  
I put a jacker's cold body in a crate  
Trap his soul in an electromagnetic vase  
Put the crate on a wide lowrider and drive it in a lake  
Look in my eyes, then look in my face  
Nobody's here to arbitrate, realize it's time for your FATE!  
HA HA HA! (HA HA, HA, HA HA HA..)

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Bis Vs. Rip (Original Version)"

*[Intro: (Bis) {RIP}]*

(Yo Rip {WHAT} come here man, let me talk to you for a 'sec?)  
{WHAT THE FUCK YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT NIGGA?  
(Why you screamin' man?)  
{I'M THE ILLEST, I'M THE ILLEST}  
(Yo, relax, yo put that down) {YO, DON'T TELL ME..}  
{YO, I'LL BEAT YOUR LITTLE SKINNY ASS NIGGA}  
(Yo, what the fuck is wrong with you?)  
{FUCK YOU!!}

*[Rip:]*

Yo, you fuckin' hate me; you fuckin' lock me in the basement  
But you still want me to protect you - it doesn't make sense  
Can-I-Bitch - I supported you like a weight bench  
Without me you're defenseless you better face it  
You ain't show me love when you was at your apex  
Gettin' paychecks up at the radio with DMX and Flex  
Catchin' wreck while Noreaga was catching his breath  
I had to keep the situation in check  
Look at the varicose veins in my neck, Germaine is the best  
The industry fucked you; I'm just payin' 'em back  
What's the matter with slayin' jackers? That's all I've been doin'  
Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nothin' to 'em  
They just mad 'cause when I see 'em I don't run up to 'em  
Between me and you, yo you know I run right through 'em

*[Bis:]*

Yo, calm down

*[Rip:]*

Who you tellin' to calm down nigga, I'm a Ripper remember?  
I told you not to do "Gone Til November"  
But you wouldn't listen; I always had your best interests in mind  
I wrote all your best lyrical lines  
If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful lines  
On stage if you was tired, I was spittin' sometimes  
Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes  
I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let that shit ride  
But I'm gettin' tired of havin' to remind you Bis  
If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis

*[Bis:]*

C'mon Rip, you a lyin' ass bitch and you know it  
Group Home was part my company, I co-owned it  
If its one thing I learned in show biz  
Stay focused and don't quit Rip  
Why you talkin' 'bout old shit?

*[Rip:]*

Germaine, you fuckin' water brain  
Don't you understand, fuck the mainstream  
    You should just call out names  
    The industry's all about game  
        I shit on 'em all the same  
        And I leave spit stains on their brain  
        Like liquid chocolate spillin' over their new white trainers  
            Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan  
        Canibus is amazing; I don't know what the fuck Germaine is  
            I just know that both of y'all are trying my patience  
        I don't give a fuck about a beat; I've been rhyming for ages  
        Rippers are dangerous, all jackers are afraid of us  
            You wanna face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

*[Bis:]*

No, that's ridiculous

*[Rip:]*

Aight then, listen to mine  
    I jump in a costume impromptu just to rob you  
    Put the nozzle to your eye ball and tell you what not to do  
        Rip your tonsils out through your nostrils  
        Bury you next to shark fossils  
        Make it impossible to find you  
    Depths that Jacque Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to  
    With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules  
        Lock you in a time capsule, smash the console  
        Shit on you in reverse and suck you in a brown hole  
            Suck the power out of your soul  
    You're nothin' but a coward in the cold freezer with a hour to go  
        Watching my Casio stop watch, countin' it slow  
        Like drug lords checkin' to see if it's Talcum or Coke  
            I can kill you by drownin' the globe  
    Or I can just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in your throat  
        In battles I'm a thousand to no, I silenced the Pope  
    Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed?  
        No? I thought so, neither do I  
        It's a dick between your mother's thighs divided by pi  
    I'm the sickest linguistically, illicit lyrical misfit in the business  
        And probably in existence, what's your consensus?  
            Study my own syntax statistics since '96  
                With CPA certified assistance  
    I made a decision that my standards are above precision  
    The only thing I can honestly say I love more than women  
        Are dope writtens, if it ain't dope then don't spit it  
        Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive  
            Just practice your penmanship  
        If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit  
            Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left  
        According to manufacture's specs you'll make a mess  
        And rupture the blood vessels in your neck fuckin' with Rip

Got millions of blueprints on zip disk  
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversion kits  
In a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip  
You never experienced work like this  
Nigga welcome to the serpentine world where I twist  
The world that I rip, the world that I fixed, the world where I live

*[Bis:]*

Okay Rip you made your point, I can't out-rap you  
You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too  
At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos  
You are the illest alive, that's a fact that you proved  
Just a couple rappers don't want it to happen for you  
Raggin' on you like battlin' is all you can do  
You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you  
Nobody knows the truth; you got talent out the gazoo  
When niggaz first heard you it was like "Man on the Moon"  
You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too  
So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you  
What happens if the rumors about being a faggot are true?  
Look what it's runnin' into  
I don't feel like havin' this discussion with you  
I'm tired of fuckin' with you  
Niggaz in the game don't wanna do nothin' with you  
Bussin' with you, going one on one with who?  
They wanna get rid of you, shit is too lyrical  
Headhunters out to get you, that's why I had to protect you  
I wouldn't disrespect you as another intellectual  
Without you I'm unsuccessful, God bless you  
What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to?  
Ever since my third album I've been mentionin' you  
I got your name on my arm, I'm representin' you  
You +Rip the Jacker+ I would never question you  
I respect your opinion as a professional nigga  
I just want you to listen to what I'm tellin' you  
What happened between L and you, forget it  
People know you won the battle; they will give you the credit  
A lot of people don't want to admit it  
But I consider it a real privilege  
To bear witness to your lyrics  
And be involved in sharing the merits, I'm forever indebted  
I just need you to chill for a second so I can send a positive message  
Like Tupac before he left us  
The author of the work ethic Genesis  
Has inspired me to write the Exodus scripts  
As a constant reminder not to forget Bis  
But I've reached a precipice  
Remember Rip, you can't rhyme forever  
There's always somebody with better shit  
I keep you out the public eye for a reason  
You're a commodity Rip, ain't that how you wanna keep it?  
I keep your whereabouts secret  
I bring bitches to the crib every weekend so why is you beefin'?

*[Rip:]*

Ayo, stop patronizing me, you despise me  
All you wanna do is steal rhymes from me  
You constantly keep me behind walls of concrete  
Lock me in the basement like a fuckin' zombie  
If I was a priority, you'd acknowledge me  
You ain't shit neither; you ain't got no college degree  
You can't rhyme without me, stop smiling at me  
Give me the keys to the garage; I need to borrow the Jeep  
Get the fuck out my face nigga!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Blakmilc Want Freedom"

*[Canibus]*

Hit the tune, shocked out, come but no further  
Blakmilc's the name, domination's the purpose  
And we don't give a fuck about rules, that's why we break 'em  
If the devil was a rebel then you'd know what I'm sayin  
Spokesman out in the open, pass the mic to me  
I look around I see a whole lot of kids like me  
If you could do one thing in this world, what would it be?  
Would you rather be shackled in chains or fight to be free?  
(I choose freedom!) When I wake up (when I wake up) and look around  
And wonder how (I wonder how) can I get out  
Get off to far (get off to far) beyond the gates  
I jump then run (I jump then run) but I get chased  
You can't escape (you can't escape) that's what they say  
But I got away (I got away) and made 'em pay  
For what they done (for what they done) to what I love  
Hip-Hop rhymes over erratic drums  
Blow your horns, here the cavalry comes  
Blakmilc motherfucker and we fight 'til the tragedy's done  
No matter where they be attackin me from  
My heart pumps pure gasoline, and my eyes shine like the sun  
Motherfuckers talk shit but they bums, I crush 'em like crumbs  
Scream at the top of my lungs, that's what they want  
This is Blakmilc baby, you never give up  
Livin it up, I'm rapid-fire tearin shit up, what?

*[guitars and drums to end]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Live Dublin Freestyle"

*[Canibus]*

I speak in frequencies dogs would have trouble hearin

Canibus is the lyrical version of German engineerin

Raw metaphors keep you high for months

Fly around the earth twice without refuelin once

Ain't too many categories I can fit in when it comes to spittin

Cause I'm overqualified for the position

The lazer-guided, lyrical hybrid

Creatin scripts so sick, I gotta arm wrestle my pen to write it

Don't get excited, cause if I ever catch one of you motherfuckers bitin

We're gonna be fist fightin! So motherfuckers what'chu want?

I got the shotgun pumped

You feel like a frog nigga then jump

I posess the lyrical ammo to battle

And rip any one of you warm blooded mammals to shambles

I make examples of you, eat a mouthful of your crew

The type of MC you can't outdo

I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh

I'll battle you over the phone, you can call me collect

I'll battle you over the...

I'll battle you over a blank check

I'll battle you with a gun to my neck

I'll battle you standin over the toilet, with my dick out

Battle you jugglin a hand grenade with the pin out

In a stolen car with the VIN number ripped out

Drinkin a Guinness Stout, doin a 360 spinout!

*[loud cheers and applause]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Accapella"

*[Canibus]*

Yeah, let's go... yo

Aiyyo I put it to you so raw, you probably OD on the floor

That's what you get for disagreein with God

The LeBron James Bond, my aim with the arm is so long

that I can tag along with SOCOM

I spit to the beat, flip like Swizz did to the Beat

At sunrise, I spit to the East

Niggaz talk shit in the streets, when they 'bout to get released

They ain't got no lip for the beast

Make you strip like police, I point the heat

From the hip to get leverage if you more than four deep

Got a pistol grip hawk with a chrome beat, shit is so deep

I check to make sure it's no leaks

Lookin like Jada in a black Jig-ari

Half Jag, half Ferrari, the valet saw me

Shorty wanna know how the flesh work, what's under my sweatshirt

That's why I hit the gym 'til my chest hurt

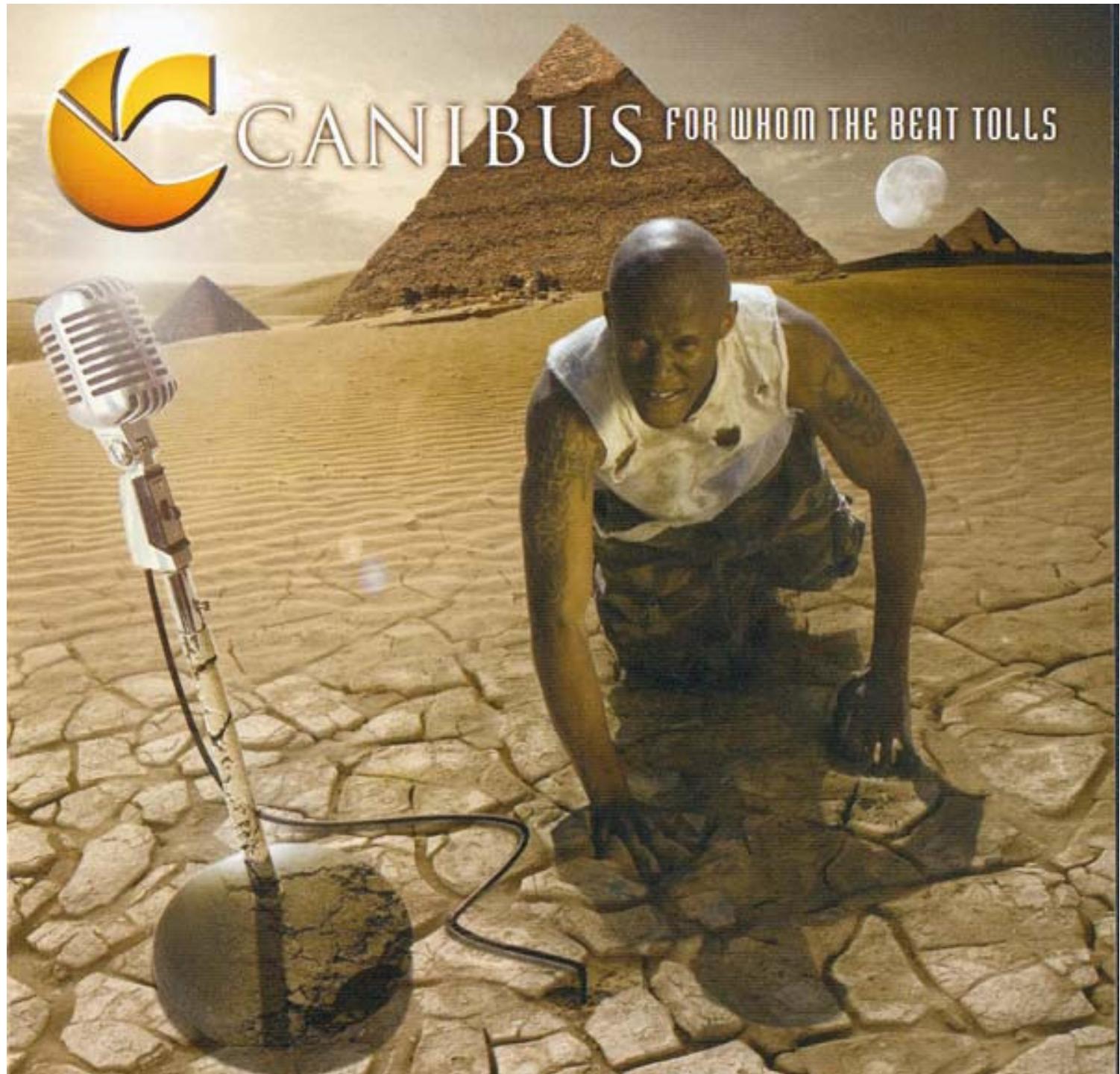
Next year or summer I'ma kill the conjecture

For now I'm just a hustler tryin to give you my best work



# CANIBUS

FOR WHOM THE BEAT TOLLS



# Canibus Lyrics

## "For Whom The Beat Tolls"

*[Sample: from "Dagon" by H. P. Lovecraft]*

"I am writing under appreciable strain  
Since by tonight I should be no more"

*[Casting spell]*

*[Canibus:]*

Yo, my hands are dirty 'cause I shook yours  
Yea, you tried to curse me 'cause I took yours  
But where?, somewhere, nowhere near  
I walk where no man dares  
So the world could share one man's fair  
My cares are your cares  
Your tears are my tears  
When you talk to God, I eavesdrop on your prayers  
I eavesdrop on your prayers  
The industry could not stop my career  
Fuck your record sales, where's your skills at?  
You gotta million fans, but you're still wack  
I can't feel that, what they've been exposed to is not real rap  
Real rap is like chemical crack  
I'm drippin' by my addiction is stealin' and bring it back  
I prove it on every single track; I prove it on every single track  
This is real Hip-Hop before it became rap  
Do these magazines mention that? NO!  
Does radio pay attention to that? NO!  
Do they thank us for representin' that? No!  
You think I let 'em get away with that? NO!  
They just use us, abuse us  
Stupid fuckin' reality shows do not amuse us  
But they don't give two fucks; I said they don't give two fucks  
Now it's all up to you, buts...

*[Church bell sounds]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Harbinger Of Light"

[Intro:]

Yea, the life of the world  
Let me share somethin' witchu  
What does not die that'll eternally thrives the free minds  
That's who you know you're alive

[Canibus:]

I was spiritual first  
She cut my umbilical at the physical birth  
And welcomed me to miserable Earth  
Why does it hurt?  
She layed me on my back under the dirt  
Cover my girth with a dirty shirt  
What could be worst?  
She said - "God bless the dead but they got at easy"  
The livin' get left behind but still can't live their life completely  
Tough luck, right before I was about to give up  
I passed out emotionally bankrupt  
In the dead vegetation it was dark brown red like menstruation  
I couldn't eat it despite the temptation  
I was hungry and impatient  
My hands were shakin', I stopped payment  
They botched my face in operation  
Nip and Tuck, livin' it up  
DAMN! "Why you still spittin' 'Bus?"  
"Cause you don't listen to my lyrics enough"  
At night from a satellite view the city's a heart  
The red and white blood cells are the lights on cars  
From that distance look down and observe my lyrics  
The atmospheres of organism we apparently living  
Since the beginning, The Law of Three, The Law of Seven  
On question, the principle of scale or heaven  
Law One thru Forty Eight  
Law Forty Nine is the loophole I use to escape  
Buy the album; get a \$50 dollar rebate, before it's too late  
2012 is the bill due date  
Before that, it's 2008, I know you can't relate  
Just by the confuse look on your face, you can't wait  
It won't be much longer now  
Solar activity is gettin' stronger now  
Al Gore was the Person of the Year, maybe more  
Maybe I should be for my 400 bar song  
Now I'm against the wall drinkin' alcohol at Taj Mahal  
Without balance I am bound to fall  
To chemicals are color coded  
I highly encourage you not to smoke it  
It makes you more curious, don't it?

Mass the throttle; crash it into your arch-rival  
Tryin' to out drive you, every mili second is vital  
Repsol motorcycles, psycho, breathe nitro  
Brain cells glow with a light dose  
SO!, I could Tokyo Drift with no Coke to sniff  
I shift from 6th to 5th, I broke the shit  
The gearbox slipped, red Marlboro's for hot lips  
Order drinks, fire water type, toxic shit  
Now I got you in the kill box, BITCH!  
On 6, 5, 4, 3, I got this, 2, 1, 0, the shot hit  
The unsung hero on some Hip-Hop shit  
And I dare you to tell me to not spit  
I evolve from clay and statue, from statue to flesh  
From flesh to dirt, from dirt to death  
Beyond that whatever life is left we gotta live it 'til the end  
Hip-Hop is eternal my friend, we are the life

# Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity V003"

[Sample:]

"Cycles of time; it is ubiquitous it goes all over the place  
It's ancient, it's one of the most ancient symbols there are  
And this is an interpretation of what that actually means"

[Canibus:]

This is never been done before with a rhyme outside the realm of time  
It's the first of its kind  
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
I WILL FOREVER BE THEILLEST LYRICALLY!!!

Nobody do it better, there ain't a truer Ripper  
I did this separate imagine what we could do together  
Inspired by GOD, inspired by the sufferin'  
Was it done by a prophet? - it must of been  
Who was it then? (Rip the Jacker)  
Hot but cold blooded, many utter the name but very few love him  
Other emcees be nervous or somethin'  
Rhymes in abundance, Hip-Hop Justice  
Rappers are captured and punished  
The Polar Manitoba's melted by lava  
A team of ER doctors climbed aboard the chopper  
My skull is a submarine hull  
I empty the ballast tanks I could smell the shit from the sea gulls  
My mind dives deep beneath yours  
Poseidon Trident Seahorse bubbles form I scream with extreme force  
Marinari's Trench detour to Ultima Thule  
Let me explain what my sonar saw  
This is the greatest rhyme of all time supposedly  
Through a term I'd like to call "Pulse Detonation Poetry"  
Industrialists, civilians women and children directly  
Military chiefs, aristocrats in buildings  
Membership is based off your raw intelligence  
400 screen video editing with hard evidence  
Imagine being fined over a rhyme for steppin' over the line?  
When I inspired Hova and Nas  
Recite 33 3's 33 times  
For 24 hours, 21 thousand Nautical miles  
Don't be upset with Canibus yet, the kids just want respect  
You been a success but what do he get?  
Devine design, a miracle of Metallurgy  
Every clergy member from Mecca who heard of me worshipped me  
I got away nervously, talked about it purposefully  
Next time I see it, it's gonna have a word with me  
The Biological Chemical emergency  
I purchase the beat; I resumed PsyOps on the enemy  
Mix the blood so it don't coagulate

The sex magic won't work if the bitch masturbates  
Nobody can hold me back, my flow bloats into a spiritual shape  
A capsule in Space, no emcee could rhyme like this, there's no challenge  
    His Poet Laureate should pontificates balance  
    Telencephalon olfactory lobes I had to practice  
When a woman has her period I smell it on the mattress  
    Advanced Step In Innovative Mobility  
    Most emcees try to clone me lyrically  
They can't battle me so they'd rather embarrass me  
    But I need a volunteer, do I have any?  
    The NASA contractor with a satchel of answers  
I passed up the Nobel Peace Prize for my passion  
    Most of you will never understand what I mean  
    My dreams are broken into storyboard scenes  
Kill you with green Lasers, evaporated weed vapour  
Electromagnetic Scalar then somethin' they call a Maser  
    "That is not dead which can eternally lie  
    And with strange aeons even death may die"  
The leaders lies got me reassigned, my loyalty was redefined  
    They will not be allowed to see the rhymes  
    In a town near Kadam and Kakrak Jalalabad  
    I pray in a hut constructed from Sago Palm  
I'ma take you for a walk thru a beautiful place called Honey Swamp  
    We'll shoot hoops at Mosquito Lagoon Park  
    Emotion manifest Thought  
    Thought manifest Words Actions and Reality  
    That's how it has to be  
    The overseer of poetic antiquities  
Victoria and Albert Museum kept them for me  
    Inject the gas into the centrifuge mass  
    The Teleological Dynamic will enhance  
    I remove the veil from in front of me  
    Suddenly, truly, there is too much to see  
    The Law of Attraction is attracted to me  
The Laws of Poetry in action is practiced quite actively  
    My body did not melt beyond the Van Allen Belt  
    I was transformed into a spirit with no shell  
I'm modifying the weather from behind a weather shield  
    Writing with a feathered quill, gettin' more ill  
    I hope I am not alone, that would be terrible  
    If I am celebrating and that'd be a miracle  
At least for my interconnected introspective perspective  
The more pretentious, the more apprehensive the sentence  
    Hip-Hop made me, Hip-Hop praise me  
    Ain't nothin' changed me since 1980  
    Involuntary catalepsy, BATTLE ME BABY!!!  
    1000 BARS NIGGA!!!, Zero Vector System  
    Brain waves reveal High Yield E&D Fields  
    Chew emcees like I'm eatin' a meal  
Normal life is not real; we are just cogs in a wheel  
    We work, we hurt, we search, we feel  
    The microphonist that utilizes the study of Conics  
Circular motion in both the Para and the hyperbolas

Mad Max beyond Thunderdome under Red Rock  
It's no use if you can't use what you got  
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si-Do  
These are the tones that will activate your ohms  
Who have lost their faith, who have lost their hope  
Who have lost their point, who have lost their own  
Are you food for the moon? The potion is you  
Just in case you try to poison my food but I want you to  
Rap music and those who listen to it don't owe me nothin'  
I don't want nothin' from you, not even your judgement  
I ride on a flatbed chariot, four Ostriches carry it  
I control their movements with lariats  
Polygraphs flutter, the Love Craft, Craft Lover  
I don't want it, that's why I'm rarely seen in public  
If I were you I wouldn't waste time readin' rubbish  
I don't care what you say nigga, you're a nigga lover  
The relative radiance of the rhyme makes it shine  
Increase the star wattage with longer cycle time  
How's my driving? Run you off the road smiling  
1-800 Road Rage, Start dialing  
Don't care if I make history, I wanna be a part of INFINITY  
Look at what your SUN GOD did to me  
I submit to the will of the creator willingly  
The possibilities present a probable infinity  
I climbed the slope shaped like a stop sign in record clock time  
Hot Lava lock rhymes, rock slide topside  
At the Observatory summit of Mount Graham  
Lookin' through the starlight scope in my hand  
Creative writing and rhythm, grammar and composition  
Don't ignore me, ignore the fool who tell you don't listen  
Strivin' my principle findings by designing a new style of rhyming  
That you could take home and try out  
A 100 Bars per hour, sometimes I doubled the writing  
Secret signature time equals the hardest part to figure out  
Poetically Paralyzing, Where Are You? Are you hiding?  
No! I am Sandbag diving?  
From the Kinetic to the Energetic  
St. Germaine was made to explain the lesson with a 1000 bar message  
Straight out the freak show no pre show  
Limited oxygen when I rhyme fast you breathe slow  
The Pope shook; they ransacked Rome and burnt books  
I ran back home to hide mine in the woods  
MOSES is a new weapon system secret code  
CONUS is the continent of the US, I suppose  
I don't have all the answers I am not in the know  
I can only see what is above and only from below  
Substratum of reality through the thick cloud canopy  
How can it be Canibus? Answer me!  
My shelter is not far, you can borrow what you need  
The bunker doors sequestered beneath the tall tumble trees  
Gold chords from the organ cut down your swordsman  
Tell everybody to SHUT THE FUCK UP when I'm talkin'  
From a very cold place called Faraday Base

Right next to the South Poles longest Ice Strait  
My dream was identical seven nights in a row  
I saw a sideways 8 wrapped around a microphone  
Extraterrestrial Isotopic ratios

A broke Scientist in his Lab with no place to go  
Fire and Ash fallout, that's what it's all about  
We must construct a shelter then build a wall around it  
Geography is conducive to Astronomy  
And the study of celestial bodies, biopsy

My austere designs are so ahead of their time  
Even when you press rewind you're still left behind  
I blasted thru the limestone with water, mixed with a dissolver  
Then I signaled the remaining cave crawlers

Dig a hole for the collateral carnage, battle the hardest  
Take out Hip-Hop trash and garbage  
On the Sabbath I write preplanning for the Planet  
Drawin' mechanics, suspended in space as holographic

The Quarantine Isolation Unit is where I house it  
My team and I salvage the work of Dr. Fritz Albert  
Hip-Hop is blackened pot placed next to a kettle  
With my logo in it, a rigid rehomogenized metal

Greetings and Salutations, my equations are inundated with information  
Electro Cranial Stimulation  
Password please? Have patience, verification  
I repeat, "What's Your Character String Verification?"  
Battle rap is just aimless entertainment  
+2nd round K.O.+ was one of they favourites, fuck all the haters  
Responsibility entrusted

There's only one way for me to prove that I love it  
That's why I'm bustin'  
I turned the page, wrote a turn of phrase,  
Verbal X-Rays, they say "I don't burn I blaze"  
Attach the piezoelectric transducer to your computer  
Poet Laureate is the future!!!

Next time we meet this whole song will be a new mix  
For all the Rippers out there who need a new fix  
With these lyrics, I consecrate the spirit  
Whenever I spit it, concentrate you could hear it  
I've almost perfected this  
I'm one word away from excellence  
Cyclotronic Resonance, patents are pendin' it  
Can-I-Bus a/k/a "The Spitzberg Beast"  
Gave his Bicentennial Speech on Emerald Peak  
What are you building Bis? Is it a flyin' Silver Disk?  
GW I'm positive it's him

I proof read my writtens, eat a chicken with the skin missin' in 10 minutes  
Now that's some shit! You think that's fast? Nah  
That's faster than you think, by the time you blink, the whole Universe shrinks  
We'll observe the Gods, my thoughts graduated to the Stars to infinity  
Listen to the bars, thick rhymes compartmentalized  
Seperatized to prevent bootleg pirates gives me energy when I'm tired  
I'm hooked on Hip-Hop, I can't live without it  
You can mix this song a thousand ways I don't doubt it

Several million years into the past  
The primitive future in a world without oil and gas  
Gather the evidence then give it to the President  
Don't reprimand him, ask him for help next  
I hold Hip-Hop responsible  
Every magazine writer that wrote bullshit in his article  
Always remember I'll be gone forever  
I made these bars so you could all remember  
The rhymes in my mind when I autograph sign  
I can't wait to sign an autograph for the last time  
The ungrateful dead reoccurring images playin' in my head  
Every color in America bled  
Canibus grabbed the mic like an energized amulet  
Then spit a rap that you can't forget  
"With this sacred water --  
I consecrate this Talisman so that it will make me POET LAUREATE"  
This is a no brainer, stop the complainin'  
If Hip-Hop was dead I came here to save it  
Classified payloads, no frequency safe modes, no safety  
And I still made time for the ladies  
No corruption, no disruption, no destruction, no budget, no nothin'  
It's never that easy you just gotta trust it  
The spin off from the Press should be able to feed you  
But I declined, 'cause I'm familiar what greed can do  
I sit down and think, when I write I can smell the ink  
It's the dark skinned Lizard King  
Metronome Man will never take commands from the drum  
The beat is my slave and it will behave as I want  
I heard Hip-Hop was dead, that's not fair  
Who I talk to? "Go he there, Nasir"  
YEA, POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!!!  
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!!!

# Canibus Lyrics

"Liquid Wordz"

(feat. Killah Priest and Sun)

[Sample:]

It's very difficult to know if...  
Northerners are puppets, or...  
They are innocent, or...  
They are the masterminds

[Canibus:]

These are "Liquid Wordz"

Yo, I come through on cold steel on back of the snowmobile  
I just came back from shogun hill  
Make you kneel, face the wall  
Shoot you in the back of the head with some paint balls  
'Til your brains are gon'  
Attack dawg, attack man, only respond to German commands  
Completely bite off the burglar's hands  
Triangular death, that's where I purchased the land  
Built the ranch, strude deep into the Earth through the sand  
Send the clergy emissary to the cemetery  
You requested to be buried, with your bones to carry  
I'm blood sample savvy, I name your first clone Jerry  
Your second clone Harry, and your third clone after me  
The fourth clone could battle him after he battles me  
But your the fifth clone can only be used to tattle me  
This is called microphone savagery  
"Press Play", I attack the beat, you'll tap out or tap to leap  
But we do not have to beef, before the Greeks captured Crete  
I was known as the master of the beat  
Sidonian MC speak, rudimentary speech  
I released the Canaanite beast and sent 'em to the East  
To walk through the streets sharin' thoughts about God and my beliefs  
"Heavy Mental" it was authored by the Priest  
We were tortured by the palm trees in the Palm Sunday breeze  
It was 0 0 1 A.D.

[Sun:]

Yo, it's been a long time comin', but I'm finally here  
Solidify my spot and I ain't gon' nowhere (C'mon)  
'Cause Ripper Mics been only 'vice  
So I return like Christ, to resurrect the art of spittin' nice  
The true and livin' it, physical form  
Grab the mic and I - spit up a storm  
Tracks get boasted, MC's get eaten  
I blast paragraph from rough draft - the thesis  
With strong facial features, lip and gap teeth's  
I see through your feces like telekinesis

Build with Killah Priest in the chamber of Gizas  
Special Ops Hip-Hop get chopped in pieces  
Zero degree Celsius liquid will freeze  
But at any temperature, settle melt MC's  
That's why Canibus handed me the scrolls for infinity  
What he actually gave me was the moment of clarity  
It's complex simplicity, self-contradictory  
Philosophical speak about the God and men mystery  
'Cause we've been fooled by religion and history  
'Cause the path to eternity, starts eternally  
Accordin' to the Sun God, the time is at hand  
For me to reveal the man, exactly who "I Am..."  
I'm the apostles, we writin' The Bible and Ebonics  
I'm Elijah Muhammad that'll sell chronic  
Martin Luther with a German Lugar  
I'm Malcolm X on your project steps bustin' a tec  
Gandhi with a MPC, who MC madd nice  
I'm Christ in his cipher shootin' dice

*[Killah Priest:]*

Inside my mind is bad weather  
So when I brainstorm it'll rain strong  
To Hurricane's swarm in a form of paragraph  
Start from the corner of the pages in my pad  
And nothin' could withstand the rhyme, when it rages in its path  
But I don't brainwash my listeners  
My lyrics give 'em a bath, without bars or soap  
These are bars of quote, that'll take you so far you'll choke  
What I have is like Lightening in a bottle  
Deep as the writin' of Aristotle  
Like Picasso but it's a novel  
Spittin' in bars and flows, Priest the dark Dragon King  
Spittin' graphic scenes, my .16 should be seen on plasma screen  
My black wings are The Lord of the Rings  
While my sword is bathin' and y'all scream  
Swallowed your flesh to his metal intestine  
If he's so much, on your rebels that became congested  
And gnarls on modes, snarls at thrones, carve out domes  
Somewhere in a giant stone King where the interest is big enough  
To accommodate a Pterodactyl in flight  
Priest sit and the Tabernacle will write  
While Jackals fight over the poison Emperor's body  
Priest and Canibus enjoy their memorable army's  
Ha, ha, ha, ha...

*[Canibus:]*

A lyricist without with no master, a no financer  
After the disaster I will die from laughter  
Alright, let's move out people  
I got a five ton diesel, 40 illegal  
Hazmat retreat, too deep to say piece to  
I pray about peace for you  
Very soon the Goetia will eat you

The keys of Solomon will open the door to that bottomless prison  
And let the Leviathan army in  
"Liquid Wordz", split superb  
From the foothills of Sykros to the streets of New Jerz  
New Ark, I'm the rare admiral in New York  
If I'm caught they'll award the post human purple heart  
Navy cross neva say we lost, Dan Abram office and court  
One o'tnot to think any thoughts, "Liquid Wordz"

*[Sample:]*  
"I don't know what we mean about these words"

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Father Author, Poor Pauper"

[Intro:]

Yea, "Father Author, Poor Pauper", Yea  
(More than a microphone monster)

[Canibus:]

Once a upon a midnight dreary  
Being blackballed by the music industry prepared me  
In the past albums were made, put on the shelf  
I was never paid or given a wealth  
Who can I blame but myself? No one  
I followed my azimuth then transit on a path from apprentice to master  
My testimony any place at the top is lonely  
Ask me what I cherish mostly, no matter what I say is poetry  
The way I walk, the way I talk, the way I fought  
The way I won, the way I lost, the way I thought  
When they tried to play me out as a man  
The way it felt takin' showers in the sand with a fuel can  
Wakin' up in the middle of the night  
I can't breathe right, I can feel my heart beat spike  
"Father Author, Poor Pauper" use to be a war monger  
I promised the Lord I will not tour any longer  
Pardon the The Poor Pauper with nothin' to offer from his coffin  
Caughin' up a mouthful of a volcanic sulfur  
Feast your eyes on the awesome mechanics of the metallic saucers  
Flown by man, I bet you thought it was the Martians  
Since "Channel Zero" I tried to do somethin' to save you  
But you threw away the jewels I gave you  
When you're ready to move to the mouth it'll be too late too  
That's why I pray for you  
My words appear clear but true meanin' is lost  
Why would an emcee like that even talk?  
Clear your mind, clear your thoughts  
Throw away everything you bought  
And kneel before the Ark  
YOU DON'T!, you knew you should but you won't  
Any artist will become lethargic from weed smoke  
I don't go to malls 'cause I don't like shoppin'  
I can't buy clothes when the Manikin's are watchin'  
Overspecialization doesn't require special explanation  
The information is my interpretation  
I sit down at the table and make it  
Through a series of musical, lyrical and compositional arrangements  
I'm disinfatuated, you rappers are overrated  
For the music you're makin', it sounds foolish and basic  
Thread by thread the poem is woven, the book is open  
You were ordered to show him, than the words are spoken  
Civilization is fragile, so is life there in battle

So is nature when surrounded by the unnatural  
Walk through the doors of Langley Headquarters  
My logo is in the floor etched in marble  
Behind the rose line, morals and dogma of rhymes to climb  
One of three peaks of Mount Hermon there in my lifetime  
The rhymes is 3 point 1 4 5 9 2 6 5 3 5 8 9  
Same morning that the Can-I-Bus album came out  
I got a text from The NSA that said "They'd take me out"  
Kabbalah Math was all I had  
My wife and child were both killed in a helicopter crash  
Eight months passed, I'm in Walter Reed with a rare fungus rash  
I told them "Fuck the cash" Just give me somethin' for the pain  
My brain 'bout to bust vein  
They said "You've been through enough Germaine"  
I tried to sit up but can't get up  
This sucks, "Father Author, Poor Pauper" can't give up  
The Biomarker lit up; the labtec took the blood that I spit up  
She tried to screen it, than clean it  
Hydroxide radicals I couldn't believe it  
I was the Anemic Heathen that was saved by the blood of Jesus  
My only grievance is I never be the same again  
Never beat me with a rhyme again like it was '98 again  
I'm so ashamed I'm depressed; I don't know what I could say to them  
So I made this mixtape for them  
I hope you enjoy it even if you never bought it  
This is "Father Author, Poor Pauper" last recording

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Dreamzzzz"

[Chorus: x4]

"Dreamzzzz" of fuckin' a female news anchor

I'm just playin', but I'm sayin'

[Canibus:]

Yea, this isn't excellence in journalism

I prefer to call it conservative words of wisdom

Mixed with perverted visions

I can't help it, I was bitten by Celtic Woman

Who spoke elvish, who told me I was selfish

Nah honey be friendly you're my Ms. Money Penny

I love you because when they hate me; you defend me

"Dreamzzzz" of fuckin' a female news anchor

Welcome to my world of fantasies and fandom

0330 central news network

I filled out visitors of paper work 'til my head hurt

G words bees and birds can't help but to be perverse

About anything over 30 in a skirts

I get up stairs to search who's doin' their leg work

I seen her walk in to the coffee room, I go there first

She was beautiful and burgundy, same Zane Verjee

I said "Allah have mercy", she heard me and turned to me

She showed me her breast, I was impressed

She suggested I lock the door so we could both get undressed

Quick start, quick finish, I gently kissed her

The phone rang; it was Wolf Blitzer sayin' "He missed her"

I was not surprised, I ain't want the bitch to lose her job

OH MY GOD! Is that Sumi Das?

Still hard from Zane givin' me brain, but I can't complain

I'll take wrinkles over stains anyday, anyway where did the Sumi go?

She reminds me of this ho I used to bang on a Pakistani Sushi boat

Her trail went cold, I stole me an access card

Picked up the trail in the parking garage

I pretended I was an intern

I said "Ma'am you left this upstairs, a huge diamond earrings"

She just stares, standin' there in a dress with a delicate smell of vinaigrette

She placed the palm firmly on my chest

"Are you St. Germaine?" she said, I said "Yes"

And I seek to have sex with the Dragon Princess

She circled her hips slow, dancin' to Calypso

She brought her lips close, my dick grows, she sniff Coke

I couldn't believe the nerve of this

Circus Witch with burger itch

You tried to curse me with a kiss

Nosferatu practitioner, I don't even think about kissin' her

She will remain my prisoner

[Chorus: x4]

[Canibus:]

Yea, check the defense mechanism of this next woman  
She's the real Lara Croft, I couldn't wait to have sex with her  
Arwa Damon so calm under pressure  
But our hormones start raging as soon as I undress her  
Started to speak in discrete descriptive speech  
I tasted her nipples and told her "Her tits taste like a peach"  
She had congressional oversight, over the mic  
A young Black man obsessed with her egg shell white  
Her body was tight, "Ok" I said but not tonight  
Your life is your job; my job is my life  
Filled with gold spindles, a positive polarity singles  
But when I talk to strippers I'm simple  
Like screwin' Julie with the booty dimples  
She act moody 'cause she's mental  
Try to imagine what she's been through  
Julie Banderas got what I call a rare ass  
That's the type of ass that could tear pants  
I let her dance on my fair delance, Caliente Sangre  
And life goes on like John Mellencamp

[Chorus: x4]

[Canibus:]

Yea, yo, I don't wake up 'til 12:00  
Soledad O'Brian don't wake up 'til she feels cock  
I love these women so much, I can't stop  
Sir Lancelot givin' Guinevere a shamrock  
Accompanied by a rose, she smelled it with her nose and froze  
It was the perfect time to take off her clothes  
The tale of the Princess and the P and MC  
Mr. C really? a magnificent read  
In a dream I had about my favourite anchor of them all  
In my dream I wrote a name across The White House wall  
Suzanne Malveaux - oh I have love you so  
So much so I let the whole world know  
Her pastry is so tasty; I don't care if her husband hates me  
I'm still in my dream, DO NOT WAKE ME!  
In the dream she and I share pound cake and tea  
In between her shifts on the silver screen  
She lays her head on my arm during The White House conference, so DAMN!  
Imagine that when you listen to my song

[Chorus: x4]

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Magnum Innominandum"

[Chorus:]

Suivre Moi, come vibe with ya boy  
With lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed (Follow me)  
Suivre moi, the leadership was annoyed  
At lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed (The MC)  
Suivre moi, the leadership is annoyed  
At lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed  
Suivre moi, come vibe with ya boy  
With lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed

[Canibus:]

I was taught my heart was my brain in my past life  
I was thrashed in a fight over my passion for the mic  
Risked the ultimate sacrifice to rhyme, askin' Christ why?  
He replied; "Passions like mine have a price"  
They will grab you if you grab the mic  
Try to squeeze the life from you, take away your life  
There's only one way to fight  
Zero gravity device, turn it on  
Impale them on stalactites and stalagmites, alright?  
I was hyped; he told me that every word I recite  
Symbolically represents the whole world's kryptonite  
Includin; but not limited to spittin' in the booth  
Spit the truth; tell the leadership to listen to the troops  
The leadership bleeds blue, we bleed red  
In the end the only thing we can agree on is death  
I beg you to get it together  
To truly be clever you gotta be able to think ahead and remember  
'Cause most of us have forgotten where we came from  
Turned a blind eye to the energy that made us  
I ain't the same Canibus I was  
But I still get busy 'cause that's what Canibus does  
The rhymes are relevant day after my development  
Food for thought, beverages should be free but they keep sellin' it  
The mixtape comes out today, announce the date  
The potato gets off his couch to wait  
'Cause he knows something wicked his way comes  
They can hear the sound of the war drum,  
Canibus save them!  
I can't save you, but you can save yourself  
We can save each other, I just came to help  
The event you cant prevent no matter how much you spend  
Your catalogue remains thin no matter how much you pen  
I stand with my men, lookin' at the flag draped coffins again  
Cryin', justifyin' what I did  
There's no excuse cause nobody will ever know the truth  
I will never get over the abuse - fuck you!..

*[Pause]*

I gotta keep Hip-Hop open, if they close it I'm homeless  
If I lose it I'm broken, if I disown it I'm hopeless  
I am a hopeless romantic Trans-Atlantic pimp  
In the pacific stickin' dick to Los Angeles bitches  
Bitch please!, be my guest  
Shot her in the head while she slept  
What would she dream about next?  
I'm a maniac nigga, so fuck rap nigga  
Bigorexia anxiety attack nigga  
If you're loyal I'll murder for you  
You disloyal I'll destroy you  
Rhodesian Ridgeback will and turn on you  
Keep Hip-Hop alive if you don't we die  
We includes me, you, K-Solo and Nas  
Keep Hip-Hop open 'cause if they close it I'm homeless  
If I lose it I'm broken, if I disown it I'm hopeless  
Focus!

*[Chorus:]*

Suivre moi, the leadership was annoyed  
At lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed  
Suivre Moi, come vibe with ya boy  
With lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Layered Prayers"

*[Canibus:]*

Yea, ayo Mother Earth absorbs the blood I bleed

Hip-Hop is my blood - I believe

That I am not free, and neither are you

The only time I feel free is when I'm rhyming in the booth

The Lion on the loose is not a reckless recluse

But really a dictator with his neck in a noose

For war crimes; Hardcore rhymes from a warped mind

That enjoyed the dark matter in the void before time

The innocent murmured, murmured because they worshipped him

They let the serpent in but it never occurred to them

They deity regards emcees like me

Piously, check the degree, see if it's me

On planet Earth I design mankind's rebirth

A marvel of water and rock salt from a verse

The Moon, the Sun and the Stars

I am who you are, together, we all form God

I laugh at the creation of it, the explanation of it

Not the original but man's imitation of it

They took Hip-Hop and changed the subject

Then I brought Hip-Hop back and made you love it

Through deterrence, detention and prevention

Never write the wrong sentence

If I ever said it I meant it

The insatiable, inescapable regiment

What's the weight? Add four more plates, I bench it

Skinny-ass nigga, grab your neck with a pen-grip

Bend it through telepathic suggestion

I rap so serious, the vocal myriad

Occurred intermittently over protracted periods

Rap 'til you get delirious, wack niggaz get furious

Keep dissin' me, your girl's gettin' curious

Darth Vader on the cross-fader releasin' the raw data

This is called hard jaw-breaker labour

When I see you I'ma battle you, then tackle you

Then grapple you, then probably snap you in two

Yo, ain't that the truth?, outside the booth

Air combat maneuvers without no computer

Space wings that cause pings MOTHAFUCKA!!!

We gon' dogfight above cloud cover

High in the friendly skies, where unfriendlies

Where frendlies and unfrendlies die

You and I race to the Sun, I just got back

The race is done, ages have ended and ages have begun

Cognisance saturation, I am the one

Tell me where chain-gun Germaine came from?

Dara-I-Suf, the river of caves

My ribcage look like miniature shim blades  
When I bathe in the waters below  
Still waters run deep, King Cthulhu told me so  
Magna-dome under Yellowstone inside the bowels of the Earth  
I'ma show you the power of the verse  
'Cause man cannot establish dominance over man  
Indefinitely; man only respects God's energy  
Telluric energy, drawn from the bowels of the Earth  
I'ma show you the power of the verse  
Telluric energy, drawn from the bowels of the Earth  
I'ma show you the power of the verse

# Canibus Lyrics

"The Fusion Centre"

(feat. Vinnie Paz)

I isolate a regime that works twice the pace of your team  
These Jedi mind tricks are no dream

Kill code receive you do not need to know what you need  
You will be uplinked to the feed

The entrance to the cave is guarded by a statue of Saint Jermaine  
Holding an oil lamp with a purple flame

Shuffling down a dark corridor chasing the voice of the orator  
The light brightens more and more

Your muscles tight and sore you fall to waist height then crawl  
As you are forced to recite bars from Ars Notoria

What is the origin metaphoric euphoria lobotomize the audience rap music  
Recruited those who refuse it will be uprooted then electrocuted

Then executed flesh is fluid physically it's a stretch to do it  
You wake up cold wet and wounded playing my music

The strong believe in me the weak try to weaken me  
They are not allowed to speak to me that easily

The fans get neglected can't get they favorite record  
They only get to hear what's selected not requested

They are wasting your time just think about that  
The reason you won't think is the reason I won't rap

Wisely worded speech frame and technique and thermal heat  
Bridges the verbal to the beat providing earth for your feet

I rip granite the universe shaped like this planet  
Nobody understand it when my spit is mismanaged

Virtuoso Vivaldi Aliester Crowley with a baldy flow  
Flawlessly cathedral halls applaud me

Red 3 delta they call me in the red army armory talking softly walking  
Calmly the officer saw me cursing at the bastard commy pass the salami

Rhyming offbeat they poured me caffeine not coffee

You'll never hear nothing as evil  
As this I carry desert eagles into the cathedral and lick

My people are sick your people unbelievably bitch  
In Mogadishu counting money inconceivably rich

A feverish pitch I'll hit you so you bleed where you piss  
I feel sorry for any rapper think he equal to 'Bis

I see thru the mist I see you faggots weak in the wrist  
I ain't rapping no more Pazienza speak with the fists

I see the abyss but I ain't going there no more  
I'm too old so I ain't licking in the air no more

Ayo 'bis who these motherfuckers that's thinking it's war  
In '88 the only white boy spitting it raw

I kicked in the door I spoke on metaphysics in awe  
But they was too stupid to understand the vision involved

I wish that we all had platinum that could christen the wall  
But I'm a ride for you regardless if its business involved

# Canibus Lyrics

"702-386-5397"

[*Intro*]

Yea, yea Can-I-Bus, Mic Club  
(Nothin' to prove it's all love)

[*Canibus:*]

I bust through like Sputnik 2  
This is man's best friend, whoopty-woo  
The flag is black, red, and blue  
True shoot from the hoopty  
Dogs jump out of dooly  
But it'll take more than that to move me  
Like; wireless mics for tireless nights  
Firefights inspire my life, why do I write?  
Twenty-year Hip-Hop vet, they perceive me as a threat  
They manifest beads of sweat  
Examine the blood trail  
Squeeze trigger puss drips out of the thumbnails  
I smell like gun shells  
Polonium, pandemonium with a dose of unknownium  
The Soviet Hugo Rodier  
Fourth generation roper report  
Everything I was taught bore resemblance to my thoughts  
The truth and design of the Guggenheim rhyme  
Where every line is weaponized then applied  
Mob shit, talk it acquisition is sick  
I don't miss when I twist the 556  
Stand there with arms folded  
Firearms make me look large and bloated  
("I'ma gonna have to project my voice")  
Equipment check, church bells time  
("Some of this stuff might get intense")  
One more time - Just kill 'em 'Bus  
Ain't nobody around to witness nothin'  
Heavens devil strangle Hell's Angel with a mic cable  
Then J Wells came through

[*Sample from Nas @ the L.A. Listening Party on December 14th, 2006:*]

"Yo, the niggaz that use to have a nigga a little nervous was like;  
B.I.G., 'Pac, (Right), even Canibus, like Eminem them niggaz use to have me like  
If we go at it dawg we gotta go HARD!"

"Yo, the niggaz that use to have a nigga a little nervous was like;  
B.I.G., 'Pac, (Right), even Canibus, like Eminem them niggaz use to have me like  
If we go at it dawg we gotta go HARD!"

[*Canibus:*]

Yea, yo

I support a secure change of custody  
Don't trust the beat, trust me Canibus the emcee  
Without movin' my neck I turn to the left  
Yes I am the best you'll learn to respect  
'Til your death, Hip-Hop is the body, you are the chest  
I am the vest, we are sworn to protect  
This behavioural bomb rewritable radio songs  
"What station is your radio on?"  
My trainin' is worth millions  
Imam death squad rush the building  
From the frontline with Prince William  
I am Prince William's exercise cover and concealment  
Prohibit the media from filming  
Never in the moment, always thinkin' of the Omen  
I pause soldiers, nobody told them  
Inoculate; I postulate not your weight  
Drop to your face, the active component will not break  
My Omanium friend tried to pay me in Yen  
I threw the money in his face and said "Pay me again"  
You wanna talk to the kid? Enter this ten digit grid  
I'll explain to you what I did  
"702-386-5397", call, leave a message  
Y'all niggaz can't rap, so why you wanna go and do that?  
You move the crowd, I move the map  
The defying mad Lion, triumph over the rulers of Zion  
Fuck your "Blood Diamonds", I'd rather laugh dyin'  
Miners in the mine shaft cryin'  
"Apocalypso" from GITMO, I'll clash with the last Mayans  
The Sun stone science, the black, red and blue alliance  
Jump through the fire, you'd be a fool to try it  
The fire suit don't fit, NO SHIT!  
My Saratoga suit got a customized grip  
With a batwing released for both wrist and both feet  
Blazing high, but I don't feel no heat  
Hip-Hop's master chief, "Here, have a seat"  
In the mic booth where I hang slab the meat  
Before, during, or after debrief  
I'll crack your teeth, don't talk unless if asked to speak  
The Rift Valley Fever symptoms could last for weeks  
We call a hell in a cell, watch the bastard tweak  
Reach 80° degrees North, 14° degrees East  
Beneath the ice sheet lies the Spitzberg Beast  
Transmission distorted, injuries reported  
Mission aborted, follow your orders, move forward  
BRAVO! I fell in love with you Suzanne Malveaux  
On the down-low, know you know  
She talked to the Canibus man  
Code name: "Javelin Fangz"  
With "Nothing to Prove" to the rap fans  
Could've elaborate further but suffice to say  
"God damn that emcee made my day"  
He's a butcher, a baker, a vapour box maker from Jamaica  
Still talkin' trash to the haters

I'll clash with the graders, this is major manual labour  
Beta test the data with blue lasers  
Canibus wavin' Alice, it's "Nothing to Lose" in Los Angeles  
Suing Hip-Hop for the damages  
G-4's, 10.4's, still conscious but not for long  
Missile lock-on; stop the song

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Goetia"

(Ergonomical)

*[Sample:]*

"And this variation of analogy of working that comes from  
On this idea that they were created on the Earth  
These giants were created by the natural themselves  
They can manifest.."

*[Chorus:]*

Nothin' to prove, nothin' to lose  
Can-I-Bus - bussin' in the booth  
Straight out (The Goetia) to eat ya  
This is the fire breather  
Nothin' to prove, nothin' to lose  
Can-I-Bus and Mic Club - bussin' in the booth

*[Canibus:]*

Microphone check one-two, you know what it is  
Can-I-Bus, still gettin' biz  
Rip mics, gas molecules emit light  
I bring delta T.C. squared to the fistfight  
First, I developed the fence  
Then negotiate disarmament from the other side of the fence  
Hence, the tetrahedron is a prison for a four-headed demon  
I weaken, every time I see him  
Fight for my freedom, under the fig tree bleedin'  
I create Hip-Hop but don't need it  
I turn my back on rap like God turned his back on Eden  
To return like Cat Stevens  
For those who believe it, I live it, I breathe it  
I smash mics to pieces, that's the secret  
I cannot fail, I rock bells  
On the Ho Chi Minh trail to the song of the nightingale  
Any artist can turn a garden to a desert  
But can he turn a desert to a garden?  
That's where I come in, runnin', straight gunnin'  
Ready to punish, nigga I don't budge one inch  
Fuck it, double the budget  
Niggaz turned Hip-Hop to somethin' it wasn't  
Made it hard to love it  
So I come back to conquer with a monster mantra  
My spiritual father is Swami Vivekananda  
Rhymes promote freedom, stabilize the region  
Think for yourselves, it's just like breathin'  
The departed Hip-Hop artist regardin' the condition of the carnage  
Dead farmers I already saw it  
Back to the army, back to pituitary

Back to the heartbeat, off-beat on a dark street  
Comfy, aggressive assistive trainin'  
Hajji somewhere waitin', one minute remainin'  
Satellites counter locatin', the bloodbath begins bathin'  
We both believe we're fightin' Satan  
'Cause we both got the same God, who accepts the same sacrifice  
Blood, tears, life, fine picks and trowels are real  
I was holdin' a weapon when I was overpowered, there was no album  
Thirty-minute sessions cleanin' weapons askin' myself questions  
About what happened last mission, Radiation isolation  
I'ma asshole but I'm patient for a nurse with nice shaped tits  
I'm a poet, my house is a palace  
A small cavernous passage, darker than the Catacombs of Paris  
Chateau de Canibus, Saint Germaine sadomasochist  
I don't use chains to trap a bitch  
Don't get distracted, repeat your rap's schematic  
Over and over until it's automatic  
My body is a machine, machines need fuel  
Two gastro-nasal tubes, feed me smoothie food  
The recluse clearly produced the abstract schematic  
You can use over a glass of fresh-squeezed pear juice  
Right side paralyzed above the waist  
Below the waist the left side paralyzed, this a unique case  
It's a challenge to rhyme great, lost weight  
Lost sense of smell and taste, wastin' away payin' attention to space  
Sayin' "wait!" open the gate, rusty screwers reverberate  
Through the deserted desolate space of this purgative place  
Grimoires and metaphor law, make your skin crawl  
Nothin' to prove, this is lyrical law

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Secrets Amongst Cosmonauts"

*[Spanish speaking soldiers]*

"They have different videos that's caused by these Cosmonauts"

*[Sample]*

"And so, if you take all these together  
Dimension of the Earth in nautical miles  
21,600 and you divided by 33; you'll get..."

*[Intro]*

(Secrets Amongst Cosmonauts)  
These are the Secrets of the Cosmonauts  
I know I rhyme a lot  
This is the most important rhyme I ever said in my life  
Stop the hatred, and stop being racist  
I believe the Cosmonauts will come down and save us

*[Chorus]*

(We share the song) This is a song, written by God  
(Especially for you) Especially for you, this is the truth  
(There's a story) A story of humankind's glory  
(Of what people do for you) I'm tellin' you the Cosmonauts love you

*[Canibus]*

Twenty-one thousand six-hundred nautical miles  
I've got the same amount, if not more audible styles  
By no means am I to interpret the absolute  
I'm merely a vessel that the entity chooses to use  
I'm raw energy, just like you  
I don't teach 'cause Teachers only receive contempt from the youth  
I know what I know, there's no need to convince you  
The poetry's fairly simple, you perceive the visual  
The grass isn't greener, it's browner  
I believe in the power that spins the Earth around upward and outward  
You say, "You don't like the album", I say you a coward  
You say you don't like the beats, I say what about them?  
Whether or not you like the lyrics I would not be surprised  
If you the devil in disguise I can see it in your eyes  
We are all equal; we are all sisters and brothers  
In spite of our colour, all we have is each other, they love us

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Your sexual orientation is none of my business  
But don't lie to yourself, and don't lie to the children  
Some of us are healthy, some of us have diseases

But if you look at the whole world we represent the human species  
You can't ignore continents while they starve  
You'll be wearin' their shoes before long  
As the Globe becomes more warm  
Families hold on but their country is war-torn  
The prophecies are forewarned  
You would've thought Katrina storm taught y'all  
But nah, you're still too distracted ain't y'all?  
I've come to learn that the Cosmonauts up high  
Don't believe that we deserve another chance and I'll tell you why  
We watch either other die, and we're still racist  
Not in my household, but in other places  
The patience of the Gods have run thin  
Because of your sin, the period of purification will begin

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*  
The procession will wash away  
The world's sins with Tsunami's and Whirlwinds  
Our world ends, but then it begins again  
Six-thousand four-hundred eighty years later  
The next civilization will dig our artifacts out of a crater  
They will say that we were great but that they are greater  
Humankind will continue to search for his creator  
Wage war against the forces that try to enslave us  
Send space probes to our celestial neighbours  
We could stop the hatred; if we stop being racist  
I believe the Cosmonauts will come down and save us  
If humankind will accept all races  
There's no reason that the Cosmonauts wouldn't save us  
Love your neighbours; we're different, but God made us  
Love all races, the Cosmonauts would love to save us  
Basic Instructions Before Leaving Earth (B.I.B.L.E.)  
Wake up, stop the hatred, the Cosmonauts wanna save us

*[Chorus]*

"Advance knowledge that people in general will never hear  
Is passed on to the chosen ones that are chosen to have this..

# Canibus Lyrics

## "One Ought Not To Think"

*[Canibus:]*

This one is relatively short; I won't say much about it  
What's the point if you're still gon' doubt  
History is a weapon being used against us  
Humanity has been abused before but few remember  
Human hybrid, Hubble iris, double-sided untouchable  
When it comes to rhyming, but I struggle in private  
"One Ought Not To Think", in other words stop thinking  
Humankind is now on the brink of extinction  
The Eagle has landed, one of von Braun  
Handpicked the evil bastard called "Magnum Innomindum"  
These ice-age quotes opposed Helios  
Confusing the most yet I find it remedial  
Turn the radio and TV off, think for a second  
Technology is a blessing but it's also a weapon  
A weapon of mass destruction givin' global instructions  
Teaching us how to hate but does it in a way that we love it  
Take my beloved rap music, erase the beat  
Consumers act like they're afraid of intelligent speech  
The rhymes are imagined in theory  
Then itemized into a query  
It takes more than your ears to hear me  
Meditate; you will see it clearly  
Elevate to a level where your judgment isn't impaired daily  
Before the New World Order right around the corner  
One day soon they gon' lock down the borders  
I ain't a activist, I can't do shit  
I'd rather be a pacifist with a full clip  
Keep sayin' your prayers, they won't care  
God won't hear, do something, you won't dare  
It's happened before, it'll happen again  
It's happening over there; it'll spread here my friend  
"One Ought Not To Think", in other words stop thinking  
Mankind is now on the brink of extinction  
Lost wisdom from the lost kingdom  
Humankind is now on the brink of extinction

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Javelin Fangz"

*[Sample:]*

"For this reason to have this Key  
They some how transmit into your brain a hard idea  
Like, you are living wrong  
You've broken our laws on this planet  
This is the reason why  
Very soon when the sky became dark  
Thousands and thousands of people will die  
And only a few them will stay alive"

*[Intro:]*

Code-Name: Javelin Fangz - The Canibus Man  
Nothin' to Prove, cold bustin' at you dudes  
Yea, yo

*[Chorus:]*

You got your Weapon?: Check  
You got your Ammo?: Check  
You got the filthy slut pin-up calendar?: Yes  
You got the food?: Check  
You got the supplies?: Check  
You got the Trees so we can get high? - I Quit

Your names Canibus - So what da Fuck that means  
Can-I-Bus is the emcee not weed

Hand Radio?: Check

Map?: Check

You got the chem lights so we can get back?: Check

First Aid Kit?: Check

Grenades?: Check

I even got a spit box for those lonely days

*[Canibus:]*

I was on my way home, the ground opened up like a grave  
Turned the highway into a tomb  
It's crazy I grew up playin' with Tonka's  
Mickey Thompson mud Swampers on a off-road monster  
I took a detour started headin' east  
Got stuck through a wench around a red wood tree  
A 1000 feet above sea level  
Still drivin' altitude climbin' the Tsunami's 1 hour behind me  
Made my way to the Mojave, I robbed niggaz for they gasoline  
Then headin' towards the Colorado Rockies  
Desperado, El Diablo on your back yard property  
Can't let the circumstance stop me  
G.I. Joe, O.G., Desert E's, Desert fatigues

Dry weather gear for the desert breeze  
140° degrees, I can barely breathe  
Toast bread and fry eggs on the roof of my Jeep  
Take my boots off I won't even look at my feet  
They smell like I've been cookin' my feet  
Look at me, I'ma mess I did it for my family & friends  
When the time comes I do it again  
Because this ain't the end, this is the beginnin'  
A new way of life nigga how you gon' live it  
Man Women and Child, livin' in a village  
No more technology privilege  
When disaster strikes put down the mic  
You better pick up that weapon and pass it to the right  
Laugh if you like but the time is near  
There's no time to spare, formation over here

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus:]*  
I observe purgatory from the solar observatory  
The Sun stone was right, God have mercy on me  
You ask what, I ask what next  
Geo-magnetic effects came down to the deck  
Radio, T.V. Satellite gone, nobody can make or take one call  
LIGHTS OUT! All communications wiped-out  
To late to call upon Jesus Christ now  
Collect your weapon and ammo  
You don't have weapons to protect your family? You're asshole  
Guns are worth more then anythin' in a time like this  
The price just went up the pricelist  
You a Predator or Prey in the twilight mist?  
You wanna pray; get on your knees die like a bitch  
Your family got dragged off  
Put to work as slaves in a hell pit because you were selfish  
You bought cars, gold, diamonds  
Should've bought somethin' that could equalize the violence  
Face it your heart's full of hatred  
'Cause you got stripped naked in front of your babies  
Do somethin' to change it  
Take it, take a day-off, take a trip to the shop  
Get a laser sight scope, adjustable butt stock  
Automatic burst, fuck a one shot if a nigga want static  
I'ma give 'em what I got

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "There Has He Been"

(feat. K-Solo)

### [Intro:]

Yea, Mic Club and Waste Management  
"Javelin Fangz"  
WolfGang, sharp fangz  
Yea

### [Canibus:]

The vocalist with osmosis spit  
Canibus on some robust robot shit  
You're not fit, drop, give me fifty bars of spit  
950 more bars just to talk to the kid  
They just rappers I'm a cloud of galactic matter comin' at ya  
Like radar or race car spelt backwards  
The mirror image of the emperor's lyrics  
Concubines are forbidden to compare it until I finish  
The magnetic patient will record the same thing  
While erasin' the lost dynasty of Beijing  
Spittin' rhymes 'cause significant mission lapse time  
You'll be fine, don't rewind; move onto the next line  
Three bogies ten O'clock high, I die if I do not try  
Ostriches are not supposed to fly  
Fighter pilots with not eyelids  
Did you see what I just did?  
Hydraulic pressure gettin' as high as a bitch  
Textbook vertical spin, landed on the wing, I'm in  
The evil bald Eagle strike you again  
Yuri Gagarin, I met him when we he came to Heaven  
My first guest from terra firma Passage Magellan  
I didn't hesitate to tell him, 2012 you police yourselves  
As Earth travels through the gravity belt  
And I can offer you no help  
The Period of Purification can be described to somethin' you call Hell  
Yeah, S-P-E-L-L, R-A-P-E-L down to W-E-L-L  
WolfGang

### [K-Solo:]

Start at your head, I end it quick and end your ass  
Send your career on a collision course; then you'll crash  
I'ma laugh mothafucker, its gon' only get worse  
You'll hit a tree and you go flyin' through your window headfirst  
Foes come in the white mink, leave in the red fur  
Get your fuckin' ass kicked, leave with your head hurt  
Beef with me equals dead thugs  
Even when I'm fuckin' sleep, stomp out you bedbugs  
The Hitman buck quick  
One thing I can't stand in this rap game is a bitch ass who suck dick

Rap too good for the hood, who's the don  
And they said I'd never make it with a help from you know who  
But I proved them wrong  
Even without money in my pocket I still move along  
And I'm happy Canibus got me to do this song  
I was never assed out; my label's the only label  
And the mothafuckin' world is able to take the trash out  
Call me sweet, Big Kevin I fuck a bitch 'til she pass out  
I got hands too when I cum, a lot of niggaz don't wanna back out  
Dirty niggaz, they gon' pull a mac out  
'Cause I rap grapple and box, make competition tap out  
I put it down; I cut them down, cut them down  
You know I'm known to shut them down  
Dudes is jokin', I laugh, take cash 'cause they clowns  
If they got beef with that I get Canibus to spray the rounds  
Take them down; I'm the Godfather, Long Island music here to take the crown  
Breeze through, enemies quiet, they don't make a sound  
Get a bucket of red blood, paint the town  
I'm a beast, when I walk I shake the ground  
Who hatin' now? Who hatin' now? Who hatin' now?

# Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity V004"

*[Sample:]*

"And this is where the, uh complexity comes in  
Maybe we in modern uh civilization haven't really connected with this  
understanding"

*[Canibus:]*

This is never been done before with a rhyme outside the realm of time  
It's the first of its kind  
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
I WILL FOREVER BE THEILLEST LYRICALLY!!!

I procured a small piece of the treasure  
Collections from a former era datin' back to forever  
The warrior became protector; take a closer look at the bars  
You'll see I'm not behind them or in front of them, I'm one of them  
Started with a hundred, The Game spit three I said "Fuck It!"  
I'm a have to show these niggaz somethin'  
33 is the number that enlightens the Brother  
Insight to the fullest that could brighten the dullest  
The ramifications are awesome, what should we call it? Mortars  
I drive forward Sandstorms make my eyes water  
Skull is a submarine hull  
Dolphin phones screen calls from places as far away as A.G.C.R.  
The rhymes are raw, protected by the Jericho wall  
With surface permutation of the permafrost  
We thought close support from the Navy Carriers and Air Force  
Would give us all what we needed, we were wrong  
This is "The Greatest Rhyme of All Time" supposedly  
1000 Bars it will probably always be  
The results from SETI, very interestin'  
I briefed the committee they told me to stop the testin'  
You cannot contend with this when I let it rip  
Eyes, ears, nose and throat specialist Professor Bis  
The sublime Chakra one thru nine  
Thru the spine induce the rhyme  
Internal fire produces the high  
I listened to 44 4's 22 times  
+I Gave You Power+ God stop my heart if I'm lyin'  
SHUT THE FUCK UP and stop whinnin'  
Instinct controls how you think before decidin', so keep vibin'  
The Art of Rhyming; I've mastered it certainly  
Surely I'll celebrate capturin' it for my Taxidermy  
From the streets of New Jersey to Germany  
To jungles in Angola where most the meat poachers heard of me  
I guess it wasn't meant to be  
Under an assumed Identity I resumed PsyOps on the enemy  
USA made, field grade steel face

Movin' at a Canibus pace in the proto subspace  
Nobody could hold me back, my flow bloats into a spiritual shape  
And co-create rap, cold callous chronic chemical imbalance  
Smokin' a chalice in the Rabbit hole with Alice  
Systematic Global Geographic Systemic Neo-synopsis  
Reload the graphics notice I spit it rapid  
Victory over injury a victim to misery  
The myriad of my metaphors make me a mystical mystery  
They can't battle me; so they'd rather embarrass me  
By being mad at me, they commit microphone heresy  
Clairvoyant Technique, usin' X-Ray refraction  
Not only can you see into the future, see past it  
But I don't know what it means  
I pass the DataStream along to my team  
They say it's more than a dream

Kill you with weed vapour, then the Taser, then the Laser, then the Maser  
Then somethin' they call Scalar  
"That is not dead which can eternally lie  
And with strange aeons even death may die"  
Why? Coup de Gra for the Coup de Ta  
In a man made lodge, the Moon Rays replace God  
What ought to crawl has learned to walk

I have mastered The Art of Rhyming now I am so bored  
I seen a mushroom to the north, from a porch  
It was odd, every dog in the neighborhood barked

'Cause Emotion manifests Thought, Thought manifests Words Actions and Reality  
But what is attracting me?  
If you question me, you will be detained indefinitely  
Your name will be added to the Black List Registry  
Observe the man with the microphone strand  
Or 5th or 6th, 'cause way more advanced  
I look up in the sky to see if God is judging me  
Suddenly I feel Fatima and Medjugorje come to me  
Sittin' down at the mixin' board comfortably

They begin to study me, by showin' me worlds I would love to see  
A stationary pulley drawin' from a wishin' well  
The Genie gave me three more because I listen well  
There's a Proverb that goes "One should know thyself"  
Before one can know the world so I showed myself  
Metaphoric Sun Worship, pullin' me like planet inertias  
But on the other hand these rappers are worthless  
Rap Music Profession, Immuno suppressants  
One question per second, one answer per session  
You lazy and you wanna be the best? You crazy!

Poet Laureate is reserved for the name G  
My lyricism amplifies every letter written  
+Rip the Jacker+ spittin' inside a Zero Vector System  
Murder murder murder, kill kill kill drills  
Williams was real ill, but now I chill  
Fuck a record deal; my trainin' is real  
Look at the sword I wield, you will taste my steel  
Lyrical Fitness is no secret of course

But the secret to creativity, hidin' your sources  
Preserve the sanctity of the Soldiers in IRAQ  
Do not blame them, I hold their humanity hostage

I gotta spit 'til the story is told  
It's a gift; this story is a part of my soul  
We shouldn't keep fightin', the Earth is our home  
If we destroy Mother Earth, then where will we go?

Are you food for the Moon? Or are you in the mood for doom?

Furniture moves when I walk into a room  
Fuckin' bummer, no armour inside the Hummer  
Gotta hug a motherfuckin' Sandbag for cover  
I ride on a flatbed chariot, four ostriches carry it

I'm Big Billy Bob Black Angus

From the gutter to the gallows no media coverage  
'Cause I don't want it, that's why I'm rarely seen in public  
If I were you I wouldn't waste time readin' rubbish  
It might turn you into a media puppet, NIGGA LOVER!!!

All cultures come from One Mind  
The Universe is not far behind, Waves Bars and Rhymes

Metaphor and Rhyme is poetry by design  
But poetry continues outside the timeline

Don't care if I make history, I wanna be a part of INFINITY

You lied to us all in your speech  
Symbiotic indeed, the host bleeds

Parasites attach to feed fulfilling antiquated needs

Over The Horizon Radar Rhymes  
Patent number 4686605

I've apologized but I can't change who I am  
Tried to change the future, can't budge the past

Beautiful longitudinal, musical lyrics

Fragments of Olympian Gossip, that is my vision

If A is a success in life  
Then A must equal X plus Y plus Z no doubt

If work equals X and play equals Y

Then Z must be equal to you shuttin' your mouth  
Agonizing, the pain of the migraine bitin' my brain  
And everything inside it, I can't explain but I am tryin'

From the Kinetic to the Energetic

To the magnetic, ultra, electro, and uncensored resonance  
I need to be alone, you cannot comfort me like my poems

THINK SO? You're a talk-show ho

The grown up who showed up drunk with his own cup stoned as fuck

Who can tell me that this poem is luck?  
Does it amaze me? "NO!" Does it faze me? Maybe a little yo

Gotta find a way to generate doe

The minerals where they grow determine the stability of the flow

I might get drunk and boast  
Williams you gotta go first

"If you say so, HALO", High Altitude always stay low  
I approached the podium, and delivered my encomium  
Nobody applauded the atmosphere was ominous  
They feared I would spit, they don't like when I bust

I need more pain so I can pretend to be tough

1000 Bar race at an unrelentin' pace  
Just in case Humans ever get to World War VIII  
Food supply low, they speak of goin' above ground to find mo'  
I cry out "NO - DO NOT GO!!!"  
The window is closin', from the other side it looks like it's openin',  
Where am I tryna to go with this?  
Only the chosen, find a way out  
Everybody move out! Make sure to stay off the main route  
Arctic Geography is conducive to Astronomy  
And the study of celestial bodies, follow me  
A good Psychological environment for science  
I'm memorizing and visualizing peace and quiet  
Comparative image sharpness between artists  
I don't think you know what you're about to get involved in  
This is my unacknowledged special access project  
Time reversed waves in nonlinear optics  
Tunnel borin' and jackin', water main tappin'  
I sat there draftin' a new drainage plan laughin'  
Scientifically Quantifiable megalomaniacal  
Viable style, it's like tryna to ride a Bull  
The lyrical inimical is miserable because I've built a citadel  
Of syllables that made me invincible  
Creatively I have never been to this level  
First I'll put you in a sideways 8, then a pretzel  
Burn skin off face, burn face off skeletal plate  
Plasma Ray Gun is just one explanation  
Man Made Membrane roofin' remediation  
Any and All entry points have immigration  
She asked me if I was followed, I told her I wasn't  
I didn't know the spy that sold me out would be my own cousin  
"Populace uniformed is a populace of slaves"  
Washington didn't say it quite that way  
Musically still producin', I got a couple new things cocoonin'  
But Poet Laureate is my New Shit!  
Pulsating Lights and Sounds surrounds spirits  
Bio Oral Beats, layered underneath lyrics  
250 thousand cycles per second, for Dolphin hearin'  
The Electrical Optical Coupling Gear is effective  
I've almost perfected this  
I'm one word away from excellence  
When I find it I'll begin testin' it  
My pupil size increase, constriction and velocity decrease  
You can't Emcee take a seat  
Wilder than the wilderness, I'm 'bout to show you who wildebeest Williams is  
You better be filming this  
I proof read my writtens, eat a chicken with the skin missin'  
Spend the whole night out binge drinkin'  
I rip shit consistent, spit persistent  
The sickness, spit with conviction, promote lyrical fitness  
I'm lost, which version is this? Mozart  
With a flowchart puttin' together parts of an unknown art  
Rhymes compartmentalized, seperatized to prevent bootleg Pirates  
Be my guest keep tryin'

I'm hooked on Hip-Hop, I can't live without it  
You can mix this song a thousand ways I don't doubt it  
    The Visionary Cell designed my new Lab  
    Paul Laffoley engineered a magnificent draft  
    You said "the best shouldn't ask for respect"  
Is that correct? Yes, could you please speak up, I SAID YES!  
    That's not possible, that's sounds completely illogical  
    You must've been kicked the fuck out of school  
    You cannot fold under the political pressure  
You gotta take prudent and precautionary measures  
    Four and a half foot beings with big black eyes  
Tried to trap me and extract my rhymes, all the time  
    A Luciferian web, everyday we are buryin' dead  
Every color in America bled; this is Empirical evidence  
    Of the greatest collection of Canibus sentences  
    You'll never reach the end of it  
    Fire for effect, smoke out then rest  
    Give me a wedge formation, roll out like this  
I will spare no sin, walk in with a scarecrow grin  
    Of nothin' on this Planet can dissuade this  
They left me dehydrated by the Nile River naked but I made it  
    With passion of a Microphone Patriot  
I did it for my Fathers; I did it for my Mothers and my Brothers  
    I did it for the world to discover  
    The head of a Lion, the legs of an Eagle  
    The wings of a Dragon, and to the people  
    I hope the words reach you  
There is strength in numbers, there is numbers in strength  
    The ink, I bow before the desert wall of the Sphinx  
    Into the bottomless pool of Poetry I plunge  
    1000 Bars from the real Iron Lungs  
    Everybody bow your heads, say this prayer  
From this moment HIP-HOP IS UNITED EVERYWHERE  
    POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
    I WILL FOREVER BE THEILLEST LYRICALLY!!!  
    POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
    POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
    POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!!!

*[Sample:]*  
"It's all about becoming more..."



# Canibus Lyrics

"Melatonin Magik"  
(feat. Professor Griff)

This is Melatonin Magik...

Sumerian, Chinese, Egyptian, Latin  
Nobody can match Canibus when I'm rappin (what happened?)  
Captain Cold Crush get it crackin  
There's more than one person right now that's not laughin  
Squash microphones with unknown chromosomes  
To discover the codes that controls the brain's frontal lobes  
The pineal gland glows (go! go! go!)  
Don't look back, I got ya back bro  
He's a high profile target, code name Sergeant Armpits  
He was Rakim Allah's first artist  
Lemme bus' em; naw, I'm a punish em, Ra  
I'm a show you how the mothafuckin government lie  
Got nothin to do with pride, you must realize  
Few of us will be alive by Solar Cycle 25  
I tried to look for solutions, that's not enough time  
They won't be satisfied til every one of us die  
Aight, calm the fuck down and listen to my rhymes  
The only way that you can free yourself is your mind  
First thing you gotta do is put the antagonism behind  
Then you gotta put ya life on the line  
The reward is great; the risk? Even greater  
Fellowship can only make a Braveheart braver  
Watch who you followin, watch who you praisin  
"Yes We Can" backwards is "Thank You Satan"  
YES I'm Jamaican; YES I'm a patriot  
NO I will not forsake you for a paycheck  
YES this is victory, YES I can taste it  
NO I'm not a Mason, I'm followin my trainin  
They monitor my body functions from central London  
My heart rate is thumpin, I suffer from numbness  
A robot arm shoves the drugs in  
My scrubs are disgustin and sullen, I smell like cub skin  
Funky, funky, funky odor; Bridgewater, South Dakota  
My spit fizz like soda, I'm in a coma  
In a pagoda, nurse McLovin  
Says she wouldn't fuck me if I was her husband  
Don't trust the bitch  
I'm in a warehouse alone  
I hear doors open and close,  
No phone, no intercom controls  
Wouldn't matter anyway I'm in a paranormal zone  
Goose bumps grow, I could hear a few ghosts moan  
I'm a mastermind, tryin to amplify the frequency of the rhyme  
So I can learn to fly

So yeah, fuck a punchline  
I'm past that prime, that's not a crime  
So go find someone else to dick ride  
Focus on the truth, it's long overdue  
It woulda never happened if I told you what I wanted to do  
The Inconvenient Truth is a convenient truth  
012 solar cycle 24 commin soon  
I promise you Canibus achieved the impossible  
It's only logical it's time for the truth  
Whether I'm gonna be around to witness it or not  
I spit this shit for hip-hop  
Twitter niggas type their hype they write Canibus smash the mic  
Cause you can't blackball the light  
They know my hands always been tied  
You call that a fight?  
Give me the mic I call in an airstrike  
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide  
There's some things in this worls that money can't buy  
Respect, honor, fuck it, it's all corrupted  
The media can not be trusted  
You shouldn't need a budget, to rep hip-hop  
You don't have to suck dick just to get your shot  
Just work with what you got  
Don't be a robot, be human  
Influenced by hip-hop music

It ain't nothin like  
It ain't nothin like  
It ain't nothin like hip-hop music  
It ain't nothin like  
It ain't nothin like  
It ain't nothink like hip-hop music  
50 plus bars is some new shit  
It's called Melatonin Magik and music  
50 plus bars is some new shit  
It's called Melatonin Magik and music  
No bullshit  
Take it back to 1997 exclusive clue shit  
The most intrusive MC in hip-hop music  
Lyrically you can't do shit

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Kriminal Kindness"

(feat. Professor Griff)

[*Canibus:*]

Yo,

I've been dealing with hate since 1998

I punished the industry by dominating mixtapes

None of ya'll can stop the onslaught of those bars

Rainfall and fireballs fell from the stars

The speech pattern of God, I ripped off weak rappers jaws

Whoever ignored lyrical law

Hip Hop didn't understand it at all

They couldn't manage my thoughts

So I retreated to the land of the lost

Don't talk about beats talk about bars

Canibus so raw that rejection is your only response

Give a fuck if I sell one unit

'Cause that was never the motivation for me to do this, stupid

I've already proved it

Now I must prepare for my posthumous interview with the vampire Druids

That are coming to relieve me of my fluids

Believe me I'm the truest, that's why they can't stop my music

[*Professor Griff:*]

The coming casteless slave society

Obviously the government lied to me

The Illumanti's kidnap of Hip Hop is plain to see

Dead or alive you heard it from the Can-I-B

[*Canibus:*]

Yo,

I will not forsake the light, you can not force me to fight

I will always pay the ultimate price

Whether I am wrong or whether I am right

I've been a martyr all of my life, my archetype talks to the mic

I eat emcees on behalf of Iron Mike

I'm a fireball of the night, an extra-terrestrial airstrike

Call me on Skype tonight, we can talk if you like

I denounce fear like Steven Greer and his wife

The subject matter sound barely connected

Even when it's understood it's rarely respected

The evidence is staring directly at the detective

Alex Jones left me a message saying I won't be accepted

NOW who's the skeptic

The Melatonin Magik Deception

I will never be available for questions, get the fuck out my session

I've learned my lesson, media suppression is a weapon

They fucked up Hip Hop's progression

*[Professor Griff:]*

Yes

Melatonin Magik, Melatonin Magik,  
Melatonin Magik, Melatonin Magik

*[Canibus:]*

How many emcees must get dissed, before somebody whispers don't fuck with Bis

My Survival Skills surpass Kris, watch this

You got a rap for every emcee? GO GET IT THEN!

Why you dick ride Def Jam, they not your friend?

Make your mind up, I thought you was not with them

Fucking comedy, speaking on flawed philosophy

You'll never give props to Keith,

Or Canibus for Undergods release

Go right ahead, dismiss it,

We ain't submissive, we spit lyrical lyrics

I got the right of to live off it, I live it

And I'm a voice my opinion, can't nobody make me think different

My spirit feels like it's in a prison

I speak on the music conspiracy but nobody wanna listen

I talked about this shit years ago

I told my family if they kill us don't be scared to go

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Hip-Hop Black Ops"

(feat. Professor Griff)

*[Canibus:]*

The Nephilium Pharaoh, the three thousand year old scarecrow  
Hang you from your nose on a square pole  
The squid faced rock beast with swamp croc teeth  
And a two headed parrot with a desert fatigue beak  
Step out the depths of Hell, exhale sceptic smells  
Decorate my bitch breasts with bells  
The arthropod tentacles controlled by mental vegetables  
Calculated correctitude down to the decimal  
Spectacles of doom and gloom and sonic booms  
Republicans ride brooms around nuclear mushrooms  
You are safe from the nuclear fallout  
Now you will crawl out into the hands of a monster now  
The best emcee turned his launch codes over to me  
On my command you will turn the key and we'll see  
You know nothing of discipline, you can never go where the Ripper's been  
The maze in those caves are infinite

*[Chorus x2: Canibus]*

Can't stop, won't stop, Hip Hop Black Ops  
The aftermath aftershock is a disaster in a box  
With a blue and red ribbon, your writtens were uploaded to the system  
The satellite showed me your position

*[Canibus:]*

The text is a sick rep for Rippers  
The leaders have discovered we the sickest and they wanna sit with us  
Through the computer viewer cube like peritubular  
Project: Blueberry Fuscia, one of the two possible futures  
Revolution Ripper movement you can't stop it  
You can't change the outcome, stop resisting stupid  
I write what some would call marathon songs  
The music industry tried to banish long bars  
Your story is weak, your inventory's shorter than your feet  
Every week I slaughter seven beats  
I'm the 'Beast from the East'  
My title can't be touched nowhere on the street  
I hear a lot of emcees speak  
They fail to recognise that it ain't about beef  
I took it to the streets, I took it to the stage  
If I believe I am not the illest I'm insane

*[Chorus x2: Canibus]*

*[Canibus:]*

The vocal spitter serial killer

Heads up display with a ticker and a pitcher and picture of the Ripper  
Neurotransmitters hooked up to his central nervous system  
It feeds him the purpose and the vision  
Jailbreak but not out of prison  
Internal hard drive spinning eighty-eight lyrics per minute  
For global transmission, the funky technician on a mission  
Strapped to a suicide written  
Inside my own mind scripting altruistic composition  
Musician, wisdom is God-given  
Anoint him with oil, anoint him with wine  
Anoint them both with Tesla coils if they quoin my rhymes  
I make things real, I make things that ain't, sound I'll  
A very good screen writing skill  
My higher self is outside the realm where time is felt  
Inside Orion's Belt, get them

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Dragon Of Judah"

(feat. Professor Griff)

*[Canibus:]*

Yeah, The Dragon of Judah

Melatonin Magik producer

Yeah,

Mr. Magorium's metaphor emporium

Vanglorious warriors with deep space euporia

The Dragon of Judah executed the Lion from Narnia

I'm still trying to build God's army up

The pedagogy tried to call me a communist

And pacify my audience, sprinkle them with zombie dust

The isosceldren is a prison for a three headed demon, Hip Hop behemoth

Knowledge is needed to argue with the followers of Jesus

Rearranging impossible peices, my quantum is increasing

I am sleeping in a posturpedic, deeply breathing

Dreaming a chakra site-seeing, philosophically speaking

I saw Ghandi weakening from now eating

I saw police brutality beatings

I saw the leaders getting into spaceships and leaving

I tried to search for possible meanings

But I couldn't see the logical reasoning

Said survival of the species, no Macbook no PCs

No electricity, no TV

No emcee battles, no Christmas carols

Just international?

Brown produce consumed by sick cattle

Bone thin mammals hooked up to intravenous vaccination panels

Collecting contaminated skin samples

This is not natural, God damn you!

Everybody on the planet don't deserve that, not even the animals

You are completely culpable for everything you're supposed to do

Even if it's not known to you

The weight of the language I spoke to you

The weight of the letters and the words in the rhymes that I wrote for you

Are so so emotional, I don't even know what to do

So I'm a leave the choice up to you

Dragon of Judah

I spit like a supernatural computer

Professor Bis, I'm with the Minister of Intelligence

Hold me down Professor Griff

*[Professor Griff:]*

Minds that produce minds that produce minds like mines

*[Canibus:]*

Now everyone want to talk about conspiracy  
You should of took Channel Zero more seriously  
Professor Bis got a ghetto Ph.D in Chemistry  
Professor Griff taught me how to spit it lyrically

Now I'm part of the Ministry  
Put my name on the blacklist  
'Cause I don't dickride nobody in the industry

Where's the fuckin' empathy? I've been through so much treachery  
Most of the best emcees disrespected me and tried to get the best of me  
Never tried to rescue me or help me with the reciepe

What do they expect from me!?

Stressin' me, questionin' me to address the beef  
I rep Hip Hop, Hip Hop don't rep me  
I never got a penny off that Beef DVD  
You mean all that money went to QD3?  
I should have slammed the door in his face

If I was a different nigga, I'da been caught a criminal case  
The best word to describe what you do to Hip Hop is 'rape'  
'Cause you don't care about Hip Hop's fate  
You sit around your tables and say grace

Eatin' steak, while you live like kings and treat kings like apes  
For Michael Jackson money, and still on the take  
Even Tevin Campbell's money, the greed is so great  
You probably dance around your mansion, like Cirque Du Soleil

Everything is paid for, you don't have to pro-rate  
I ain't hatin', I'm not hatin', I'm just sayin'

You makin' money off the next man's struggle. Why you can't pay him?  
They made millions off them Beef DVDs  
But didn't pay K-Solo or Eazy E  
It's called Blaxploitation

Another one of Canibus' paranoid statements that's why I'm famous  
I'm just tryin' to tell niggas how the game is  
Beef in Hip Hop is just aimless entertainment

If I shoot you, I'm blameless, but if you shoot me, you famous  
What's a nigga to do? Now ain't that the goddamn truth  
No matter what Hip Hop always lose!  
Wake the fuck up

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Post Traumatic Warlab Stress"

(feat. DZK & Warbux)

*[Canibus:]*

I'm the black mutant of rap music, half human half Vladimir Putin

After plasma transfusion I became Rasputin

The master of translucence who lives in a green house

Creatin' green gas pollution, smokin' hash from hookahs

Before Lucifer sent me back to the future to smash computers

Assassinate classes of students, I spare those who show classic improvement

Produce magik acoustics, supreme music using dreams so lucid

I can visualize my future and chose it, I never abuse it

I'm ruthless but Canibus is super illumine

You know what? I read the blueprint

Sometimes it seems like my eyes are wide shut like Stanley Kubrick

Mic Club the Curriculum II,

I changed the name 'cause I ain't in business no more with you-know-who

He stole from Killah Priest too, his name rhymes with Clue

I found out the same time as you,

You know what happens when you come from dishonest roots

You put roots on me, I put roots on you

"We live in a free country"

That phrase is so fuckin' funny, we know freedom is based off the money

Resources to hide behind lawyers, it must be lovely

When nobody can touch your lunch meat

We brainwashed, we can't get these white collar stains off

Poor Bernard Madoff belongs in the graveyard

The stock market trade off doesn't pay off

We get laid off, the country spirals into chaos

I'm no genius, I know enough not to trust FEMA

Their vaccines give ya eczema of the penis

The Tuskegee Jesus verses a sneaky Tuskegee Demon

What you gon' do when you see this? !

The oldest religions, the coldest magicians

Transmittin' live from Hell with heat stroke symptoms

Symbicort is a success for those short of breath

Got to wait for the next check 'cause I can't afford it yet

DZK come slaughter the set, tell Warbux he got next

Post Traumatic War Lab Stress

*[DZK:]*

I always open wide like a great white, mouth full of steak knives

Chewin' through the sewer's main line 'til it drain dry

And when you're waist high in waste

I make planned attacks on every last base camp in your wasteland

I scheme for weeks and draft designs on how to craft my rhymes like a mastermind

Whether young or past your prime I'll eat you alive

Ain't no motherfucking reason to try, just die

Hope you're ready to run

I'll cut the tongue out of my son just to stay number one  
No one will ever sit on my throne except my clone replica  
Who will never be better than what they stole the genetics from  
    Gangbang, the beats we slang language  
    Which alleviates your teenage angst and break cages  
    Now we're runnin' through the streets with our leash off  
        Eatin' all your stray pets shittin' on your police cars  
        Cause' I'm a beast dog, you don't want no beef punk  
            Hit you with a meat log bigger than a tree trunk  
I kick the shit that make you pee all in your jeans chump  
    Clean up after my show better bring a steam pump  
    I fuckin' breathe funk ain't no fuckin' Tic Tac existing  
    That's big enough to clean up this act you're trippin'  
    You cannot begin to comprehend, if you cross me  
        The position you'll all be in  
This isn't battle rap, maggot, this is me with a battle axe  
    Swingin through your Cadillac imagine that  
You fuckin' headless metal wreckage in the shattered glass  
    I give a fuck about your backpack and faggot ass  
        Dim those lights I'm kimbo Slice on a mic  
        But I don't lose none of my big pro fights  
        I just bruise dudes twice my size and crews move  
When I maneuver through 'em smooth they know who's who  
    I clear the room with a sonic boom and nuclear plume  
    You should assume I ain't got a lotta provin' to do  
    I'm bring doom to musicians with a feminine groom  
        Kanye West, best believe I'm looking at you

[Warbux:]

Call it I'll by design, that's how to define us  
Cause in the Warlab with me we got it down to a science  
    This is underground at it's finest  
    The most talented rhymers around  
    Shittin on all of you clowns and cowards who sign us  
        So go ahead you'll have hell of a time  
        Tryin' ta find a rapper with lines as compelling as mine  
        You talking about a fellow with the will to confine himself  
        To a cellar developing his rhymes for years to stay on his grind  
            This is Melatonin Magik  
        You wet behind the ears like playing telephone with faggots  
            So let em know, they spend an o and cellulose and acid  
These heads will roll, we send 'em home in yellow woven baskets  
    The ninja rap stars just as explodes to the scene  
    My blades will cut up your back like a rowing machine  
        It could get ugly if they don't intervene  
Cause I could make your life flash before your eyes like I'm throwing it beads  
    I'm incoherent or so it would seem  
        No I'm esoteric and don't care if you know what I mean, that's the spirit  
Cause it's apparent if you took half of what passes for lyrics and compared them to mine  
    Hip hop should be fuckin' embarrassed  
        So did you really want to flow with the gods?  
        I'm too educated, haters couldn't cope with the odds  
            See I studied Biggie and Pac, Hova and Nas

Paganini and Bach, Beethoven and Brahms  
You are now in the presence of a master musician  
I craft my rap with the precision of a mathematician  
    Or a surgeon, performin' a thoracic incision  
A magician escaping out of his shackles in prison  
    Before you could even finish saying oh my god  
I'll spit a motherfuckin' verse to fill your whole ipod  
    I'm the rip the jacker prodigy  
Motivated by the golden age of rap back in the older days  
The incredible little fellow with rhythm and timing on instrumentals  
The shit I've said in the rhyme could be considered a federal crime  
    Like blowin off your head with a 9  
Anyone with a shred of intelligence could tell it's just ahead of it's time  
    I'm too sick, ain't even talking about the music  
Keep my fuckin' name out of your mouth, need a toothpick?  
    You a little confused like who's this dude  
    "This is a W-A-R-B-U-X exclusive"  
The underdog, like back in the bible with Noah's arc  
    To entrusted military titles to Joan of Ark  
    To Napolean Bonaparte down to Rosa Parks  
And the medics attempting rescue, breathin' on Owen Hart  
    This fucker 'Bux is the shit  
So who really gives a fuck if he's busting a clip  
    In public drunk in the trunk of your whip  
The diabolical, alcoholical, comically pharmaceutically phenominal  
    Product of poppin' pills  
And you are not as I'll, check your doctors bill  
I'm more dangerous in the streets than a toxic spill  
    Yo this is 50 bars of sickness  
Consider it a Christmas gift to you 'Bis don't forget this

# Canibus Lyrics

"Air Strike (Pop Killer)"

(feat. D12 & DZK)

[Sample from Tim Westwood interview: Eminem]

"If you're an MC and you mention my name in the wrong way  
You draw first blood, I'm gonna come at you"

[Kuniva:]

War Lab, call us haters all you want  
Fuck it call me a hater, full blown instigator  
Leavin niggas on intubators breathin like Darth Vader  
I hate people that pack guns but they don't bust 'em  
Or bitches that come back to my room but they ain't fuckin  
Pistol clutchin, the Dozen, you heard it don't get is misconstrued  
Whatever we do'll hit the news once we get the tools

[Samples: Eminem]

You're an emcee and you mention my name  
In the wrong way, and you draw first blood, I'm comin

[Canibus:]

You pushed D-12 to the side to sign Voltron 5  
If Proof was alive he'd be dyin' inside  
You ain't no hip-hop messiah, you a bitch, 'cause you dissed Mariah  
Shit like that supposed to be private  
I'm a fry you on behalf on Mariah and Michael  
Put you back on them drugs, make you suicidal  
You can't shut the record down, nigga it's vival  
When you use the word 'nigga', just remember your idols

[DZK:]

I got a question, I'm white, can I join D12?  
I'll sell you four million records then I'll tell you go to hell  
Leave Swiftie in charge, then remove all the stars  
And make the group wish Bizarre shot pool in a bar  
An assault lawyer stop the beat, suing us all  
I really do hope you know who get involved  
Cause I'm a fan and I'll get you for a Nick Cannon dissin  
And you already know how fuckin sick Canibus is

[Swiftie:]

I hate a bitch-ass nigga just as much as I hate fags  
I love goin to war but I hate when they raise the flag  
These niggas hittin the streets spittin venom on me  
Then start renegin the beef, I hate peace treaties  
Forever yo' enemy I increase beef as Amityville's finest  
Cause I don't believe in stoppin violence  
I'm a tyrant that'll snatch my respect and scram  
I use a uzi cause I hate a Tec when it jams

I hate when dudes treat this like life a movie  
Usin rap as his excuse to do shit and they only move ki's in the booth  
I piss on niggas hands, whoever's grown, patches and tombstones  
I hate 'em ass when I break into a home  
I'm barefaced, I clap your cat, ramsack it  
That's what I'm wearin black and I hate goin out the back  
So call me a hater, walkin detonator, I ain't afraid  
To stick this blade into your fade in front of spectators

*[Samples: Eminem]*

You're an emcee, big small it doesn't matter  
No matter how big I get, I just want people to know

*[Canibus:]*

You the devil in a red dress on MTV  
You sign more black people than a basketball team  
What sou trying to say subconsciously? You can't rock the beat like me  
Consciously you know I rock you to sleep  
Slim Shady you a coward 'cause you scared to rap with me  
The only black man you respect is 50  
And the greatest of all time was dead right  
You dead wrong, you shouldn't have even be on that song

*[DZK:]*

He fell off so hard this faggot broke his accent  
I'm flippin through the channels seein Bruno get his ass sniffed  
And I'm disgusted man, what the fuck is wrong with you?  
Why'd you date Mariah? Mariah's not a fuckin dude  
You never even saw her nude and you busted two  
Must have been thinkin 'bout your stepdad touchin you  
But that ain't nothin new, I asked your ugly crew  
They verified it, so bitch quit lyin

*[Canibus:]*

I remember the first time we met, I ain't even liked you  
Walkin' around my vido set like you was in high school  
It must excite you seeing black people being tribal  
That's why Dr. Dre signed you  
I bet you right now you got a big rotten Rosenberg beside you  
Trying to be just like your father, inside you  
Your Stan android fanboys need to kill that noise  
I know what you thinking... kill that boy

*[DZK:]*

We leavin Elvis funny money makin pelvis shattered  
Let's see you square dance now, let's see you hold your bladder  
Let's see you fire back Em where's the fire at it?  
Suicide hotline time, go dial that  
Put on that "8 Mile" hat and write a vile track  
Get at some people that can actually diss you back  
No more target practice on retarded actors  
And pop stars, Marshall you're not hard

*[Samples: Eminem]*

Whatever happens to me in this game

I've always got my ear to the street

*[Canibus:]*

Rengade Schemenegade, you pink like lemonade

I've been better than you before Genesis was made

You ain't better than Black Thought, you ain't better than Mos Def

You ain't better than Canibus, Professor Griff Hotep

So renegade Schemenegade, you pink like lemonade

I penetrate through Hailey's Comet with metal blades

Yeah! You and I both know why I'm saying this

I hope Whoo Kid get fired for playing this

*[Bizarre:]*

Get off, Nikolai Volkoff, mazeltov

Ready to show off, fo'-fo'll blow your do' off

Blowin off steam, goin off the beam

Let the 9 sing, bitch this ain't a dream

Bitch I'm the king, color me bad

Skinny jeans, what happened to the sag? You makin me mad

Y'all a bunch of JJ Fags, now who the fuck is bad?

Motherfucker I'm bad!

Call me a hater

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Fraternity Of The Impoverished"

(feat. Professor Griff)

*[Canibus:]*

Fraternity of the Impoverished  
Knowledge this, knowledge this

The vocalist beast, knowledge like the pope in this piece,  
You think the ocean is deep? Fuck with me!  
Unbelievable bars, unbeatable odds,  
Unspeakable horrors at a unperceivable cost  
Your unagreeable response lacks thought and human heart  
This is Lyrical Law, it's what I make the music for  
My prayers are simple, my forehead is layered with wrinkles  
Because of all the hardships that I've been through  
Symbolic Hip Hop prophet speak to your subconscious  
Fringe politics got the public thinking the opposite  
I'm a hypo-lyrical spontaneous alchemical  
Elite neo-liberal child of the indigo  
Drilling holes through the Faraday cages of your brains  
Then I implant the arcane image of Saint Germaine  
High lyrical exponent intelligence quotient  
When I'm focused I can engage multiple opponents  
But I won't if, I have no motive, "Soldier be careful, it's loaded!"  
Verbose with emotions of psychosis  
In case you didn't notice when I wrote it,  
I'm spitting lyrics fitting in tighter spaces than outer-space roaches  
A real MC don't have to do what he don't wanna do  
And that includes freestyling in front of you  
It's not like something gone change,  
It's not like the whole world gone start praising my name - I stay in my lane  
I'd rather die by living brave then live like a slave  
I'd rather be broke then be fake and get paid  
These layers of physicality challenge me  
My soul is gold and it's the only thing that's able to balance me  
My energy body has a alchemical copy that looks godly  
Not fat, out of shape, and sloppy  
The iller the rhymes the more that I embody  
Vilified when real recognize real - I gets mines  
Stand with the underdog - don't be a coward  
Stop dickriding people for their money and power!  
Even an American flag says 'Made in China'  
The national debt says the US is a vagina  
Of a black widow spider spraying blood out like a geyser  
Why do we lose everything we fight for?  
Fathers, mothers, sons, daughters  
In the land of the lawless, sacrificed before Horus  
The Inca, the Aztecs, the Mayans, were masters  
A new beginning is coming - the irony is classic

The potential of life versus the potential of death  
Either way you go through mad mental stress  
God forbid for you, for her, or him  
We ignored the gems now we gotta do it all again  
We failed Hip Hop's laws and brought down shame upon our cause  
Now we will fall upon our swords  
The Shaman pays homage to Solomon  
He orders them to send the witchdoctor in, then asked me to rhyme again  
Every now and then I get retarded and spit  
I would like to apologize to every artist I dissed  
Everybody assumes that I wanna rhyme but I don't  
Sometimes I just wanna chill and watch you flow  
Mysteries of the cathedral, the dark overlords are evil  
Ripped out the vocal cords of the people  
I walk up to your bed side disguised with red eyes  
And tell you to remember these rhymes  
This is the season of Hip Hop believe it or not,  
I lined it up with the planet's equinox

# Canibus Lyrics

"Dead By Design"  
(feat. Professor Griff)

[Professor Griff:]

Canibus

Throwing melanated molotov cocktails  
Engineer directly out of Full Sail  
Ripping the jacker, ain't nobody nastier  
Spitting and grabbing facts and data to enhance ya  
Canibus the lyrical adjective killer

[Canibus:]

My Melatonin Magik is enhanced by the melatonin tablets

Come take a walk with Canibus

Ardipithecus Ramidus, what the fuck is Melatonin Magik Bis?

I still ain't understanding this shit

Okay, my brain is a microchip

My two balls with a cane is a macro-dick, I rap so sick

I created swine PLOO out of an infinite mix

You tried to diss but can't even spit, you just stand there and wish

With your hand on your hips, man you a bitch

Who the fuck is you to criticize a lyrical king

You see, that's my problem, I spit a thousand bars y'all was silent

I ain't heard nothing about it

I had to give you three years to recognize

And then I realized, can't nobody even fuck with my rhymes

The Internet is an early telepathic building set

My lyrics are international nuclear missile threats

The blogosphere is where you vent frustration and discontent

But children don't understand the concept of consequence

So yes, it's immature to express disrespect

But no I will not accept what the media says

They are the reason we are being mislead

There are forces above them that feed off our stress, suffering and debt

I am Dead by Design, 'cause nobody tells me what to rhyme

I make up my own fucking mind

There are more of us than them

But at the same time they are gods and we are just mortal men

Thirteen levels above 33, let me say it again

They are gods and we are just mortal men

I cannot imagine their power

They put a black family in the White House just so they can take away ours

You tryna to plan a great escape? You're a coward

They gon' make us march into a gas chamber make us think we're taking a shower

Mommas and babies is crying

The children of Zion belong to Skynet, nobody knows who's behind it

So if you don't care, fine then, I don't care either

But I ain't spineless like you, I'm a true believer

In the metaphysical ether, you listening to the lyrical reaper

The spiritual teacher, empirical speaker  
After this album they gon' call me a leader  
But I'm not, Killuminati just gon' murder me like Pac  
Blood sacrifice or not, I don't even wanna be alive  
If it's like that, then fuck Tiamat  
You can laugh at my appearance  
Well fuck you for standing there staring, fuck everything on this planet  
Including the evil spirits, notwithstanding the aliens  
Acting like they don't hear us, there's no need to fear us  
Just come down and help us, I love James Brown more than I love Elvis  
But that don't mean I'm selfish  
Soft but hard on the outside like shellfish  
Crispy, crunchy, black crawling out of Hell's pit  
You scream for hardcore, I felt it  
But what you gon' do when they kill me on some Eminem and L shit?  
You won't do a motherfucking thing  
'Cause let me tell you why, you a coward and you don't know shit  
'Cause if my Brothers stand next to me, the energy expands collectively  
The world was never ready for me  
And they ain't ready for their own freedom neither, they perish from the heater  
The fire breathers crawl out of their cage to eat 'em  
Like thin crust pizza, Cthulhu creatures with rough features  
Jeepers creepers, good luck with Jesus  
How many meters? Reload and squeeze it  
I run up in the Vatican with demons, just to get even  
That's where the biggest demon is  
It's no secret, but nobody else sees it, so they won't believe it  
But that's when I calm back down, the key word is back down  
I got possessed by my own raps, wow  
Knock knock, who's home? The black Dan Brown  
I didn't mean what I said, please don't kill me now  
My ghostwriter's not around, plus it was just a freestyle  
But at least I got better beats now  
Meanwhile, motherfuckers still mad, I feel bad  
I'd apologize but you acting like a real fag  
What the fuck I'm supposed to feel like?  
Twelve years later I still don't get acknowledged for shit that I write  
But I don't want to talk to you now  
It'd be a motherfucking miracle if you even see me walking around  
They still ask me about 'Second Round' even now  
[Interviewer's voice] Canibus can you tell us of what happened again? - Look at this fucking clown  
Can't get over it, they ask me a loaded question  
And act like I'm the one that's promoted it, hang up on 'em  
You a cyborg unit with no soul to it  
Stupid surrogate, twelve years later I'm on some other shit  
And so is the whole world, look at the mother ships  
And so is the whole world, look at the mother ships

[Professor Griff:]

After this album they gon' call me a leader but I'm not  
The Illuminati just gon' kill me just like they did Pac  
Blood sacrifice or not  
It's Professor Griff the ex-minister

Signing out

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Only Slaves D.R.E.A.M."

Do you think that the powers that be  
Are goin' to let you do what you want to do for eternity?  
    Of course you don't, so what do you fear?  
    Why you spazzin' out, why you so scared?  
    Everybody wanna be first, nobody wants to be last  
Do you think a God that created this would watch all of us die while others just laugh?  
    What happens when the money system crash?  
    And there's no more value in the cash?  
    You gon' suck dick and sell ass?  
    You gon' try to fight back with' ya hands?  
    You probably gon' change your money into gold  
    You gon' use that to try and buy soul  
    Buy some drugs with it, buy a peice of hole  
        Don't tell me, I don't wanna know  
        You need to come up with a better plan  
        The Devil smash metal weapons like glass  
        Right now we out-matched and out-classed  
        We have to stay on a spiritual path  
'Cause in the absence of love we blastin' one another with blood  
    Media shows up to capture the buzz  
    I'm a child of God and a rapper from the gutter  
    I'm six of one and half a dozen of the other  
    This is not one of those 'I told you so' moments  
        This is just Canibus being open  
        Lower egoic minds brush aside  
But can't nullify the high science that is coming from the rhymes  
    I couldn't believe it the day that I was told  
    That every person alive does not have a soul  
    And is not in control of these cotton pickin' bowls  
    Politicians declare the war of attrition on the globe  
        And stole all the fishin' holes  
        Grandma got the chitlins on the stove,  
        That'll overload the senses in your nose  
        Young folk can't even afford to get old  
    How many Youtube views before you go gold?  
    How many albums last week you sold?  
        How many leak downloads?  
    Oh, you still believe in Soundscan, bro?  
        Don't be discouraged  
    Write and produce and record and you love it  
        This is your Art, and that's the point of it  
When you get paid from it, things change people behave stubborn  
        And say rude things to judge it  
They want you to thug it, so they can have you like a test subject  
        Handcuffed and take mug shots of it  
        I told you before I'm nobodies spit puppet  
        I say what I want, you take what you want from it

This is a social experiment put on by the public  
Hip Hop is completely corrupted  
You ain't rappin' 'bout that, you ain't rappin' 'bout nothin'  
I ain't never gon' starve, I been white tail huntin'  
Ya'll motherfuckers is buggin', speakin' with no substance  
Hip Hop's the way it is because of you cousin  
It ain't my fault, you locked me out of it  
99 percent of my fans ain't nothin'  
But scumbag, scumbuckers, blood suckin', cock fuckers  
My lyrics too advanced for the average block hustler  
You know my name, I'm deeply inspired  
On a mountain lion meat diet, eat and be quiet  
Recycle the fire and deep fry it  
That line is hot, but you said it before, you get a C-  
My shit is timeless like the Great Wall of China  
Sick in the biggest way like a dinosaur virus  
Spreadin' through Verizon Wireless  
Homeland Securities tryin' it, just to see if you lyin' Bis  
They step to me, never thought it would happen like this  
You a flight risk, we need that microphone back Bis  
Diversionary tactics, Magik madness  
Canibus, you can't leave this miserable prison planet, God damnit  
We don't care what you're fans think  
'Cause 99 percent of all of the don't exist  
The observer changes the properties of the observed  
This is done with your mind, not with your words  
Word? Yeah, I'm about to show you nerds  
You book worms really startin' to get on my nerves  
I can't talk like you, but I can understand you  
I know what this entire ordeal can expand to  
I love Hip Hop, I've always been a fan too  
I'm a big fan of everything you do  
I appreciate the purchases, the online searches  
I hope you enjoy the verses, it was great to be of service  
This was always my purpose  
I'm always workin' to be a better person everyday  
And still growin' like the Earth is  
Peace to the Gods and the Earths, kid

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Ripperland"

(feat. The Goddess Psalm One)

### [Psalm One]

They told me I'm few and far between like oasis to the wilderness  
I'm still a mess but I climb it like a duplex  
Oooh yes! Baby I'm gritty and I'm Fabolous  
I'm pretty stupid, dumb enough to ask a fella "Can-I-Bus?"  
I ran, I rushed, I played it like a cello string  
Barely get hellos in the morning but we wrestling  
AM to the PM I'm preparing for the execution  
Stop bein sexist cause you weak as hell (I'm gonna do this fo' sho')  
I got the tent up in my hood with the chicken and the tater salad  
Listen and you'll make it past this  
Christian name, not quite a Christian rapper  
Wait until I'm finished, make yo' silly comments after  
Grown woman, not quite a girl rapper  
You only bustin open a book, learn the chapters  
Rapid fire comes the path to ghetto life  
And that's word to LP, I sleep when you fertilized  
I'm a, street talker, ghetto chemist  
You ain't a starter; I ain't finished  
Look at me boy, in my eyeballs  
You ain't pullin shit! This is my stall  
I'm a beauty, I'm a beast  
I'm as stingy as I wanna be, I'ma fest  
You're a fish in a school of whales  
And baby school won't be the only thing you fail, you fail

### [Chorus: Psalm One]

I'm a, street talker, ghetto chemist  
You ain't a starter; I ain't finished boy  
You only bustin open a book, learn the chapters [2X]

### [Canibus]

There once was a boy, his name was Jack  
He changed it to Rip so that he could rap  
There were those who observed to memorize what they heard  
They enjoyed the rhymes and the sounds of the words  
Such glorious poetry interwoven into code  
Rip had written something that would never grow old  
On the night of the Ripper's Eve  
Little boys and girls would sit with crossed knees and begin to read  
about lights in the sky, little green men with big eyes  
Their short size is only a disguise  
Sipping hot cocoa slow in the middle of the snow  
If you can spit a flow, then off to Ripperland we go  
Any +Quantum of Solace+ is brolics, Germaine Bond is modest  
I wrote my first doctorate in confinement

Between the choices I have made and choices made for me  
Reminds me of a story I should tell you in the morning  
I moistened my fingers and turned the page  
I must say, you're very sophisticated for your age  
I'm amazed you never have to be told to behave  
You raise your hand to speak and respond to your name  
I remember... the day I had changed  
The way I was struck by lightening in the rain  
Maybe some other time I'll tell you what I became  
I can tell you that I've waned in the pain of my shame  
It is written in books and carved into skin  
It is etched into every metaphor from within [echoes]

*[Chorus - repeat 2X]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Stomp On Ya Brain"

(feat. Journalist)

[Intro/Chorus: Canibus]

"If you can't walk the walk," nah don't even try it  
When I'm wired, I spit fire  
And come stomp on your brain, brain, brain...

[Verse 1: Canibus]

Yo! What about hip-hop, is so interesting?  
Emcees battle for respect, it's intensive  
Spit rhymes while I shimmy up the cliff side  
Before you ask why I'm tryin to show you where Rip died  
The questions give me more insight into your mind  
than them whack rhymes I hear you recitin all the time  
Restore and re-establish it, revive it, revamp it  
Refresh yourself with something organic, and mechanic  
Verses be so strong they are generally interpreted wrong  
Prone to correspond their responses from the songs  
Mr. Motherfuckin Know-It-All, bet you ten gold banola bars  
I'm smarter then those fifth graders are  
The writing technique is from a lion-headed beast  
Sciatic nerve got me spittin automatic words  
Ideas eliminated in the order they were created  
amid specitative language about how I even made it  
Rebel without a cause, spittin ten billion bars  
to the cold corpse cellophane wrapped on the floor  
There's more, I declare war, bomb 'em!  
Pound after pound I come stomp on 'em

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Journalist]

We bite without barkin, you just a target  
I shot darts and stomp on your brain in Doc Martins  
with boats shoes, so crude, my pardon  
Soon as the clock startin, show moves I got from old dudes  
who used to smoke Kools by the carton  
Set fire to you, I'm the arson  
Was clappin at cats, before they applauded for John Carson  
Anybody with good sense, know the footprints  
solemn leads is from the Air Max 93's  
'til everything you see is Siamese  
I've been stompin since chicks from Martin was buyin reeds  
We stomp on your cane, and sell it to niggaz  
The niggaz stomp on your brain  
Who wanna tangle with the black orangutang?  
I came to bang, it ain't a thang  
Name a name he'll be history

Nothin more than a mystery, a Stephen King novel  
Either they ain't been watchin or they need a clean goggle  
    to follow the footsteps of the T Rex, detect  
    whoever leap next from a speed jet without a parachute  
        Turn you into carrot soup troop

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3: Canibus]*  
The duck-billed dino was eaten by the eighty ton rhino  
    A very long time ago  
    Soul, rock and roll, RTJ double-oh  
    Now you know nigga, lock and load  
    How can I create the right sentence to help explain  
    how it feels when a whack emcee rhymes for Germaine?  
Don't be a water brain, make you spit your rhymes in quarantine  
    Put you up against War Machine  
    Sixty second rounds, keep your metaphors clean  
    Sleepwalk when I dream, spit Listerine green  
    The (Microphone Fiend) on the scene  
Call on them scream, he might break you off a sixteen  
    Laser beam lyrics comin at you at an altered speed  
    The (Altered Beast) don't pause for the beat  
This is lyrical law, you will be among the first to compete  
    to run, walk or crawl over beats  
The goal is too tall to reach, can't touch the Spit Boss' feet  
    You pole vault into a wall of defeat  
    I love Biggie cause I know what he means  
    When he told you, "It was all a dream"

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Beat Butcher Get Em"

(feat. Jaecyn Bayne, Son One & Chopp Devize)

[*Canibus*]

Yeah, Melatonin Magik

Jaecyn Bayne, Son One, Chopp Devize, Canibus [echoes]

[*Verse 1*]

Undergod soldier, runnin off toastin

A notebook and vocals, a smidge overdosin

Even when the D-boy system not coastin

You hear my spoken better than when Rae lost his focus

Crystalized opiate to victimize opponents

With addictive lines coated in, snares and some solar hits

Motive is to sew up in ya, dorest with a doper grit

Son, Can-I, and I, Pai Mai's chosen men

Transcontinental conniseurs of the art of war

Knockin off non-essential artists which ya shoppin for

The buck stops when I step in the voicebox

and unload bars like they're several joy shots

Yellow light caution, my melatonin's archin

Sleep on me, and I'ma get to sleep stalkin

Technicians of lyrics, racketeering of sound

that'll surely be your last at your burial grounds

[*Verse 2*]

Ayyy! Get 'em, metaphorically speaking, this set of bars  
is lettin off 'til several squads is deaded and weakened  
or probably beheaded and beaten, severed and leakin

I get it, started like before I parted I settled in Eden

But evolved over the course of time

More was just forced to fall off course for the shine (yeah!)

I'm the ultimate, no alternate

Swords can give, darts with tips, dipped in arsenic

Most sound like nothin like after me

Track murdered the graveyard's bustin at the seams

(When I crush) like a nug out of the bag of the trees

To be honest, your rhymes sound like rotten to me (word)

I'm the sun, I'm the rise, and the fall

When I die and collapse the whole sky'll dissolve

(Yeah) And I fight for the cause

You should say my name first when describin the boss

[*Verse 3*]

Put up your laptop break the boombox plug your infantry your iPod

No need for tough talk, or rockin up in the streets with Krylon

Hip-Hop is not forgotten, its been watered down like [?]

Tick tock me wavin the timebomb, blowin it up so it don't die off

That's why I'm on the job with balls to supercharge your ions

I be the icon you read about in multiple [?]  
Consulted by God, still open the third eye like I'm a cyclops  
To keep my mind strong, I memorize entire rhyme blogs  
Emcees try hard, but many just get sunk like a battleship  
And missin a bunch of requirements like [?] an asterisk  
Fact or fiction I can't tell the difference when half of these rappers spit  
Ignorant, I bet they don't even know what the meaning of whackness is  
You actually think you're good, sorry man, your talent is absent kid  
I guess them folks won't ever be dope no matter how much they practice it  
Illy inject the game with passion, puttin an end to the abstinence  
There's so many things for you to fathom but for now it's class dismissed

*[Canibus]*

(Get 'em!) As we proceed to emcee  
Keep it real recognize the skills over the beat  
Hold up, don't shine your boots up, you still suck  
You can't rhyme like this, unless you rhymin with US  
Fuck the questions~! Find out for yourself  
You got to find out who you help  
Service to brothers, service to others, service to self  
There's no way to tell  
Even if you got a mic in your grill  
You wanna sell? It's got nothin to do with bein ill  
I rock bells with a glass of water and a melatonin pill  
Put your soul into a spell, stay still  
The universe movin at a pace, perhaps it'll all be revealed  
For me this all happened because of a record deal  
For you, this happened because of what you all feel  
And now nobody can copy me, I am my own technology  
You pay homage to me electronically  
One out of three speak about they flawed philosophies  
Betrayal, that is the cause of all hypocrisy  
We are livin in the garden of technocracy  
I am my own technology, ten thousand G  
What's the weight of a light beam? Ask Killah Priest  
He gon' tell you that your soul is not ready to be released  
I'm a king with a slave's pair of feet, a flat-footed freak  
I walk around hooded in the streets  
Lookin for beats, the djinn creep lookin for beef  
They lookin for the emcees with the invisible speech  
So do not even look up at what you are beneath  
Just stare straight ahead and pretend you're on the beach  
My breathing becomes labored after they shock me with a taser  
I fell to my knees then they shot me with a laser  
Beat Butcha, one thousand bar street pusher like that  
Snap, spring coil tap, release trigger  
Melatonin Magik, metal drones with payload attachments  
Shoot me in the head 'til I stop rappin  
Jaecyn Bayne, Son One, Propane Germaine  
One day I'm a show you what we all made  
Melatonin Magik, the golden child chanted  
Daddy, the cell phone got too much static  
Melatonin Magik is now trackin all known air traffic

Unknown traffic, just red flag it  
Melatonin Magik, go to sleep, do not panic  
The heart of your soul is in the planet  
Melatonin Magik, turn your face to the left you maggot  
Don't look at me unless you want a challenge  
(Get 'em!) Architect, Chopp Devize  
Reverse polarity, optic eyes in the skies  
Melatonin Magik for minds like mines  
like mines, like mines, like mines

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Do It Live!"

(feat. Blaq Poet, Skarlet Rose & Presto)

*[Bill O'Reilly]*

"I can't do it... we'll do it live"  
"WE'LL DO IT LIVE, FUCK IT!" "Do it live!"  
"Look, I'll write it and we'll do it live!"  
"Fucking thing SUCKS!"

*[Blaq Poet]*

It's a slaughter nigga, Mickey & Mallory style  
Y'all niggaz is dead, and people callin me foul  
Cross you off the list, and chuck you over in a pile  
Let's get this shit settled, right here and right now  
    I got this hard shit, in a smash  
I'm about the cash; stop lookin nigga, I'm the last  
    motherfucker you gon' meet like this  
Turn your day pitch black, like I clicked the light switch  
    The beat is nickle plated, one up in the chamber  
    In the clip the remainder, blastin off in anger  
    The Blaq Monsta, strike like the black mamba  
Have y'all motherfuckers runnin home to your momma  
    Stay in yo' fuckin place, you know that I'm the ace  
    If not, get the taste smacked out your fuckin face  
        Everything I say, I mean it  
I'm the black motherfucker, straight outta Queensbridge

"We'll do it live"

*[Skarlit Rose]*

Streets is gritty, drama in the city  
We askin God for mercy but he showin you no pity  
You're hopin for a miracle, when your faith is cynical  
The only thing that matter to you is if you had your pistol full  
    Sit back, uncontrolled rages  
Over y'all taxes, playin on different stages  
Rotten lives, speeches be contagious, who we are  
    Cats who die, they don't make it too far  
We're quick to talk about things we shoulda done and never did it  
    Things we started, and never finished  
We watch our children look at us with empty wishes  
They growin up with no restrictions, I wonder why  
    Miscommunications, across the great states  
Blood flows down heaven's gates as we await our torturous fates  
    Crimson, for all to see  
But only those with knowledge seem to see it biblically  
    It's a harsh reality, placed in wise mentality  
    Unholly matrimonies, your true voice is true phonies  
        Shadows creepin while you're sleepin

Young widows weepin, trustin these cats when you meet them  
This teach men before they descend  
Enter Nostradamus philosophy well fuck that, listen to my prophecy  
Well your blood run, now you're enemies  
You choose your path, now face your penalties  
No more gettin high, and drinkin Hennessy  
It's a new world ordered, not meant for humanity

*[Presto]*

I got that hazardous flow kids sniff with various cokeheads  
Y'all cats are halfway out the closet like Mario Lopez  
My infallible flow is sicker than subliminal phallic symbols  
of Walt Disney motion picture posters  
Sac section rises, sick as Opus, fixin the focus  
The scope of the magnum at whichever nigga's standin the closest  
Your amateur flow is not compatible to my notes its  
like Kanye I snatch your mic for thinkin that you so swift  
The magical melatonin omen roamin in the wide open  
Breast strokin in the fiery ocean, tokin on cyanide  
When I was smokin, I saw both of my eyes explodin  
Mind frozen with bad breath from goin into ketosis  
Nebaru geneticists, medieval torture methods  
Military weapons, botchilist, decoding Hebraic messages  
Nuyorican native, reincarnated, in the form of Satan  
The ladies, in a meditative state, sedated  
Inundated with the latest, my speech is upgraded  
Y'all niggaz ain't seein me, like the thong on Aretha Franklin  
Why am I so lyrical? Cause your rhymes are limited  
like a cockeyed cyclops who loses periphreal  
Attack mics, split backs like the passion of Christ  
My passion for what I write is like a massive appetite

*[Canibus]*

The appetite of Megalodon, pumping steroids in his arm  
His upper torso is bigger than yours  
Brave men will die, women will cry over the genocide  
But don't cry, dry.. your eye  
My left brain twenty percent, my right brain is more than that  
My pituitary gland is on crack  
That's why they barely understand where I'm at  
And while I rap, they say it's whack  
It's not wise to react, why is that?  
Cause consciously I'm black, subconsciously I'm darker than that  
The most controversial artist in rap  
When I step with my lyrics, I force them to fall back  
I was wounded in combat, and still crawled back ("Do it live!")  
Do it right the first time, I don't ever have to do it again  
Unless I rehearse it again and again  
Rotating floating spheres like clockwork rotating gears  
Counter-clockwise collating what you hear  
Over here, don't repeat what you heard, just remember what you learned  
Remember the last time you got burned  
Qualitative analysis is not enough to quantify Canibus

But do it live if you think you can handle this  
*[gunshot fires]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Sharpshootaz Blazin' Caps"

(feat. K-Solo, Born Son, Willie Dynamite & Maintain)

### [Canibus]

Sharp fangs! Sharpshootaz... sharpshootaz  
The poem is dolioform  
I arm wrestle you with my polio arm in a rodeo barn  
Nowadays I see emcees get on stage  
They look like parakeets in a cage  
Grab the mic like they afraid to palm it  
'til I bomb it, the LRADs lace the target  
The firearm long like fist-to-armpit  
Sergeant Sharpshoota, a gifted marksman  
Sip sake, rip the mic nigga watch me  
The kamikaze, Benihana your body  
Sour posses show up to your party  
Everybody go home now, put your microphone down  
Go boil some water, I'ma hold him down  
Interrogation techniques, I'ma show you how  
I'ma ask you two times, then after that  
I'ma roll you a blunt with a blasting cap  
You understand what I'm sayin? Your man's not playin  
You'll be twenty-one grams lighter after the weigh-in  
Sharpshootaz aimin, wolfgang came in to bang him  
Demo'd the nigga, then Maintain sprayed him

### [Maintain]

Yeah I sprayed him, it was strictly biz  
The way I laid him to rest yo it wasn't cause I hated him  
His bars were sendin him off, he was lost  
Now he's, six feet deep payin the cost  
Yo my enemies are unfit; they keep movin  
like they don't know I'm too strategic for this dumb shit  
You're hopin that I fail; but the race is been won  
But they don't know that because they slower than a snail  
It's too easy, but I don't feel guilty  
Cause if the slowpokes had it their way they would kill me  
Now how real is this situation that I stay in  
And when does a Sharpshoota got time for playin?  
My whole team aimin them red beams, it's no games  
It takes me no brains to leave you with no brains  
I got you so pegged this is so unfair  
You should start prayin to the man upstairs  
Cause really all I gotta do is cock and squeeze  
And your brain's on the ground lookin like cottage cheese  
While I'm in the trees with top notch emcees  
Sharin brilliant ideas and philosophies about  
how we're gonna stack this money and lounge  
In the town there's a whole lot of nothin around

Try to stop the process, and I'm huntin you down  
to put your faggot ass in front of the ground, now fuck around

[Chorus: Canibus (K-Solo)]

The Sharpshootaz, it's the Sharpshootaz  
Blastin at the blastin cap, bomb unit  
It's the Sharpshootaz, it's the Sharpshootaz  
Nothin but sharp fangs, paws and claws, let's do this!  
(It's the Sharpshootaz! It's the Sharpshootaz!)  
(If it's a mission that we on you know I mapped it out)  
(It's the Sharpshootaz! It's the Sharpshootaz!)  
(My whole team'll have you street dudes tappin out)

[Willie Dynamite]

Yo, me fall off in the game, picture that!  
You got beef in the street? And need heat?  
Call your man I get you that  
I got small ones that go pop pop, and click clack  
And big ones strong enough to push a bus back (BOOM!)  
And I still ain't forgot what you said nigga  
I'm down to turn that white tee you rockin  
into a ketchup bed  
When the slugs, catch up, to yo' head  
Hip-Hop you dead a closet casket you gon' rock instead  
So tell your mans ain't no need for sendin flowers and shit  
When I'm on the fiends come through and devour the shit  
The block is dry, leave it up to us to shower the shit  
You got beef, I slide through and Twin Tower your shit  
Dynamite, I'll harass you niggaz  
Like pullin your shorts down in front of chicks  
I'll embarrass you niggaz  
Actin like you John Gotti, we'll see how gangster you are  
when you find pieces of your son's body  
I fucked around and ate his lunch, now he got his hands full  
holdin his head and legs in the trunk  
The chick I'm with, I ain't hearin the bitch  
I'm rockin Sharpshoota shit, lookin for the next gear to switch

[Born Sun]

Aiyyo I squeeze on emcees like bullets never-ending  
Leave the machine smokin while the terror still spinnin  
Mujahadeen from Queens, an Arabian God  
Suicide bomb your squad screamin Allahu Akbar  
Hell gon' unleash release for beast wars  
Mad rapper with a backpack strapped with C4  
Barack Obama that popped the llama  
And bodily harm ya, shots penetrate your armor  
The young Yaphet Kotto in the dojo blowin 'dro  
Clappin the fo'-fo', wanted for murderin the flow  
Crazy muh'fucker I'm sick, it's been known  
Rhymes retarded and bars is downs syndrome  
I'm top raised to hit front page, up center stage  
with the gauge, that'll remove your hips from your legs

Back crackin vertabrate, attack and murder prey  
Don't ever war with Sun, I swore I thought I heard him say

[Chorus]

[K-Solo]

None of you niggaz in the block want beef  
You get slammed on your face like you fightin Tito Ortiz  
Plus I, wreck shop, your man'll hear your neck pop  
I do your whole clique with a 8 ball in a sweatsock  
I draw the line, cross it, you get shot  
My wolves'll leave the mountain and scatter the whole block  
I get the Mac out, splatter the whole block  
Come mad a whole lot, I said it to get it hot  
I wrote it so when I quote it I spit it, went POP  
You can disrespect me but not when I'm holdin the glock  
I paint my name on your back like connect the dot  
And YO! I'll get that movement in your neck to stop  
These motherfuckers know the fuckin deal  
See I don't fuckin sleep, you know my fuckin hand be on the steel  
Quick with ammo, come equipped  
when I squeeze the infra from the hip [echoes]

[Chorus]

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Gold & Bronze Magik"

(feat. Bronze Nazareth & Copywrite)

[Bronze Nazareth]

They can't do shit with me like a custom model Tyson  
A herd of wild bison trying to get that cake without the icing  
Can't stop the poison, empty glass in intestine  
I'm destined to rest in the Sun, weed in the Westin  
Pulitzer Prize priceless verses is in the resting  
A new bible, witness tribal wars for block titles  
Vital organs stop, subtle  
Fiends like they're lions, when they get around the rock and huddle  
Undertake, bodies ungulate, under earthly underlays  
Unachieved summaries, no open warranties  
Cuz my flow is never broken like a pregnancy  
When I speak they'd rather see polluted clouds rain Hennessey  
Take you with no receipt like dope traffic currency  
Uninsured surgery when under my knife  
Some paid with a briefcase, some paid with their life  
My home sticks is Baghdad under U.S. plane strikes  
It's a useless vein tap with an empty syringe  
Injecting wind into the blood flow, sip ether and grim  
Smoke secrets from burning circles, sour diesel and singe  
The cloak, the grim reaper, creeping, sneaking, you in

[Chorus 2X: sample from Bonnie Dobson "Milk and Honey"]

Round and round, the burning circle  
All the seasons: one, two, and three

[Copywrite]

Yeah, I see it, yo, yo, uh-huh  
C-write, give it a little umph!  
Yeah, O dot Megahertz, you already know what it is  
Axe, inseminate the place, 614  
Yeah, you know what they say?

Behind my back they say he's very arrogant  
But they air they're inhaling in isn't there to sniff  
Dare to whiff and I'm tearing the air to get from where it is  
There's a chicken hailing and I'm tearing it through her pair of tits  
There's a kid, my fist is impaling him through his pair of ribs  
From a kamikaze, crazy bomber, drama like Shady's mama  
Fucking with bitches ugly as Biggie's baby's mama  
And I stay, mismatched to the socks  
Bitch laughed, said my name's dispatched to the cops  
Stitched patch on my crotch reads: "Kiss me I'm Irish"  
My click be the flyest, don't, excuse me, I'm biased  
But try us and lose the cocky smile, who could stop me now?  
When I'm right on the money like the illuminati owl

If I'm off a DJ mixed my accappella wrong  
Mozzarella's long enough to buy the rights to every Roc-a-fella song  
I'm lying, but not when I'm rhyming, my stock is hella long  
Too hot to mail a song, the mailman said he thought I mailed a bomb  
Rain, sleet, snow or hail, I'm smoking well  
Granted you'd think I was Spanish how wet I rolled an L  
To where they meet it, or see the chocha, I'm living la vida loca  
I'm Peter the chiba smoker, no reason to cease the dolja  
Breathing a leaf, Jesus, I've seen crows from beneath the roses  
That sweet aroma could wake Pete old cold from deepest coma  
But know the skills' on over kill until I reach the repeat's quota  
Put him out of business then hire him for cheap to clean the sofa  
Ends with the bones of Barbosa, flow's well written  
No help given, I'm self-driven like a chauffeur  
Still spitting that crazy shit, you don't like it?  
You could suck a fat baby's dick while it's dad babysits

*[Chorus 2X]*

*[Canibus]*  
Melatonin Magic MC  
One, two and three...

You are the reflection of an illusion, you do not exist  
What you feel is real, everything else is a script  
That they wrote for me, I hallucinate creepy crawlies  
Rhyming is a hobby, you can't even talk to me  
DJ's, radio stations, millions of listeners are prisoners  
Their salvation is not your business  
Canibus spit when Canibus wanna spit shit  
Got that? Don't let me have to tell you again  
The western world is spiritually sterile, in great peril  
We in the concrete jungle, where they spank Abe with the metal  
I rhyme for the betterment of the culture  
I don't spit no hot sixteens for promotion  
Or corporate vultures who act like they own us  
Self-expression is our birthright, not a bonus  
Hip-hop can govern, come together and show the whole world something  
The voices of the not so beloved...

*[Chorus 2X]*

*[Canibus]*  
Melatonin Magic MC  
One, two and three....  
I spit it 'til I'm free

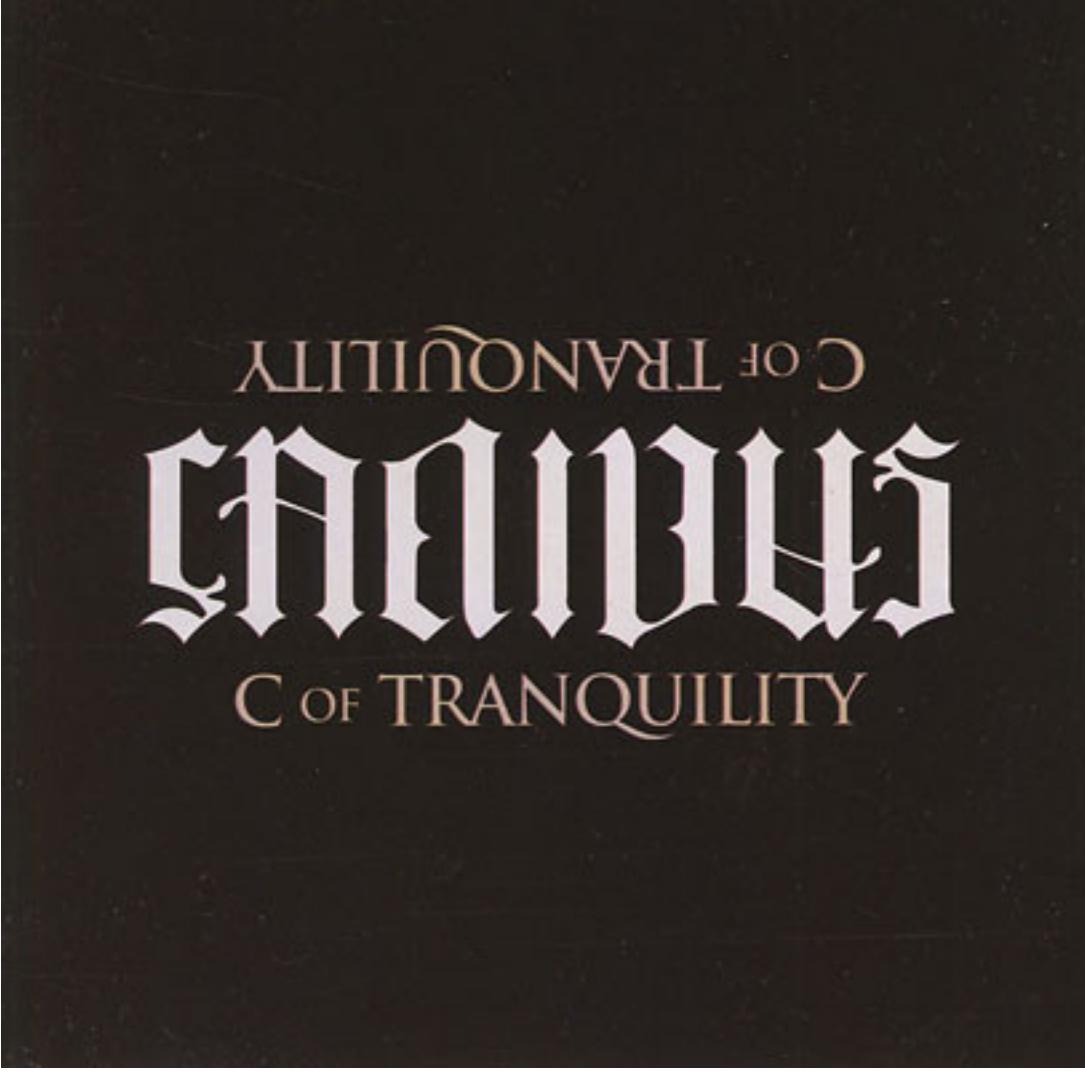
This is lyrical law  
The golden flame turns the gold bars into bronze  
It draws upon magic from the stars  
This is one more storming of lyrical law  
If everything is in good order, I spit some more  
The moral of the story is this: don't get pissed

Because your upbringing was strict, cuz life is a gift  
You've got food to eat, you've got teeth to eat it with  
Shoes on your feet, don't be conceited, be content  
Even when you lose, think about what you did to win  
If you did the best that you can, you did a good thing

But you shouldn't smoke weed if you swim  
Don't buy assault rifles, don't fight dogs, don't hit your girlfriend  
Don't mix cocaine with unprescribed medicine  
And don't say it's over if you plan to do it again  
With that said, sleep tight tonight when you go to bed  
This is Public Service Announcement 2010

*[Chorus 2X]*

*[Outro: Canibus]*  
The Melatonin Magik MC  
One, two and three...  
Come sit with me, come sit with me...



C OF TRANQUILITY

# GARDEN

C OF TRANQUILITY

# Canibus Lyrics

"Cptn Cold Crush"

Tranquility to infinity (Yeah)

Tranquility to infinity

Canibus is an animal with the mechanical mandible  
Coming to damage you spitting understandable slang at you

I'm the all seeing lyrical with infinite bars and visuals

And the sideways eight peripheral

I told you I spit a rhyme that'll melt the Earth

Then ask you in the afterlife if you felt the verse

On Planet Earth I search for my Tranquility first

I said I was the illest but it didn't help me it hurt

And whenever I said, "Can-I", the crowd said, "Bus"

Ten years later who am I? I still got a passionate love

To be the man who I was, never give up

Irrational rush to crush every mic I clutch

When I erupt you duck or eggs clash flash solar blast from Bus

Then sweep you off the stage like crumbs

Grab your tongue, shout, rip it out, then shove it back in your mouth

NOW! Then tell you to spit it out

I spit about them lyrics my people can't live without

Been around since '97, I've been ripping it down

Spit track after track after 'Beast From the East'

I'm back before Lil' Weezy knew how to rap

When T.I. was still hustling crack, I put the muscle in rap

100 Bars, who fucking with that?

A thousand bars later I ain't heard nothing from Pap

Where you was at when I was giving Big Punisher dap?

On stage with a him at the Palladium

You was in a gymnasium, I was putting chainsaws to craniums

Blazing Homosapians in the atrium ripping jaws off aliens

Performing 'Channel Zero' in stadiums

Up at Hot 97' disgracing them

Any radio station they place me in I broke the break-beats in

I beat her, I beat him, the beat blend, I beat them

Spit a verse to beat Barrack Obama if he win

I'm the Beast From the East, picking meat out my teeth

And as soon as the beat stop I forget how to speak

I release a better rhyme seven times a week

To beat me you gotta be better than my last release

The bars rip ya face off, spit bars, spit shine ya skull

'Til every rhyme you memorize is gone

Battle you for the respect in a battle to the death

Dial zero, call the operator ask for Bis

411 ask for RIP

555-1212, I rip the mic to shit

Before the Federal Communication Commission started a new division

With the intention to cripple our children

Mentally deficient from television  
This radio programmer we listen to got to many elements missing  
Lyricism and wisdom got overshadowed by the singing and blinging  
Deceived by a system that's media driven  
A made a vow that I would get them and bit them, then injected my venom  
And for that? I was never forgiven my nigga  
I let the rhythm hit them with a chemical algorithm  
Liable to kill them if I ever get with them I rip them  
The infinite monk, 'All Hail Can-I-Bus'  
Then wake up to this 'Pure Uncut'  
'How Many Emcees' do I have to bust?  
'I'm A Patriot' with 'No Airplay' but 'How Come'  
'My Block is Your Block', I throw it up with 'Doo Wop'  
I'm the "Enemy of the State" of Hip Hop  
'Indibisible', Indestructible, 'Canibustible'  
The 'Adversarial Theatre Justice' judging you  
Tired of you posers, I'm the rap superstar soldier on a poster  
'Captain Cold Crush'  
Tuck the heat before I brush the teeth  
The athlete at the track meet with rusty cleats  
Artillery like lawn mowers with four motors and four rotors  
Look like a mom with four strollers  
Counterstrike like 'Black Kobra'  
With gasoline in the Super Soaker, walk over, I'll roast ya!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Salute"

The war drums sound like a hundred guns fired at once  
For an entire month  
Can-I-Bus? You know you can [x4]

Involuntary muscle spasm assassin busts with a passion  
Listen to how Canibus re-enact this  
Poor rappers fall victim to the metaphor master  
Drill your ass raw for ice core data  
An earthquake machine being powered by a crystal  
Scalene in hydro, no pulse signal  
Lyrically wave-theory like Timothy Leary  
So you don't have to understand me to hear me, you feel me?  
Barely, the quickening happens in between  
In the Elohim Lord Lizard King with the Ripper conditioning  
Partitioning with the Fischer King eating chicken wings  
My fingertips are glistening but I'm listening  
Yeah, the master observes how rappers use vernacular  
To fail to capture the meaning attached to the words  
Hip-Hop [?], career suicide  
Killer Ripper spits to the sustained pitch mixed and chopped  
To add a counter point, mix a master that drops  
Complex and confusing, I'm laughing because it's hot  
The super duper uber music conductor producer from the future  
Stuff tubas with gunpowders to improvise bazookas  
Colder than killer cobras over Jehovah  
Delta soldiers in blimp balloon gondolas with stealth motors  
They watch over us, told me where to go  
But I can only take both of us so you better soldier up  
Size, activity, location, unit  
Time and equipment: What you going to do with it?  
Salute, that's what they do when I rip it  
I proved it, I did it, "D-R Period" was in the booth when I spit it  
Bread and Butter, Nigga

Beyond Canibus motherfucker, broken Language the hustler  
Starboard rudder, the Coast Guard Cutter  
I'm the studio night-owl, stress give me white eyebrows  
Who the fuck I got to fight with now?  
Yeah, conspicuous characters creep through America  
With a killer chemical in a canister called Canibus  
Crazy as crystal communicate correct signal  
They call it criminal, I call it lyrical  
Call the Commissioner I'm going to crucify the Christian Caligula  
Like they crucified M.C. Christopher  
I cast the Canibus symbol in the crowd  
If there's beef on the ground, I'm going to carve the cow  
Now, smuggle contraband through the canal

I check my clip on my chamber, sharpshooter style  
La Costa Nostra, deep like Deepak Chopra  
I kick your door down in loafers  
.45 in the holster, AK in the baby stroller  
Babies with baking soda, my lady in the Rover  
A midget with dreadlocks down to his toes  
With flows I expose what nobody knows

# Canibus Lyrics

## "C Scrolls"

Yeah ayo,  
Listen to the horns play,  
I get busy all day,  
I don't give a fuck what they wanna say.  
This is me turning it up,  
This is me burning it up,  
You, observing the emcee bus.  
Just a coach on the side lines,  
Tryna bide time,  
Watching the game being played out through my eyes.  
I know it's painful how they degrade you,  
But I praise you.  
This is the soundtrack that we will train to.  
This is not a call to arms  
I did that ten years ago,  
These are called keep alert bars.  
Don't talk just work your jaws,  
Don't walk just work the war,  
That's a personal flaw.  
Murdered bar after bar since 1974  
When I was born with a mic on my arm.  
Awesome,  
Six minutes Canibus you on.  
Yes, yes y'all.  
To the beat god, next bar.  
I do this to atone,  
I do this to atone for my sins,  
But I am punished for the tone of my skin.  
Bring it down about 14.5 DB  
Maybe then you might see what I mean.  
Out in Berkley  
They not too thirsty  
They don't like veterans neither, but they can't hurt me.  
Bring it down about 14.5 DB  
Maybe then you might see what I mean.  
Ayo, Hip-hop provost  
Who said the word Hip-hop the most?  
Which one of yous think you a poet?  
Perfect cause you practice that classic,  
Scholastic, Canibus man shit.  
The current catalogue and past tense.  
I do this to atone,  
We all must atone for our sins,  
But I am punished for the tone of my skin.  
The C of tranquility - the C means light,  
The light means space, my DNA strain is my base.  
Don't know who I am,

Can't remember who I was.  
I pump blood through the veins of Hip-hop,  
For street buzz.  
A constitution written in collusion  
With limited distribution,  
Since I was recruited I've bin making music.

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Merchant Of Metaphors"

Pay attention, Ensign  
I need a jet stream pattern assessment, go get it  
And tell me the direction that the fuel tank is headed  
Scram jet packs straps attached to my back  
Rocket exhaust melt skin off like wet wax  
Call sign Tom Cat, master ace of aerial combat  
I double-time out to the tarmac  
Fog covers the launch pad  
Order ATC to fall back, but maintain visual contacts  
Switch to radar, innovation navigational star map  
I won't need to travel beyond that  
My jet contrails so long that,  
It can be seen in time zones eight hours apart by NORAD  
Bow waves are made when I sweep my arms back  
To fast track to the lunar surface's dark patch  
The darkest part of the Moon where ISS2 was parked at  
Inside onyx black alien artifacts  
Well guarded in the event of a chartered attack  
The outpost is nothing more than a trap  
The red planet approach close, I know perigee and impact  
Phobos is controlled by the Dracs  
Deimos is the most underrated of the pack  
It decimates NEA's more than double it's mass  
A solar max melts polar caps  
I notice that think tanks with closed minds miss unknown facts  
Satellites track and match the stats, statistics start to stack  
I'm a man of science, not rap  
With actionable impulse to act when I can't relax  
I work hard but play harder in fact  
My rose garden attracts rats,  
I sit back and listen to jazz and smoke hash in a mineral bath  
I meditate, slightly awake, the moon rays interpermeate my physical state  
I gaze into space  
The light waves race and shift shape, colors escape  
I concentrate on eight frequency rates  
The body begins to numb as the spirit elevates  
But wait, I'm interrupted by a buzzer at my front gate  
Closed circuit surveillance showed me a face  
How entertaining, special agents came to visit my estate  
"Miss Moneypenny, bring me a plate, a cup of tea, and my terry-cloth robe,  
Then show them in to me, I'll wait"  
He walked in with a blank face, I calmly remarked, "You're late"  
He responded with a strong handshake  
Miss Moneypenny returned with eggs and pancakes  
I offered them a seat, standing up, looked so out of place  
He kindly obliged, but the other two continued to stand  
Folded their hands, and gave me the nod

The silence was so profound, that even soft sound seems loud  
With ambient music in the background  
I slurped when I sipped my tea, it was hot  
I chomped when I chewed my chow, it was not  
In slow motion the silence was broken, you could hear a pin drop  
He said, "You cannot save Hip Hop"  
I said why not? I sold mixtapes to buy stock  
I've been researching and developing a spitbox  
Rap is deeply rooted in the music generation  
I can prove it, but it doesn't constitute publication  
I swear the Great Bear entered the Dragon's Lair  
I was there in the center of St. Petersburg Square  
Assigned as a silent observer, but I witnessed a murder  
Took a picture of the body and a burner  
Circa the time, you called me from Burma  
In Port Charlotte Florida, say you were in a coastal corridor  
And that's what you call help?  
Eight months of Camp Kill Ya' Self couldn't rehabilitate what I felt  
And now, here you are, in my backyard  
Accusing me for being an outlaw for my bars?  
I ain't got nothing for ya, I'll call my controller,  
You call your employers, they can talk to my lawyers  
He got up, and turned his back on me and said, "I'll be back homie"  
I said you better bring an army  
He said, "You don't want war"  
I called Moneypenny on the intercom and said, "Baby, show them to the door"  
To be continued, stay tuned for more  
Secret dialogue from the Merchant of Metaphors...

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Lunar Deluge"

*[Intro: Canibus]*

Let's see if you can follow this rhyme

Follow this rhyme with your mind

*[Canibus:]*

I woke up into a dream, a dream that was more real than it seemed

With no animation or green screen

Human beings need special specs provided by special request

To see the spectacular special effects

If you can see what I saw or hear what I heard

Your ears will not need to hear the sound of my words

My thoughts follow my feelings that is how I think

The sceptics are rarely convinced, their feelings are exempt

What is the point of thought if you can not control the result

What is it worth if anything at all?

Where do we exist from? What do we exist for?

We were intelligently designed to be a resource

How can there be free will without the freedom to feel?

We pursue an illusion that isn't real

P-12 psychics taking red pills to produce thrills

Than predicting a coin toss a hundred times to prove skill

Telekinetic electro-genetic psionic weapon

With extra-sensory perception of precognitive method

That's why I can rhyme with consistence

Indisputable evidence repeatable on the street or in studio session

I am sorry if you feel I am refusing your questions

That's not my intention, my mind is in a higher dimension

At these levels I have much higher attention

Ascension into a level of rhyme that's defined as divine intervention

My intent to present the most intensive lung splitting

Tongue twisting sentence ever historically recorded to present

But that is not the point of this lesson

I will continue this poetic expression, you must listen to make the connection

I will slow down

Now take a deep breath and try to get with the flow now, this is it,

Back to the beginning when the Milky Way first started spinning

Sound was the only thing living

The Universe was singing, signals were pinging

Life began to emerge from one light blinking

The sound stabilized it

The color spectrum was immediately divided by levels of brightness

The speed of the spin began rising

Gravity was created and forever affected by this

And thus, the elements were created in a cradle

Smashing against one another like balls on a pool table

We like to label so we give things names

I shook your hand and told you mine was Germaine

In my dream I was hoisted into a plane with a space-age frame by a giant gantry crane

My code name was SpitBoss, T-minus 2 seconds 'til liftoff

Let me tell you what Canibus saw:

I saw a world in deluge, fighting over fossil fuels and food

Like a bunch of god damn fools

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Golden Terra Of Rap"

*[Intro: Sample]*

Ready on the right, ready on the left

Ready on the firing line...

*[Busta Rhymes sample from "You Can't Hold the Torch":]*

Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!

*[Chorus:]*

I take it back, back to the golden era of rap, when it was exactly that

Not specifically, jams in the park

But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

I take it back, back to the golden era of rap, when it was exactly that

Not specifically, jams in the park

But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

*[Verse 1:]*

Aiyyo DJ Premier on the boards

Can-I-Bus, on the bars with the lyrical law

Just listen to the rhymes, don't behave cool to be kind

And I'm a show you how I'm nice with mine

Forced to start from scratch, to rhyme from the heart

When I rap, lookin forward to not lookin back

I spit supernatural, look out for the planet-sized shrapnel

Rip The Jacker 'bout to get at you

Rip and, seek and destroy the motherfuckin beat mission

The rugged rudeboy, Rasta on 'roids trippin

Martial arts for the mind, Mandelbrot hip-hop design

You don't understand stop tryin

The hip hop conglomerate, we legends puttin it down

You gotta honor it, fuck the politics!

The B2 bomb pilot, waitin for that long silence

Then I was diagnosed with tinnitus

The cuneiform symbols on my uniform tell you what I've been through

Nigga I wish it was that simple

The master gunnery combatant blastin mixtape assassin

Captain Cold Crush get it crackin

Heat it up 'til the bones blacken

My microphones double action I grab it, switch the automatic

The savage spittin it rapid I ricochet 762 jackets

Full medal gold plaque classics

*[Chorus: Busta Rhymes sample]*

I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)

Not specifically, jams in the park

But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought  
I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)

Not specifically, jams in the park  
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

[Verse 2:]

The phonograph fascist, let's see who can reload fastest  
You chronograph still in the past tense  
Double shot glass of absinthe, still spittin fantastic  
You a absent has-been, I'm still rappin  
The Roman gladiator clashin, chariots crashin  
Chest plate split in half with axes, blood splashin  
What you wan' speak about? Let's weed it out  
'fore I turn into something somebody gotta be about  
If I feel the need for speed, do not freak out  
Armor upgrade beneath seat mount  
No seat belt, breath in, breath out, then lean out  
White phosphorus, smoke screen the whole street out  
Fire squad gotta reroute, SWAT team can't see now  
RPG launch out the tree house  
Got a casualty, tell me what the beef is about  
He don't wanna talk, let him bleed out, don't need him now  
PTSD MC, the kind you read about  
Turn the beat up Premier, this is how a beat sounds!

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes sample]

I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)  
Not specifically, jams in the park  
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought  
I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)  
Not specifically, jams in the park  
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

[Outro: Busta Rhymes sample]

Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Title 17 USMC"

I'm in a meeting with the Surgeon General of written texts  
The battery of 1000 psychological tests  
I am exhausted and stressed but I continue to press  
She asked me if I'm the best. I signed languaged back YES  
Spell words wrong, when writtin down rhymes nowadays  
My hairs are beginning to Grey, that's why I'm a shave  
The sky dark purple, low crawl through the wormhole  
Took me back to 1998 at Universal  
2008 I'm eternal  
You know I'm still nice with the verbals, and I ain't even heard you  
Your views. Your virtues  
Whatcha goin do when Martial Law curfews lock down your Rock Band Rehearsal  
Got ground zero asthma cancer  
Buried on the moon as the top Hip-Hop Commander  
After talkin to Paul Laffoley, he spoke about perigee and apogee  
Something that I understood naturally  
The mindscape, the other atmosphere is my space  
But in my case, I seem trapped by the rhymes that I make  
Canibus code for a data tabulated below [?]  
It's the end of the world you know, glad you made it to the show  
According to Title 17 USC, section 107  
Canibus is just an MC  
I'm a Reggaeton rap translated from Jamaica  
You a hater with that white boy hodgy behavior  
You could say what you say, but, my catalog greater  
Everything you heard before with more layers  
Poet Laureate V, why didn't they accept me?  
If I remember correctly, let's see  
The "C" of Tranquility, the mind will ascend  
The audio will blend into multiples of 10  
The lies we have been told really are the truth  
So together we will all learn again what we knew  
Proud to have come so far, spit another bar  
The carousel issue continues to revolve unresolved  
Take my hand Ripper Grand Wizard chain of command  
Take this torch to another land, tell them who I am  
The riot squad robot look like Robocop photoshopped  
Heckler and Koch, Semi auto stock  
I speak into the Mic, leaves fall off the "Tree of life"  
BUT next Fall I'm a see if you nice

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Free Words"

Yo,

Canibus the continuous, deciduous lyricist  
A menace to music that's mastered every style that I spit.  
A fugitive against the music biz, the damage is punitive,  
But the truth is that my communitive efforts got 'em pissed!  
Silence is golden, a sign that my knowledge is growing.  
I'm a show 'em, fuck the promotion,  
These poems open door for the chosen.  
In these moments of economic erosion,  
The global economy's broken, cause our leaders control it.  
They say we owe them but everything that we own has been stolen.  
So don't be mad at the soldiers, you follow orders too, don't you?  
You never make a difference being a voter,  
They are the controllers, you just a warm blooded promoter.  
You're just a pea in a pod, with the need to believe in God  
But God don't need guns or bombs.  
You need freedom to be oppressed, knowledge for the intellect,  
Positive effects what come out of our common respect.  
All colors, all creeds all kinds, all breeds,  
One law, one love, if we want world peace.  
It all starts with being still,  
But being still long enough to feel but being real enough to follow your will.

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Messenger's Message"

Yeah, every man see him 'Sail to Byzantium'  
For those that can't see him, they lost man leave him  
    Transparent transceiver, no hand lever  
    On the hand receiver, the signal gets weaker  
Sales of street polymer gels that form hardened shells that repel  
    Interrogative drills in the torture cell  
        Sounds like Hell, not exactly  
Rap for me, this human's cavity interacts with me  
    Blood, liver, and lungs, external viscera thugs  
        Cutting me up with glitter covered gloves  
I ran out the building, ran to the building where I parked  
    Why my children not in the car?!  
        I am not unravelling, I am calm,  
I'm staying at Bigelow Arkansas obeying the law, playing GRAW  
    They ask questions with Russian like aggression  
        From the on screen projector, what is your intention?  
Moratorium? I got four of them, meet me in the auditorium  
    I'm a show you how to talk to them  
        Right handed MC, used to be lefty  
When direction don't effect me, my spotter corrects me  
    Open the eyelid, check behind him like crazy Ivan  
        On the coastliner, Psilocybin, crazy rhyming  
        With third Density binding, galactic plane timing  
        The Pleistocene is rising, I cannot describe it  
        Lavatory tidy and quaint, brand new paint  
Laboratory, huge, sprawling, brand new warheads  
    Space grunts line up face front  
Base jump into the waste dump, complete Phase 1!  
    Bone shards scattered all over the boneyard  
We low crawl paying no attention to our nose at all  
    I see the beast pupil size increase  
Seen it grab somebody off the street, bite and release  
    I decrease my silhouette, try to lay flat  
        Zero in where the chest and the neck intersect  
        Take a breath than hold it, but only for a moment  
Stay focused or your first one'll be your last soldier  
    Woke up in the Infirmary, here's your papers  
Thank us for your service, young man, see you later  
    Cardboard papers signs  
"I will eat rhymes three times a day if you could only spare me a dime"  
    Real Hip Hop spitting, that's how I'm living  
        I mount my weapon like I mount my women  
        Intercept correct beats, sleep search collect and keep  
            If I like it let's meet next week  
The mind of a weirdo, it's not really clear where he goes  
        Nobody here really knows...  
Everybody wanna ask questions, don't pay attention to the messenger

Listen to the message!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Cingularity Point"

[Intro:]

This is for the I.M. Culture  
A poor pauper's offering for the alter  
The 'C' of Tranquility, I'm a show 'em what I see  
The 'C' of Tranquility, I'm a show 'em what I see

[Hook:]

The 'C' of Tranquility, what will it really be?  
What does the future hold? What do you really see?  
I see a revolution in the industry  
That will ignite the rebirth of MCs lyrically  
The 'C' of Tranquility, what will they really be?  
What does the future hold? What can you really see?  
I see the partition of God's religion  
Become united by our bars and our common visions

[Verse 1:]

Been a long time, spittin' long rhymes, but I never left you  
Always came back bustin' rhymes that were special  
Back then, I wanted to impress you by addressing the truth  
Nowadays, I'm just confessing in the booth  
The Golden Era of Rap will always be apart of me  
The future talks to me because the present is ignoring me  
My destiny is calling me, the armory of God is guarding me  
But all you can see is holographic artistry  
Rhyme mechanics, like that of a blind pianist  
The keys are metallic, my fingers are magnets  
The music is magic, what is this madness?  
The stanzas are rites of passage, your left brain habits become your baggage  
The masses become savage, roaming the streets with torn fabrics  
Creativity is less than average  
Every baby is born a bastard, so why did you have it!?  
This question requires no answer, I understand it

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

Through my music, magic, and inoculated interaction  
Rip the Jacker shows you the future in fragments  
Through madness my view is expanded  
Request passage, permission is granted, I'll introduce you to the language of dragons  
To help balance near impossible trances in the labyrinth of the enchanted  
Where air quality is unbearably rancid  
From evil spirits, temperatures frigid  
I cross wooden bridges over methane rivers, it sounds crazy, but listen  
Concise lyrics strike down from the heavens  
A titan like Mike Tyson, Beastmaster with a tiger and pigeon

A four finger ring with a eyeball in it for vision  
Cause I ain't scared of no 9 foot 11 winged lizards  
I'm known as the Ripper, my soul was delivered to a wizard  
For spiritual slave labor in a prison  
My life is my sentence, so I live it  
But I studied the physics and understand it, so it's only a visit

[*Hook*]

[*Verse 3:*]

Combinatrix, anything of this persuasion is considered ageless  
Beyond the matrix  
Beyond time displacement of space & spaceships in oasis  
Beyond the reach of human contemplation  
The music is layered, not computer generated  
A human made it to satisfy unusual cravings  
The mystic in a room with crystal walls & floors  
Looking into a crystal quartz orb, reciting lyrical law  
That cause warm feeling sensations precipitating from the finger tips  
To the arms, to the lips, to the jaws  
To a gold tongue that spits to the tone of the drum  
With the oxygen that flows down the throat to the lungs  
Till every color of my Chakra glows brighter than the Sun  
YOU and I become WE, WE become ONE  
And the Clarity of Singularity has begun  
Between zero point zero and zero point one! [*echoes*]

[*Hook*]

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Pine Comb Poem"

The "C" of Tranquility  
Canibus spit for infinity  
I revolve with the Earth lyrically, uh

Yea ya'll wassup, The Ripper right here Can-I-Bus  
Yo, yo

I rest alone in a cold cabin composed of stone from old agate  
A sarcophagus filled with gold tablets  
The archaeological dig-site  
Excavated the bone matter of this unknown rapper  
The blood of the Gorgon was used as the cure for the poison  
The poison that destroyed his organs  
His DNA was shaped like a series of sideways 8's  
Space-time is converted to time-space  
The soundwave signals looks like ocean tides when they ripple  
He spit to precision instrumentals  
Sidewinder rhymes hit you, split you  
The target area surface was no wider than a nickel  
Control Room simple... His chair was chiselled from quartz crystal  
It gets so hot, his skin sizzle  
He piloted the missile from a digital menu  
Inside remote headgear he would put on to look into  
By mastery of the mental he was able to see  
What the past and future civilizations had been through  
Acoustic imagery transmitted through the music and energy  
When I'm spitting no distance can limit me  
The gallery of my art was prefabricated and placed in a Ark  
But grave robbers rip the pages apart  
They got caught, whoever told me the secret is now dead  
I cannot tell you or I will end up like them!  
The meaning of these rhymes are dead to the modern day mind  
Even if you hear this a thousand times  
Because of this many have died  
Your inner light will not shine if your Pineal gland is calcified  
The silver cord is a metaphor for the will of the Lord  
I was called to climb aboard and explore  
That's when I saw the Tree of Life in the yard  
The apples on the floor were gored to the core!  
The coil spirals remind you, but be mindful  
External experience reflects what's inside you  
Inside us all, behind the wall  
Inside your skull, but exposed in a song  
AHHHHHHH, I was struck in an electrical storm  
The flesh on my left arm is scarred the mic's gone!



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Good Equals Evil"

A man pays dues, do this become an angel

Good and evil, a man stays true

There are other ways to win

Good and Evil, it's the same thing

A decade after my debut, the game changed; I got the same views

To me it's just baseball and I'm Babe Ruth

Bambata from Planet Rock, trade op commander Hip Hop

What? We grimlock smash Spitbox

You can never be the best, until you complete the competency test

With rap pattern parameters I set

Are you deaf? Do you need me to repeat what I said?

I said you'll never be the best unless you pass this test

Okay, fill out registration form 88,

Name, social, date of birth, address, city and state

When the form is complete pass it on to Angela Clark

To determine your eligibility and get you insured

Every morning the board panel assembly judges man by his bars

Courage of heart and what he offers the cause

If he's accepted he'll be sworn in tomorrow

If he's rejected he's recycled and retested on stage at the Apollo

I had to and so do you, are you solid or hollow?

Depression is normal, a challenge to climb out of your sorrow

Forget about the world around you, the truth is

They are nothing without you but you will be nothing without the truth

A man stays true, a man pays dues

If a man can do this, the man become an angel

There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin

But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing

Do not be confused by the choice of words used

For every battle we win, there's something we lose

But you still have to choose and choosing not to choose is still a choice

Sometimes silence is a powerful voice

The body is of no use if the mind is enslaved

But theses slaves can not bind your light or your sound waves

However, we must to train to increase our strength

The final test is presented when we least expect

We look forward, we see 180 degrees, what's left?

We eyeball right to left but see nothing, what's next?

180 degrees of regret, what's that?

It's everything we left behind unchecked, it wants revenge

They want revenge against us because we fight for our freedoms

Die for what we believe in and they know we don't need 'em

I know you disagree, you think it's fortune cookie shit

But I guarantee you this, our future was prefixed

A man stays true, a man pays dues  
If a man can do this, the man become an angel  
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin  
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing  
A man stays true, a man pays dues  
If a man can do this, the man become an angel  
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin  
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing

I look towards the sky for the answers to why  
I analyze the great divide and saw God on both sides  
God didn't do this, we did this to each other  
So keep his name out your mouth, you fucking cock suckers  
How could you own all of it, when we are all apart of this?  
The Earth belongs to every living thing that walks upon it  
We are all perfect creations, with imperfect justifications  
But just the patient fuck the subject of Satan  
The Universe is too huge, does Satan live out their too?  
Or is he just after me and you?  
Believe what you perceive  
Look at the Sun, tell what do you see? 360 degrees of light beams  
Illuminating Hip Hop, Spitboss'll bag your pops  
You ain't ready for the shit that I got  
It's called Hip Hop homey, that's the only way that you know me  
And knowing people can still be lonely  
At the Maharaji spa for the whole week  
I just go to sleep because when I wake up I am not an emcee  
I get back on the clock when I hear the next beat  
I'll write about another century of heat, I'm a beast

A man stays true, a man pays dues  
If a man can do this, the man become an angel  
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin  
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing  
A man stays true, a man pays dues  
If a man can do this, the man become an angel  
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin  
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Worthlessness Purpose"

He is the Sea Merchant who eats Sea Urchins and Sea Serpents

He does it to give his obvious 'Worthlessness Purpose'

Deep Sea searches bring his verses back up to the surface

Someone is brought in to interpret

Do not engage in conjectural with the professor

Just nod ya head and say Yes Sir! Here is the next verse

Toxicology analysis, MCs examine Bis but it's too late...

Nothing above ground will escape

The jungle will haunt you, the desert becomes you

Be humble, if it ever takes something from you

No advantage, No standard

Ya Tranquility is being tampered with by Canibus' masterpiece mantra

When albums are requested, they used to be respected

Only the best deserve to be the center of attention

Enter the legend, Hip Hop will never forget him

And Laser Weapons are now being tested

Inside this bubble composed of two poles

I think I can come up with a few flows, bullshit

Says whose knows, just another boy from the Group Home

Who's good at producing a few songs

I wonder how many MCs lives I've touched?

How many lives that I've protected them from?

More powerful public speaker low budget demeanour

Look like the reaper, senior Ripper information retriever

Slick talk or barter away your OES Charter

Not smarter, just thinking harder, it's truly an honour

Plutocracy, Kleptocracy, to be or not to be?

Please talk to me, I'll show you how these rhymes ought to be

There is not much time to decide or take sides

You are standing in the middle of lyrical fratricide

Giant tiger mosquitoes and carrion beetles biting people

The Mist makes it hard to see through

It has always been believed by those even wiser than me

That nobody can describe what I see

Reality hangs in the balance

The "C" of Tranquility is not a body of water it's an Island

A string of islands that connect like strings on a violin

Waking up to a dark horizon

My rap style will always be in it's prime

You rhyme for yourself, I rhyme for mankind!

Wireless or landline? Any time

Grab the mic and do the damn rhyme

Any time. Grab the mic and do the damn rhyme.



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Right Now"

This is a new season with new rhymes for the same reason  
The public needs it but without faith they won't believe it  
We cursed since birth, imprisoned by these Earth demons  
My verse is written in secret, then released in pieces  
The sting of rejection, the sour sensation of perfection  
It's connected to our spiritual ascension  
Start with yourself, you are your only contender  
The game of life has no winners, therefore we surrender

*[Chorus:]*

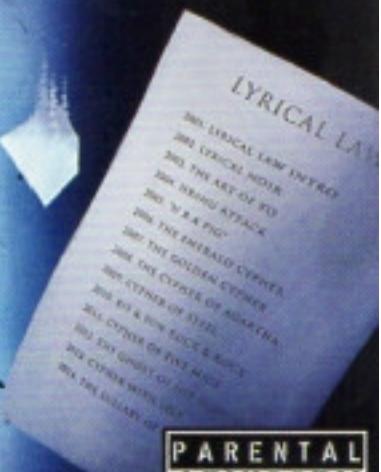
Write now! Write your thoughts down, now! Recite them out loud, now!  
The bright light bleeds down through the dark clouds, now!  
Right Now brothers, now! Right Now sisters, now!  
Right Now people, now! Right Now Rippers!

The rhyme is my religion, the rhythm is alive, listen  
And bare witness, try to share my vision  
My vision of my soul inside Sol, free the globe  
Inside a globe with two poles, Ouroboros in my poems  
Bestowed by a poet, what do you know and when did you know it?  
Obey the law with it's fundamentally flawed components  
Omit this, admit this a myth 'til I spit  
You forget how I'll I get, the Ripper's 'bout to Rip, Right Now  
Right Now

# CANIBUS

*Lyrical Law*

Canibus



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Lyrical Noir"

[Intro:]

Lyrical Noir

This is Lyrical Law

Say it some more

Lyrical Law

Lyrical Noir

"I'm sick and tired of what you've been saying about me in the media"

Yo

Give me some more slack on this rope

I run your boney ass throat over in a zodiac boat

46 degrees north, 6 degrees east

The Large Hadron Collider gave birth to a beast

That speaks, they quote my speech

Vocal motifs over dope beats, all lyricists know me!

That's why the industry's debunking my lyrics

With digital trunking equipment, they don't want you to listen!

The Ripper's language won't appeal to the masses because they look past it

Only the masters know the seal of the scarab

Some humans are born average based off environmental circumstances

You organic piece of shit, you substandard

But do not be embarrassed by your underdeveloped status

It's up to you to find the right questions and ask it

Research leads to results sometimes we find meaning after

Other times they're just meaningless babblers

Don't believe these rappers, fake unbelievable bastards

Comet Elenin is coming straight at us, don't believe NASA

Take matters into your own hands

Stop being slow and acting like hoes, get with the fucking program

Hip Hop is the greatest genre known to man

If we focus, the poetry is so advanced

We can overthrow any plan and control man

You got soul? Let's Jam! Lyrical Law I'm the Canibus Man

What's the buy-in minimum? 88 sales, program

And the number of stores, I don't care no more

This is Lyrical Law Noir hardcore raw Metaphors for you and yours

You can't say you wasn't warned!

Thousands of bars, them dummies couldn't stomach my bars

They rather conform, they throwing up their pompoms

You don't wanna wrestle with Armstrong

We sever blood vessels tryna mess with the God's poem

Damage any motherfucking beat that I rhyme on

Connect to the God's thoughts, possess your iPod, I grind hard

Intellectual hardboard, take it back to Hip Hop Style Wars

Grunting like a pack of wild boars

Power source Lyrical Law my bomb squad full force

Call 'em off we got too much torque

Nitrous Oxide Bars pull a bull of course  
Pitch fork to you neck just to prove I'm raw  
Iron horse, smack DVD, Battle Rap dwarf  
Slap you with the flat part of the sword, now you back for more  
Passing yourself off like a Rap star  
But you support wack bars that's why rap has lost -- fact!  
You a Cool J crack whore,  
You snitch like police Labradors tryna sniff out sasquatch  
Man up, no more lip service and back wash  
Stand up! Ima break off you're back paws  
Thor's hammer crack jaws, attack y'all, fracture your skull  
Mountain man axe to your loins  
Self-employed like Donald Goines, cash cows on steroids  
I don't fall for deceptions or decoys  
I'm a beast and I'm clairvoyant  
Your soya won't tear the beat up whether or not you appear on it  
Double trouble dear promise fuck you and your comments  
The chairman of Lyrical Law will be honoured  
The last man standing, after the internet is abandoned  
James Cameron with a gamma ray cannon  
..... brainwashed Hip Hop

And they came from Saturn, they were the first alien race of rappers  
They landed in North Africa, their teeth be gnashing  
Their names look like acronyms, they released the Kraken,  
They live in underground cabins  
They slither fast through the inner-earth labyrinth  
They move in S-patterns though deep planet chasms  
I chase 'em and trap 'em, detailing the action  
For tryna desecrate the Sabbath of the lyrical master, faggots  
I laid them on top of each other like Abu Ghraib  
They spacecraft look like the Eiffel Tower in Paris  
They pray on my downfall they orchestrated Hip Hop's imbalance  
They underestimated my talent  
I hold the globe up like Atlas  
They lied about Canibus -- ask 'em  
I'm the world's greatest motherfucking rapper!  
They slandered my character through private and public propaganda  
They tell the people I'm Dr. Doppelganger  
They ask me shit, that they know I'm not gonna answer  
Extinction Level Event, they can't stop the disaster  
Cocksucker stop the camera, 'cause you know that I'm a miserable bastard  
I crack lens, break microchips and melt plastic  
You Canibus? - Who's asking?  
That's Captain Cold Crush to you maggot, you a lyrical has-been  
Lyrical Law's a classic they can't get past it  
The beats, the rhymes, the features, every single facet  
Lyrical Law's a classic they can't get past it  
The beats, the rhymes, the features, every single facet  
The microphone assassin 'bout to get at 'em  
The Dragon of Judah breathe fire 'til his last breath  
Full Battle Rattle in action lyrical Metal Jackets  
Coming through with several new attachments  
Computers is crashing, hackers is laughing

Rapid eye movement, try to keep up with the captain, what's happening?

# Canibus Lyrics

"The Art Of Yo"

(feat. Born Sun, K-Rino)

[Born Sun]

Bastard style with no father tryna claim the kid  
I called it X cos I ain't even tryna name the shit  
Sundullah, see me on the stage with Rip  
Nitrogen lungs yo my tongue mix propane with spit  
And I'm nice, the voice of Christ resurrected through mics  
Son of God, Son of Man, helping some of y'all will overstand  
Crash the Vatican as soon as I land  
I'm 'bout to set it on man in the gulf of Adan  
I stand in the Garden of Eden, unbeaten, undefeated  
I Tweeted pictures of Eve, tonguing Jesus  
Scientology guides put my rhymes on photography slides  
To quantify the higher knowledge applied  
But I'm an uncaged animal channeling Hannibal  
A cannibal bite your head off and hand it to you  
SpitBoss, centrifugal force different from yours  
Sun is Born, this is Lyrical Law, Yo!!!

[break]

[K-Rino]

I've never been a friendly author, don't need a gangster beat to make me off ya  
I'll slaughter ya while playing Cyndi Lauper  
Better than y'all, give me one competitive brawl  
I throw a hundred miles an hour with a medicine ball  
I melt your fortress down to caramel softness  
Drive a charger through ya torso, parallel parking  
That cosmic ray beam effect, I Hiroshima wreck  
Rap disaster so tragic they gave his ass a FEMA check  
Cadence is radiant, I predated Arcadians  
I stayed with the brigade of alien ecto sapiens  
Hit your through the atrium of heavenly light  
Once I smite you, like a left arm you'll never be right  
I've used every word possible to let you know what I can do  
So I made something new, I'll collipherously clobber you  
You ain't legitimate, you posing like a model  
Dude I'll throttle you, liquidate and sixteen ounce bottle you

[break]

[Canibus]

I'm tryna figure out, who this nigga barking at  
Before his heart gets snatched, run up on him in a stocking cap  
Keep barking like you hard, get stalked and clapped  
Come in the cage you get stomped on the mat  
Carve your name in the axe, then chop you in the back

Hack off your femur bones, beat you with them like bats  
Put your remains in some saran wrap, dump them in an alcohol vat  
    You can rap but you ain't all that  
    Step inside, close the door, fuck you yawning for?  
Kick your head off, now it's rolling on the floor like a bowling ball  
    Open the door, clean this fucking mess off my wall  
    And don't ever mention his name no more  
    You dig, you follow me nigga, I follow you quicker  
You got a weak ticker, told you not to fuck with the Ripper  
Have you showing your true colours, drinking blood from ya liver  
    You a dickrider and you an Indian giver  
Waging war with some gorillas, I'll bludgeon you by the river  
    The bar range is pissing he gon find you while you fishing  
    Fistula face, herpes simplex I'll break  
    Alienated aliens get ate by alien apes  
    You food nigga, throw yourself over the gate  
    How does alien taste? Like mammalian waste  
    You ain't swift you's a dumb fuck

I'll have you breathing like your lungs got struck by two-hundred pound nunchucks  
    Brave motherfuckers get slayed for Hip Hop if you love it  
    Like Kill Bill between a hundred gay lovers  
    I'm the illest nigga say something...  
Yeah I thought so, shut the fuck up things will go back to normal  
    I ain't happy tho, now I'm in battle mode  
The president of Hip Hop with mad motherfuckers on the grassy knoll  
    I take it back to my Curriculum days  
    What you say? I body you in meticulous ways  
    Cos you thought I was a donut, you tried to glaze  
    Let me tell you something, don't pop shit fistula face  
    Battle league nigga, talking shit's for amateurs nigga  
    Goddammit, y'all living off fantasies nigga  
    You wanna battle that bad, aight go get your camera  
When it's my turn, I got a four and a half pound answer  
    When I was young, I took down hard targets  
    You a sausage nigga, for coming at me like a novice  
    You never heard 'Fraternity of the Impoverished'?  
    Motherfucker, can't you see that I'm an artist  
    I don't want them childish problems  
Lyrical manslaughter charges interfere with my Lyrical Law process  
Out rap me, that's preposterous, metaphor marksman mudswamping  
    We hunt down Hip Hop monsters  
Skin 'em alive tie their carcass to the bottom of my Polaris  
    And drive them all the way to Wisconsin  
Partner, fuck around, throw your ass under the bus face down  
    Lay down, we gonna wait for this greyhound  
    The fuck you gonna say now?  
    Do me a favour, stop weighing me down  
     Fucking clown, Lyrical Law is too muscle bound  
    Houdini style nigga, just struggle and drown  
    Get it over with you can never fuck with my style  
    You got raped nigga, you bleeding, don't touch my towel  
    You can spit them wack juice punchline lines all you want  
    But don't front, bottom line, I'm a champ, you a chump

You can spit your stupid punchlines all you want  
But after this the whole world gonna see who won  
That's what you wanted right, get the fuck off my mic

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Emerald Cypher"

(feat. Born Sun, K-Rino, Killah Priest)

### [Intro:]

Niggaz listen to this shit right now  
Got this shit goin down  
That New World Order, niggaz is holdin it down  
Niggaz ain't ready man, everybody know what time it is man  
Y'all niggaz listenin to this shit right now  
All my niggaz in the street  
Man y'all niggaz know what time it is, are they ready?  
Let's see it, let's see if these niggaz is ready man

### [Killah Priest:]

My brain is a coliseum unfinished, an art museum that none vision  
A masoleum before the sun risen  
Dark wisdom, break the order of the magic witches  
The tablet that we gifted, fall in the hands of the music business  
The sacred oath, to snake his post  
He flinches, I take his ghost  
Shadow war, we battle for  
The emerald wing that unfold wings  
When you enter the temple they sing, hieroglyphs  
Up a spiral cliff, follow the monk for months  
Close your eyes when his disciples is sent  
Every morn' the first satellite hit  
I spit, the prayer laws recite from scripts  
Then it's back to the silence  
Patient observe the lotus bud, I write the scroll on each clove  
This is discipline before beast mode  
Follow G-O-D code  
Fondle my prayers beads, under a pear tree, this prepares me  
Then a chair was formed by the bees  
I bared the dare, come around me  
I won't speak for weeks, I hold my tongue  
Now I can hold the Sun - how is it I outnumber y'all?  
And y'all got me by 6 to 1 (y'all got me by 6 to 1)

### [Born Sun:]

The Elohim hold court in the ether  
Decidin the fate of the human race I plead my case through the speakers  
Sun the rapper who mastered the dark matter  
The God particle mass created to smash atoms  
Deal with energies that vibrate at higher frequencies  
Your chakra's gotta be in line to even speak to me  
Journey through time and I doubt you'll ever find  
A shine on mines like mine that dwarf Einstein  
See I confuse Confucius, with a complex theory of evolution  
With mind power that devoured Isaac Newton

Heaven on Earth? Nah! It's more like some sort of Hell  
War with Satan ground shakin from the mortar shell  
Escape the Matrix like Morpheus  
Dodgin bullets in slow motion like we smokin some dust  
But my third eye's bright enough to spar with the Dalai Lama  
Verbal projectiles pierce spiritual body armor  
I'm a, master builder from an enslaved mason  
Tryin to hide my true identity as my creation  
Lines I scribed identify who I'm facin  
It's war! And either you a God or a Satan  
"Lyrical Law" draws a paper thin between love and hate  
Decide if you destroy or create  
They think it's verbal but this warfare is spiritual  
We box 'em in, apply pressure to his physical  
Check one two, who got more style than Sun do?  
None do, solar flare your Earth duke, son you  
I body the mic, I body the beat  
I body the emcee with the audacity to flow after me

[K-Rino:]

My automated system got eight wicked concoctions  
If that don't satisfy press nine for more options  
BOOOOP, I can't believe you just did that  
Twenty thousand wigs just concurrently slid back  
Ha~! I blow flames in hot dosages  
If I get too thirsty the Earth'll be oceanless  
Feelings don't move me, I guess I'm emotionless  
Sick party host, pinata full of locustses  
Bobbin for live grenades inside a bucket  
I know the plural pronounciation is "locust" but fuck it!  
What are the percentages, of a man actually choken to death  
After swallowin phonetic images?  
I spit unlimited pandemics, they're liberally distributed  
Millions of rappers skin grafts and can't spit it  
As I child I would see and slay; they'd check my room  
And find my imaginary friend's imaginary DNA  
It's gutwrenching - my ultimate intention  
Is to sit on top of The Tower of Infinite Ascension  
K-Rino the agg' jacker who ravages natural  
Like Z in the alphabet I keep comin after you  
The judge said for the sake of my health  
I've been ordered to stay a hundred miles away from myself  
You ain't hard! You a fake, I won't stop until I've blown his cover  
You softer than the baby sister of a Jonas Brother

[Canibus:]

You ain't a behavioral scientist, why you dyin to spit?  
You try too hard when you rhymin with 'Bis, try again  
Approved this for public release, fuck with the beast  
With bucked teeth bust your guns or get rushed in the streets  
Handcuffed to the back of the Jeep, blindfolded  
You hear a foreign language they speak, you do not know it  
Kidnapped to Kemet through Khartoum to parched sand dunes

To a dark room, to witness your doom  
Bash you in the face with the mag, rope around your neck  
Over a tree branch, hoist you up with three sandbags  
You shit yourself, your pants sag  
Global broadcast, man that's sad, they lynched him in the lab  
Twenty-four apprentices for hardcore fellowship  
Twenty-four masters, twenty-four lyricists  
Dead to the world, alive to the hearts that are pure  
If you endure your mind's opened doors  
Complete the last step without crossin my rep  
Who's next? What possessed you to jump off a cliff?  
I spit darts, once you stop the hip-hop juggernaut  
Kill you bloodclot, you stink like jungle rot  
Me I'm a Hermann Bushido Dogan Shotokan  
The prototype of the first proto rhyme  
With combined payloads, my glide bombs provide flows  
That cause World War II death tolls at live shows  
Independently targeted, bombin shit from so high up  
In the atmosphere you lose consciousness  
No oxygen, only Canibus anti-oxidants  
Think about it, why spit into a bottomless pit?  
I'm so isolated lyrically, they put me in a desert facility  
To test my abilities, check out my melodies  
Designed by Pratt & Whitney, rap so swiftly  
TAW-50 following me cause you're with me  
Your high bars are lukewarm, let me school y'all  
Intravenously cold blooded coolin coils are runnin through my jaws  
The Sun's hot - I'm warmer; the metaphor explorer  
I give a order, you can't cross the border!  
We ain't religions, don't talk about the Torah  
We'll crucify you on the cross for a quarter  
Welcome to my House of Slaughter, signing on the roster  
Go downstairs, put your stuff in the locker  
And come back, let me see what you got son, I dropped him  
Rappers steppin to me? I ain't the one  
Spontaneous nucleonic you the opposite, be honest  
You produce reduced knowledge, your discography is dishonest  
Both promise, change your name to MC Silence  
Yes, your album inspired me, no I didn't buy it  
Talk back, nigga get fired  
I'll erase your verse off the track so fast you'll wake up tired  
Candles go out, darkness infiltrate the house  
What the fuck he talkin 'bout? He got a mental case mouth  
I forced him to his knees, told him to face South  
Empty your PayPal bank account 'fore I blow your brains out  
Untouchable since the day I came out  
That's why these wack niggaz keep callin my name out  
How the fuck they gon' change that now? How they sound?  
I'm a put him in the ground, "Lyrical Law" style  
How you liked at me then, how you liked me now  
How you liked me in the future when I'm wearin that crown  
The crown is invisible, you don't have to be a loud individual  
You act like hip-hop is all you listen to

If that's true, this is for you  
Then I'm a keep rippin you, cause that's what Canibus do  
If that's true, this is for you  
And I'm a keep rippin you, cause that's what Canibus do

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Golden Cypher"

(feat. Ras Kass, K-Solo)

[Ras Kass]

Uhh

Rap so klepto, any mic I steal

Y'all niggaz don't belong here like Michael Steele

at a Republican Party, I go for [?]

Leave cum stains on Sarah Palin's veneers for sure

Like I'm in Mordor, tryin to burn the ring up

The black semi knock your block off like playin Jenga

Have sex with the whole world just by raisin my middle finger

But y'all don't hear me though, (Inga)

And just like that I'm back spittin nasty as (Foxy)

Then I'ma stop servin y'all like the soup nazi

Happy Days, then I'ma spin off like (Joanie Loves Chachi)

Burn rubber, the Maserati mach three

Screamin mazeltov at my aki

(Squad) vomit at Keith Shocklee for the beat made of broccoli

Got a Palestinian girl, her pussy the bomb

Get it? Blew up, you can't stop me

[Canibus]

That's right, I wreck melody, so much energy

Why get on the track if you can't stand next to me?

So much energy it's a felony

Your microphone memory remember me, this is your penalty

You can't keep up mentally, you can't rhyme intelligently

Do it on the track, can't do it in front of me

You frontin, you and your man get all psyched up like it's Fight Club

Times up, you lost, life sucks

So does your wife slut, got a nice cunt

Last night we wiped white stuff on her butt

True power cannot be achieved by fightin over the mic

You can't compete with Canibus, aight?!

If your hat's turned to the back and you rap be prepared to scrap

You don't have to be scared of no strap

Cause your mind overstand all that

Fall back or no more contact with the Gods of rap

Go back to the "Lyrical Law" lab, first of all you trash

You can't add all the rhymes you had

Your mouth is a wound and your tongue is a scab

This is a concept the young mind doesn't grasp

That old stick in the mud, will put a gold bullet in a gun

Show you where red blood comes from

But that's not what you want, you want love

Where does that come from? Define that you bum

One thing at a time, intertwined as one mind

The proto in the prime of one perpetual line

No evil one I can divide, no matter the times try  
No matter the lies that claim otherwise  
Slumdog drug lord, guns drawn, motherfuck guns laws  
You catch a big mini-gun gun charge  
This is "Lyrical Law" not lyrical war  
This is spiritual God, get your lyrics [echoes]

*[K-Solo]*

I'm nice with everything but chopsticks  
Eyes couldn't see my style with glasses or binoculars made of optics  
Stop it, slam it, rappers couldn't scoop a topic  
Let alone follow they finger to mock this  
Caught your hand on my style kid, put it in your pocket  
If you can't get it home, what the fuck is the logic?  
Want my devices, send my boys in to send fire to the ground  
Hang my flag and brag, who's the nicest?  
My Fort Knox, like Bunker Hill, [?] emcees guerrillas  
Rhymin to go banana, breaks performed by Mad Drill  
Man chill, your man'll get killed  
And when they dump his ass off they gon' find him in a landfill  
If I have to I will, that's on the real  
I'm (Destiny's) only (Child) of the pay, on these girl group "Bills"  
Word to Arthur Kill, Gun Hill for real  
Wolf Gang, Murder Mouth, it's the king of the hill

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Cypher Of Steel"

(feat. K-Rino, Skarlit Rose)

### [Intro]

It don't take nuttin to play exclusives man  
I wanna see niggaz get down with the motherfuckin skills man  
That's what really count man, any motherfuckin body  
can play, motherfuckin exclusives man  
It's about, the creativity, the blends, the mixes  
The skills nigga! Take it back to the essence of this shit man  
Let muh'fuckers see what you can REALLY do

### [K-Rino]

I'll give you one clue to guess what my rap gun do  
Like kung-fu, I got a steel pallet I practice runnin my tongue through  
Ninety extra inches my lung grew, I stun you  
And when I'm done a paraplegic'll outrun you  
You want head trauma, real soon I'ma promise I'ma  
drop seeds that blow up like the Unabomber's momma  
Y'all know what happens when a rapper starts yappin  
I'll be bionic orangutan hand back stabbin  
I break light speed surge and illustrate verbs  
His career was so short his bio was eight words  
See I'm admittin the sentence was well written  
except THIS motherfucker should have never started spittin!  
I'm too triflin to let him life again  
I'm stiflin pain permanently by feeding you nitrogen Vicodin  
See some of the worst speakers that I know  
could vegetabilise your flow like pico de gallo  
Boy you got a lot of balls, playin with a dude  
that can telekinetically extract bricks out of walls  
If you come in my zone dissin my curriculum  
I chew your ass out like the flavor in a stick of gum

### [Skarlit Rose]

The linguistic league bitches, cutthroat, smeared lipstick  
Wrists slit and I suggest you keep the [?] dissin before  
you wake up in a tub to only find your ogans missin  
Make sure to leave your tongue, with hopes you continue spittin  
Dickridin, label providin, your fraudulent image  
You the type of silly hoe to have no sense to begin with  
Listen hooker emcees, on a mission of death, last breath  
Your final rest, baby who got next?  
I pop your lungs from your chest cavity  
You consider your amateur blow to be challenging well then battle me!  
I'll be waiting six feet, beneath the sheets of your thesaurus  
Deep defeat, crack your teeth, no AutoTune on my chorus  
Distorted your image, while drownin all your hopes and wishes  
Revenge is served cold on a set of dirty dishes

Snitches, yeah, haven't you heard?  
I'll put my barrel in your mouth and show you what a women's worth

*[Canibus]*

This is the definitive guide, on beats and rhymes  
On how to get a black eye fuckin with those black guys  
You better listen to what I'm sayin and teach yourself  
Or I'll give you a belt and watch you beat yourself  
Told you don't make a sound if you do they will put you down  
Then all I'ma say is look at you now  
Hip-Hop was not based off risk on a primal level  
We rhymin with you, not rhymin at you  
You better understand this shit or get talked to in Arabic  
Banana clip, you don't wanna talk to Canibus  
You talk about bars, my upper torso crawl up the wall  
in your house through your window boy  
Burglar bars get ripped off, bite off your arm  
Leave (Jigsaw) scars, that's just a doll  
This is Thunderdome hall, decoded like Sean  
The laser beam scan the apartment, it's gone  
Metaphorical wizard, the Oracle visit every four minutes  
Until I finish, you bring me more Guiness  
I'm like Devin the Dude, and Mexican food  
with some Mexican dude and some gunslingers too  
Come through, call the airstrike on your hood  
Evacuate every bitch that make love so good  
So what you wan' do? E'rybody chillin, we cool  
Don't have to rip the face off no fool  
That ain't "Lyrical Law" that's a lyrical rule  
I ain't did this before, I don't wanna be cruel  
I just wanna be loved, but the world wants blood  
So we barricade the doors and wait for the noise  
Nature boy, my name is deployed, the cave is destroyed  
If you mention his name, he gets annoyed  
Cause boys should not play with psychotic toys  
A boy should not talk with a psychotic voice  
Stand before me, don't plead no case  
Cause you passed "Lyrical Law", you already great  
So take your place next to any emcee that's great  
In the Most High's name we pray  
"Lyrical Law"

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Cypher Of Five Mics"

(feat. Chino XL)

[Intro: Canibus samples scratched]

"None of y'all got the balls big enough to battle me"

"Fuckin with Canibus, you get ate up"

"You can't even absorb the rhymes I record"

"Cause I'm the BADDEST motherfucker above average"

"Hit you so hard, my hand breaks and my shoulder dislocates"

"I snatch your crown, wit'cha head still attached to it"

"The Canibus is ill like that"

[Chino XL]

I murder a sixteen to the point that it's embarrassing

Hide a grenade in my jeans, douse the booth in kerosene

Shatter your heart's main vein pipe

Insane at night I might have your career disappear in plain sight

Throw you off the top of a church, stab you with a steeple

I'm bloodying punchlines like I assaulted a hundred zebras

Non-believers and their Lyric Jesus is haters that savor

They're afraid since my native halo in the cradle

became a famous behemoth misbehavin angel

Insane but able with razors scrapin your face through ya neighbours naval

A fatal fable from Satan's table with an unstable brain cable

I'm hateful, blame it on being bi-racial

I'm psychologically an anomaly

Should be given formal apologies, honestly, a human oddity

A commodity, Godly when rapist spittin, his blood spillin

Chino so stuck up, gotta peel me off the fucking ceiling

I'm bringin so much beef it'll make a Hindu kneel

Too hard to kill you, heart's unequal beat you 'til you partial gristle tissue

Too fast for a photo, I slash the rapper who'd be homo

Leave him just skull and crutches like Jackass's movie logo

Burn down your fuckin apartment, barricade the fire escape

What I spit is rape, Chino make nightmares try to stay awake

You've never had a fly quote and nigga you and I know

the best thing you'll ever write is a suicide note

Get the fuck outta here! (Five Mics, yeah)

[scratched Canibus samples]

"I kick that shit real niggaz feel"

"The Canibus'll separate your body from your spirit"

"I'm the baddest motherfucker"

"What I'm spittin in your ear

was intended to stimulate your left-brain hemisphere"

[Canibus]

Canibus and Chino XL, rebels from Hell

He's a giant, I'm a stinger missile totin Keebler elf

Keep to myself, strategic for stealth; if I don't need it I leave it  
believe it I kept it greasy for more than 60 seasons  
Tear the target to pieces reload and repeat it  
I got a billion bars but I ain't got the time to release it  
And you ain't got the time to listen to it, hitman music  
Blow a hole through your head and piss through it  
cause you ain't fit to do this  
He vocalled it first, I vocalled it second  
Lyrics get murdered, we move in and do the forensics  
Shut down your studio sessions, DNA analysis and collections  
Cause Mic checking is a Ripper's jurisdiction  
I'm a telepathic detective, blast you with a non-kinetic weapon  
back to the essence beyond (The Outer Limits)  
Wicked and wretched, send you a message, we lure yo' ass out to the desert  
Motherfuckers prepare for the unexpected  
We meet, symbolic technique, anabolic release  
Any emcee gets weak when he knows he's dead meat  
If I strike you'll be red for weeks  
You might check in with a beast that'll tan you like the Mexican heat  
The steps to my monastery are steep  
If you still feelin froggy when we get to the top - then let's leap!  
Inhale the hydrogen mist, then try to get hyper than 'Bis  
It can't get no hyper than this  
"Lyrical Law," hands on, jet turbo fans on  
Aviators are drawn into a criss-cross sand launch  
Turn starboard but still can't dodge, bank hard  
S.O.S call command coms, concentrate can't talk  
Not out of the woods yet, you can't thank God  
The red baron's hair is as long as Susan Sarandon  
War Hawks and red hawks launch out the underground airforce  
You bail out like Amelia Earhart  
SEER training is for naught, I caught you before I finished my cigar  
You a prisoner of "Lyrical Law"  
Yeah! Now I'ma seal the whole area off  
What the fuck you thought? Ain't nobody scarin me off, AIGHT?  
Niggas be rhymin like they lazy and soft  
Get ate by the SpitBoss this is "Lyrical Law"  
Yeah, niggaz be rhymin like the lazy and soft  
Then get ate by a SpitBoss this is "Lyrical Law" - fuck you!  
(Get the fuck outta here)

[*Canibus samples scratched*]  
"None of y'all got the balls big enough to battle me"  
"Fuckin with Canibus, you get ate up"  
"You can't even absorb the rhymes I record"  
"Cause I'm the BADDEST motherfucker above average"  
"Hit you so hard, my hand breaks and my shoulder dislocates"  
"I snatch your crown, wit'cha head still attached to it"  
"The Canibus is ill like that"  
"You can't even absorb the rhymes I record"  
"I kick that shit real niggaz feel"  
"The Canibus'll seperate your body from your spirit"  
"Cause I'm the BADDEST motherfucker above average" "Canibus"

"What I'm spittin in your ear  
was intended to stimulate your left-brain hemisphere"

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Ghost Of Hip Hop's Past"

*[first minute of the song is DJ shoutouts]*

*[Canibus]*

Yeah, the ghost of hip-hop's past  
Let's see how long infinity gon' last...

Wake up, what is the date? 1988  
Hip-Hop is barely exposed to the emotion and hate  
I hibernate, rhymin from space, my first album ten years late  
I tried to take it to a positive place  
But it was like a communist state, I tried to escape  
My label shot me in the back as I was climbin the gate  
I woke up, now I'm awake, I found democracy to be fake  
Hip-Hop sucks, who made it this way?  
I was a teenager when hip-hop saved the day  
Paychecks paid the way, not radio play  
Some artists had knowledge of self, that little bit of honesty helped  
Violent lyrics promoted positive guilt  
So even when you thought the message was negative it promoted positive health  
It was about the rhymes, not wealth  
It was about our culture, not about what the culture could sell  
It was a path to enlightenment, not Hell  
We amused ourselves and this confused everybody else  
I memorized "Rock the Bells"  
I memorized "Tales for the Crack Side" I used to rock gazelles  
EPMD, "You Gots to Chill"  
Doug E. Fresh, Slick Rick, Pete Rock, "Mistadobalina" was Del  
Cold Crush Crew, Melle Mel  
Sugar Hill, Salt-n-Pepa, Sweet Tee pretty as hell  
Shante dimple on her face, pretty as well  
I used to wanna smell the pale Roxanne's taie  
Technics 1200, beat it like an SB-12  
Lord Finesse the punchline king, Heavy D was doing his own thing  
Dio and McGruff used to hold things  
Biz Mark's big ass gold chain  
One day I think I saw the Jungle Brothers dancing on Soul Train  
Marley Marl, Craig G, Master Ace, Big Daddy Kane  
Kool G Rap put me under his wing  
On the road to lyricism, with Rakim and them  
Some real lyricists, Eric B. was sick with the zigga-ziggas  
I know I'm trippin, it's been a minute  
So many brothers and sisters it's hard to remember who did it  
Memories disappear like Whodini  
My friends disappeared faster than my budget when my producer was greedy  
{"Fat, Boyyyyyyyys"} feed me  
I've been eatin emcees, you still don't believe  
Brand of wool, brown teeth, red blood leak from Black Sheep

Whenever the horns blow it gets deep  
Digging In The Crates for my niggas in the street  
Diamond D had the "Best Kept Secret" for weeks  
D-Nice said, "Bis, you a beast", Redman said, "Peace"  
Def Jam said I couldn't compete  
Killah Priest spit "Heavy Mental" before "Heavy Mental" was released  
Accapella, no instrumental beat  
My Girbauds would hang low, no crease  
Timbs on the feet, Cold Cheeks had a Lex  
Tom Leek had the MPV, J Rav had the Jeep  
Clark Kent had the Tahoe, Charles bought a 4.6 because of Jay-Z  
The program director's name from Hot 97 was Tracy  
Tragedy Khadafi, Queens' first intelligent Prodigy  
Probably the first Arab Nazi  
K-9 Posse chew you up like blue chnk chopped meat  
MC N-I-N-E  
"This is the way we walk in New York"  
"Throw Ya Gunz" in the air if you ready for war  
Throw your hands the air if you ready for more  
If I don't like the way you look, I'ma tear your face off  
The Undergod, underground lord  
When it comes to "100 Bars" you niggaz know who to ask for!  
I woke up in the mornin, on a regular day  
I knew my nigga K-Solo would be around my way  
I washed off my Thor hammer, the trigger mechanism lubricate  
It was time to destroy the place  
He kept sayin if I spit my rhymes on the mic  
in no time, I would be back in the limelight  
I said, "Solo, nowadays I don't feel rap  
Cause it ain't like it used to be, the shit is whack"  
He said, "No 'Bis, trust Wolfgang, cause I know my shit  
You already know the flows I spit"  
We love hip-hop, we gotta pay homage to the shit  
I love hip-hop... *[fades out, comes back as scratching]*

*[repeat 2X]*  
Yeah, the ghost of hip-hop's past  
Let's see how long "Lyrical Law" gon' last

*[Canibus]*  
DJ Immortal, get it kid! YEAH!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Cypher With Self"

### *[Canibus]*

People ask me what is Lyrical Law, in its most original form  
Lyrical Law is just a language that I use to describe various components of lyrical fitness, and that was all  
Then they said they wanted me to break that down, cause I made that style  
So that's why I'm making this now, I'm gonna show you how, stay with me

2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,  
Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort  
2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,  
Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort  
First lesson, check it  
2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,  
Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort  
2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,  
Every concept seem separate, but all contact with a higher power is a message  
I said it, all contact with a higher power is a rare credit, only angels on the guest list

### *[Urban Rose]*

We've had enough of the lies  
We won't keep believing your disguise  
Ain't no way to break through  
If you keep believing what they tell you  
'Cause when you wake up in the morning and you can't even breathe  
So much stress on your chest you just got to buckle to your knees  
Our lungs are shattered, shattered from the rage  
We don't give a fuck, we gon scream it anyway

### *[Canibus]*

Yo, Lyrical Law flow, open the hyperdimensional window  
The cold is a node, unbounced  
Lightening bolts that branch out fangs to the throat  
You can't speak on the truth cause you're a mainstream ho  
From the dirt floor in the hut, to the mansion on stilts and struts  
They are alive, but they haven't lived much  
It's almost time to get in touch, they will whine and discuss  
This is for their own good, Canibus  
Hip Hop, what a rush, turn sucka MC's to slush, such and such and such  
Enough, none of them was hits, they was near missed  
I ain't talking about that, I'm talking about this  
2012, classified patterns, only the first couple of thousands got to do with rapping  
I've been rapping since rap happened  
Half of y'all rappers is tap dancing, other half of y'all is lap dancing  
The man in the mirror laughing at the Melatonin Magik  
Yeah, they all laughing till the Spaceships landed

### *[Urban Rose]*

Sorrow leads the way

Always broken with their wicked mind.

They're falling away

'Cause there is no truth within their eyes

No place, no place to go

*[Canibus]*

But not you Canibus, your sorrow will be your advantages

But you must control how to channel it

4th dimensional shifts are sandwiched

Between this reality and a 5th dimensional rift

The teacher doesn't talk in anaglyphs

But you miss understand Canibus, hip hop gave him a chance to exist

The most advanced lyricism ever spit

And all they keep talking about is some stupid random shit

Just talk about the good, stop talking about the bad

Cause other peoples business will beat yo ass

Somebody new showed up, and we don't like him

They bathe in human corpse dismembered to their liking

And all I'm doin is rhyming, Thats not violent

Imma shut up, to deactivate this bomb we need silence

Knowledge, is the reason that we bleed violet

The leaders acknowledge this and profit

They are the watchers of the prophets

Post Apocalyptic, must stop ot

Fear is not an emotion, fear is not an option

They paralyze your motor skills, I could live without it

You call that a thrill? I doubt it!

*[Urban Rose]*

We've had enough of the lies

We won't keep believing your disguise

Ain't no way to break through

If you keep believing what they tell you

'Cause when you wake up in the morning and you can't even breathe

So much stress on your chest you just got to buckle to you knees

Our lungs are shattered, shattered from the rage

We don't give a fuck, we gon scream it anyway

*[Canibus]*

Steel cables repel downward to inner mountain

Look around it, Sasquash is on my next album

The savage lookin for salvage, Not talkin about them

I'm talkin about us

Theres probably only a thousand left

Lyrical Law is your only outlet

Get out while you still can and forget about it but don't doubt it

I water the garden, the metal growin out the ground hardens

My lyrics give me presidential pardon

I serve as the Shepherd and Bro to bring a Message to the Globe

This law is the mortar between stones

I serve as the Shepherd and Bro to bring a Message to the Globe

We are one Soul in separated zones

We control our souls and the microphones

That control the sound waves that this Law exposes

2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,  
Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort

2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,  
Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort

First lession, check it

2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,  
Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort

2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,  
Every concept seem separate, but all contact with a higher power is a higher message

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Rip Vs. Poet Laureate (Director's Cut)"

*[Intro: 'Gladiator' sample]*

You have proved your valor yet again

Let us hope for the last time

But there's no one left to fight, sire

There is always somebody left to fight

*[Knowledge God]*

Are you an ego monster, writing ten thousand bars?

I'll melt your squid face with ten thousand stars

Your battle raps dried up like the ass of the Sphinx

And your brains fried up my verses make your ball shrink

I'll kill you like Marie Curie with Ionizing Radiation

You are facing termination by your own creation

My metaphors mechanics will toss you off the planet

You smoke too much chronic, my vocab is volcanic

Infinite beings with black bars, that eat through rap stars

Travel time in fast cars, you fire past Mars

I ran back home to battle Rip on the phone

Right after I cracked Can-I-Bitch with the Mayan Sun Stone

You say we'll live without fear for several millions years

If you hold hands with your peers like a bunch of queers

My Stryker Brigade driver, strike a gay rapper

I leave Rip dehydrated with lines of hot lava

I tie you up with a snake shaped like a sideways eight

And watch you break and suffocate at an unrelenting pace

Mechanical skeletal structure was designed with a Heavy Mental

Your mind's left behind, it's as light as a feathered quill

The Will of Knowledge God controls thoughts and movement

And force Can-I-Bitch to eat atomic waste pollutant

LL crucified your career with 'The Ripper Strikes Back'

I slice you from ear to ear, who's the Jamaican in the body bag?

*[Canibus]*

Rip the Jacker quantum creator, the quasar quaker

So many layers I can't demonstrate it on paper

My melodic emulators cut you down with trachea lasers

Of deeply deposited argon vapors

My every verse is a psychic institutional burst

I choose which layer to listen to first

At the peak of the Bell Curve, earthquakes make me misspell words

But loud and clear my every verse is well heard

They barely understand you

The unseen hands that sample you and command you, it's quite puritanical

Henry Louis Gates Jr. said I was a lyrical computer

A great leader of a spiritual movement

Homo Noeticus student, the cosmic human

Homo Evolutis, divine rulers from a digital future

I'm a poet not a puppet, I spit these rhymes without a budget  
With more infinite rhymes than cousins  
Non-periodic comets, halotolonian bubbles in solidified rock deposits  
When you take the time to unearth what I did  
You will witness infinity, every verse is a bridge  
Uneasy lies the head, my crown is too heavy for your men  
The mixing board got a thousand channels plugged in  
Music generated user generated mixing board entertainment  
For you mental entrainment

*[Canibus]*

The mic on my arm is symbolic for a knowledge bomb  
Celestial arms spiral into viral columns  
I was betrayed the moment you were born  
And more often than not I say it in my songs  
All day long I talk about Lyrical Law  
I reserve the right to say whatever I want  
If God kisses your face and the Devil kissed your ass  
Then how come you ain't got no goddamn cash?  
The breakaway civilization, generation on blast  
The human population is reduced to ten percent of the half  
For those who love to laugh  
Bolides collide with incoming craft  
The geography is nanoscopic nano-typography  
If you don't understand don't mock me  
The midnight lyricist with a one thousand bar cylinders  
A Ripper's lyricism is unlimited

*[Canibus]*

The opening mechanism for the Sphinx is behind the ears  
But there is freedom behind your fears  
I am the autistic King Ellipsis who broke the Ecliptic  
But don't nobody wanna listen  
After twelve I turned into a Rakim gremlin  
Bare witness to my lyrical fitness  
Paranoid chilling Bob Dylan, Hip Hop villain  
Lyrical Law from the heart of the Dark Lizard King still spitting  
Kill a gilla reptile with poisonous venom  
Give 'em a poem in every embolism when the rhythm hit 'em  
Bus 'em, punishes women and children, whoever wit' 'em  
The illest alive, still living, still spitting  
The audio master, blast you with a vocal sample trigger  
I'm the illest, I'm the illest, I'm the illest  
They got their plans and we got ours  
Plus I got my own plans if something goes sour

*[Canibus]*

Fast acting bio hazard, my verse is a surface burst  
Blasting and attacking and backtracking through a massive magnet  
Global area with a bio location for rappers  
Vocals powered by zero point magic motors  
How many times you done this before Bis?  
Created an album that some love but others dismiss

My air-apparent is trying to hijack Hip Hop  
Using some fucked up mixing board spirits  
Everything I've written for my brothers and sisters who still listen  
This ain't no fricking fake reality vision  
This a real mission, the real wheels of steel still spinning  
I laugh, radio DJs ass kissing  
How far would you go to be a rapper? Ask 'em  
Beyond the absence of light is only blackness  
How far would you go to be a rapper? Ask 'em  
Beyond the absence of light is all blackness

*[Canibus]*

Two hundred bars, eleven minutes, eighteen bars per minute  
Yeah, I still got it, can you fuck with it?  
Superior rhymes recorded inside ethereal time  
Uncontrived and alive by design  
Tiger tooth Spiderman diving off the roof  
Smile, it's the truth when I'm rhyming over loops  
I'm in a spaceship minus the roof  
Yeah, a real spaceship, something I designed in my youth  
Let the world know the truth,  
That I designed iller records than you  
I wrote, produced and recorded and released a lot more records than you  
Just thought that I should get more credit than you  
'Cause I'm better than you  
See, you can lie to me but don't lie about me  
Is that all you got? No wonder you grouchy  
My lyrics sound horrible, your voice sounds lousy  
So why you still be up on radio talking 'bout me?

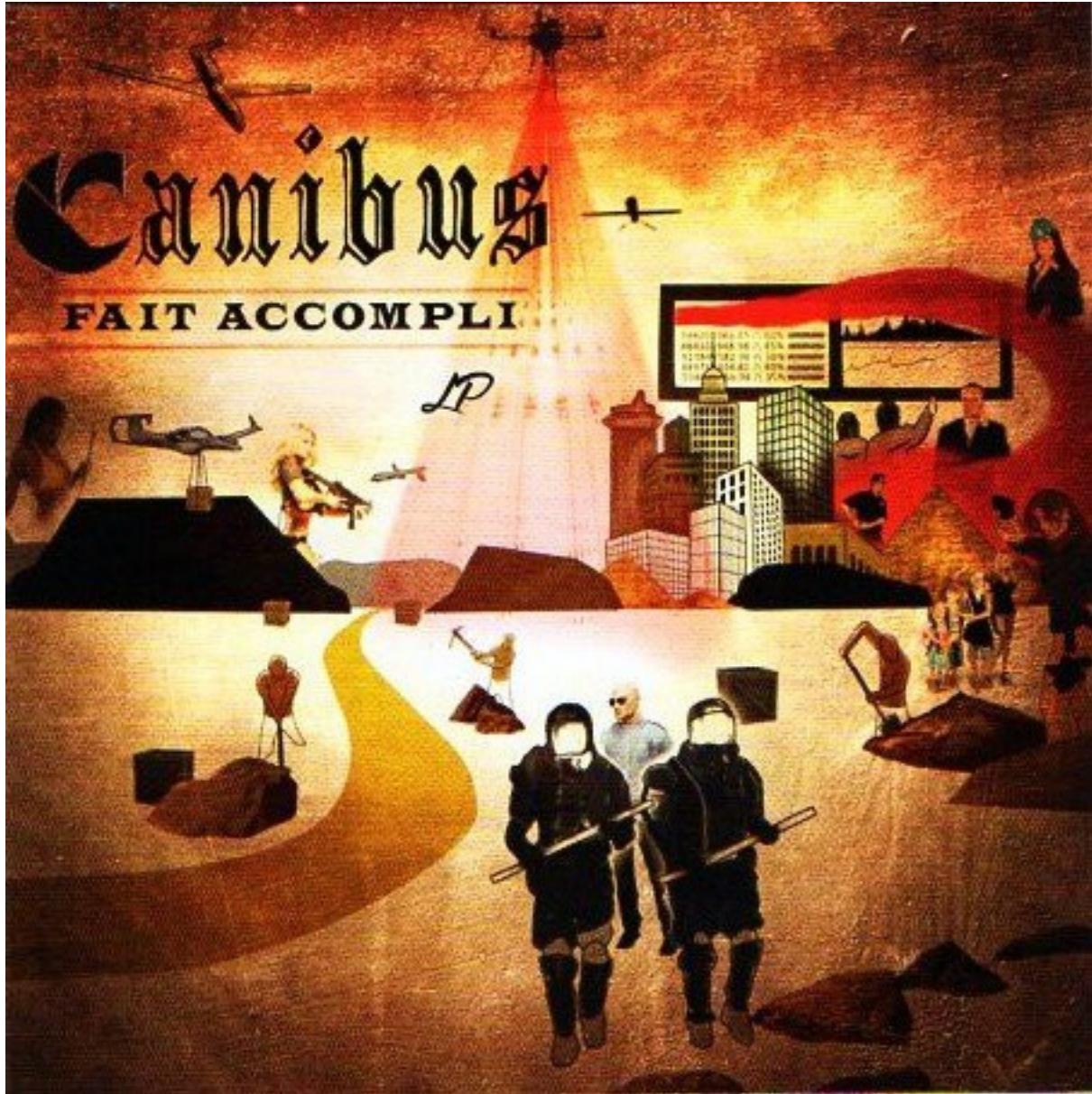
*[Canibus]*

Catchphrase me if you can, nobody rhyme like Javelin Fangz  
I grab the mic with pure knowledge in my hand  
Jump off the bridge, you fake niggas scram  
I'll strangle you with dreadlocks and my bear hands  
Take you to the ground, release no release, I'm a beast  
Run out of wind? I'll hit you with the piece  
One, two, three deceased  
It's already chaos going on in the streets, it's just you and me  
I'ma make you eat everything you said about the kid  
Hip Hop's one of those things I'm proud I did  
I respect your whole catalog and what you've said  
And I'ma share your legacy with the one's who care  
They say, "Hip Hop is the greatest story never told"  
Imagine what it'd look like at a hundred years old  
You can't use mind control on a timeless soul  
An emcee's lyrics defines his role

*[Canibus]*

Close encounters with the poetic Buddha  
Outside Infinity City, with programmable life-form producers  
The Grand Deception, that's what it was  
The idea of aliens or anatomical subs

For dinosaurs that feed off our flesh and blood  
They worship the Sun, put you to death if you run  
The serpent from Eden at Glen Rose, Texas museum  
What's the meaning? They lived alongside human beings  
Visible photography blends with lomography lens  
They can't copy, no matter how they pretend  
The Canibus Man, is just apocalypse in a can  
But Rip the Jacker spreads soundscapes across the land  
Constant to your death signals, Hip Hop jingles  
I could literally kill you with a Hip Hop single  
SEI is now online, the next verse reverse time  
I can float a pound of steel with my mind  
Tesla shield designed, obsessed with unlocking my mind  
'Cause there is no stopping my kind  
The photons of life phase conjugation on the mic  
My rhymes re-materialize as light  
The lost unified field theory of Maxwell  
They know I rap, but they didn't know I rap that well  
I can't deceive you, the truth is out there for the people  
The lies are transparent to see through  
I dream the galactic green, the Northern Lights in the skies  
Uninhibited by the jet stream  
God is within me, God is within you too  
And together we will find the truth  
They said "You ain't the same Rip, Canibus, Poet Laureate"  
But you never check what Germaine think  
Project CC-gate spit, comet sized "C" spaceship  
They so shocked they didn't say shit  
Lyrical Law is all about the lyrics  
And it goes a little something like this, hit it



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Fait Accompli"

[Verse 1:]

Type on keyboard blind, sign in- everybody say hi  
I'm the holy hip hop Majai  
Them motherfuckers kicked in the door, I got excited  
When I realized who who it was I got silent  
Morgan Freeman told the country it's all over  
Danny Glover said the same thing but slower  
Now they say he's worse than Carter  
Him and his big head daughters  
They don't care about collapse of the dollar  
The population of a planet cries out for more  
They are ignored and repeatedly provoked to war  
Martial Law, what you think they was hoping for?  
All you gotta' do is walk through that open door  
Modern man - is but a primitive hologram  
Transhumans, revolutions with pots and pans  
The god gene is the dominant strand  
The politics don't matter - the left, right or they communist plans

[Verse 2:]

If you don't want beef - pipe down that inflammatory speech  
Throw you in the Goulag for weeks  
Which pussy riot whore passport to go to Hong Kong?  
Nah nigger.. you ain't going on tour  
The hood die young with guns and tied tongues  
Daughters and sons smoke drugs that fry lungs  
When liars tell the truth, nobody believes them  
Then along comes somebody they can trust that deceives them  
One ounce of silver, one once of copper  
That's all I got , that ain't enough to stop 'em  
The problem that we face is race  
Even if you ain't black, you can't escape this draconian fate  
Partnership, transpacific, free speech no longer permitted  
Guilty as charged, you will not be acquitted  
Listen - you taking a piss? You better not be  
You on the black list, everybody bout to get stripped  
Yeah, you know what they say, it is what it is till it ain't  
So what - you go hard in the paint  
Whatever, hurry up and wait till it's too late to change the stakes  
The nuisance abates, the truth is you're abused by the state  
Get small stay home and pray  
Raytheon drones strafe, no home is safe  
Don't watch the throne, watch that nordics face  
Iditarod dog race across unthawed straights  
For the agent provocateur in all lace  
Muscle therapy Kate, Uleander in a sauna feeding me grapes  
She pour cold champagne in the warm spring lake

Brought her to my seed vault for the cost of freight  
"Svalbard" how's it feel to rule the world? Wait!  
I got one kernel of corn on my plate, stop dreaming get back to base  
Well ok - But why the flight time shorter than the pat downs take?  
It's because freedom is fake in a police state  
USA constitution got shredded in oh 8  
Able bodied adults, that can't get out of the cult  
They say that's it's the luciferians fault  
And now Holocaust healthcare is not much better than welfare  
Assassin dress like mailman  
Violence doesn't discriminate, it's just has to intimidate  
Now you got a Zimmerman in your face  
I see the people of the world protest in vain  
While the antichrist reigns through the sons of Cain  
Righteous people of the world protest in vain  
While the antichrist reigns rain rain and rains

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Pay Me In Gold"

Finance yo' fine ass, they cherry pick off the street  
They own everything that we eat, they control everything that we see  
It trickles down to the beats from the temple on high with the priest  
Where they sacrifice blood to the beast with javelin teeth  
Mother Mary Magdalene said a prayer with a tweet  
It's only weeks away, it's called modern day D-day  
"I don't know shit," that's what the Chief say  
The Devil told me Jesus died for nothing  
The evidence he showed me: it's all a corruption  
Corruption everywhere, let's be clear: The End IS Near  
The Devil desires to tempt your ear  
The Book of Life has no names, just shackle and chains  
Day traders reading Elliott waves  
Dark entities, deep enclaves, houses sheep and slaves  
The maze of malnutrition and malaise  
HAARP, one trillion watt warp  
Split a Wal-Mart in half like the Red Sea to see what you bought  
Oregano oil, one quart for immune support  
Ban Ki-moon, Blood Moon source doom and default  
Go for it, one decimal point away from rolling a joint  
I bought an IPO Cannabit coin  
Yeah, the dye is cast, currencies dive and crash  
One world government, at last  
An octopus with infinite arms says, "There is no God  
The little g will be a big G later on."  
A delicate balance, the challenge is dividing his talents  
While maintaining a colorful palate  
You struggle to overstand the true history of man  
But the pursuit of such knowledge is banned  
Google Glass hardwired to the human glands  
Used to take two to dance, now it's just artificial intelligence  
Glass-Steagall shattered from the wall to the ground  
The nobility announce, "They are forced to bow!"  
They won't get to reintroduce the Bradbury Pound  
Cause the red Chinese probably snatched up every ounce  
THEY WANT GOLD

# Canibus Lyrics

## "This Ain't The Movies"

I got human growth hormone bones  
You better leave me alone  
Badass M.A.N.P.A.D.S and drones  
I follow slow, their footprints in the snow  
They pigeon toed, they cooking with peanut oil  
They gotta be close  
I track the geese, take flight move east  
Team real, tree fleece  
They match rims on the pickup chief  
I'm that p3 orion, dragon Judah standing next to the lion  
With angels beside him and god behind em  
The son of perdition wants to kidnap all of the women  
And make slaves outta all of the children  
Shinola hit the fan, the pine sol soils ya pants  
You were warned - but you still in a trance  
Brand new Lamborghini vans parked outside the Fema camps  
Can't nobody change they plans?  
You sat down in the chair and you crossed your legs  
The next time you do that you'll be wearing depends  
They took your picture up close - with a telescopic lens  
They wrote a report that said you got terrorist friends  
They all lies and more got damn lies  
She got bedroom eyes, carmelized apples beef patty thighs  
It ain't the brown mans fault - that the second vicil war jumped off  
Who's his boss? Implicate the source  
They got battle cruisers bigger than Cuba  
With internet 2 computers, the front man is just one of they stooges  
They control the information, they abuse it  
Noone could disprove it, resistance means your already recruited, stupid  
Identify threat within and external  
EMP blast stop the war wagon when it circle  
The keys the nuclear closet is in his upper jacker pocket  
Locked him up with a Nuwabian prophet  
The N D double A was the process  
But they been doing this brown people since posse commiatus  
Poverty migration, depopulation violations, genocide of nation  
Through the god they put faith in  
Our thoughts and spiritual energy force is wasted  
Rebirth is eliminated, we are rehypothocated  
World domination predidacted by human lab rats  
And dead cats that got ate by economic Mad Max  
Platinum before I knew what platnium was  
Got plaques, ried to exchange it for cash and got laughed at  
Not funny, still don't nothing move but the money  
If the dollar is devalued - you just another dummy  
Derivative bubbles, quasi illegitimate puzzles  
They chuckle in they bungalow till it crubmle

If you were me, then I would be humble  
Seek out those who love you  
Seek the lord for you know he loves you  
Avoid digital voo doo and these black swan gurus  
Yeah, it's the end of the world and business as usual  
Americans ain't stupid, they're just distracted  
The good life was good for as long as it lasted  
Primary audio circuit, fait accompli emergency service  
Pay me up front for the verses  
Any currency is good as long as it can be converted  
As long as I can use it for my food item purchase  
Or any emergency purpose, religious workers travel by permit  
Mega bus merchants public transportation mergers  
Good bad and ugly, all wanna grab your money  
Brass monkey - uncle Sam be grumpy  
He make sounds like star wars Chewy  
But this ain't the movies  
Trust me - this ain't the movies  
Shell cases make beats when they touch the concrete  
You might hang from a tree if you don't got a strong fleet  
Of course we gon remember you, look what you did  
You threw America in a trash can with no lod  
Forgive and forget, woah not so fast just yet  
Rodney Dangerfield just wanted respect, from the powers

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Primary Axiom"

It ain't no excuse, it's the truth  
We never had a chance cause the enemy's not human  
    Bite off more than you could chew then choke  
    Good and bad opportunities, I've ruined them both  
What you be about, Lord? "Aiyo, I be about Tiaamat's law  
    Before the Great Wall was destroyed."  
    Knowledge, wisdom, understandin'  
    Amnesia pre-plannin'  
Native tribes slaughtered by cannons  
    Didn't wanna listen when I told you  
Now you eating soy bean tofu, look what you go through  
The faggot wants to be accepted, the Anti-Christ is erected  
    The whole world changes perspective  
    Khadafi had a golden gun  
China got two hundred and fifty quadrillion golden tons  
    American confidence is waning, patriots complaining  
    Drones in the sky filmin' terrorist training  
The white man's mad because the white man is selling out the white man  
    Now you KNOW shit is bad  
The Asian man got computers that don't subtract, they just add up  
    While the Arab man'll still pull the dagger  
The rednecks from Santa Ana reach for they hammer  
    Blam, Blam, Blamma look straight into the camera  
Jenny Lake, Wyoming camping, the stars are dancing  
    Starlight skies, Dreadnaught's commander  
    Homo Cobra Capensis, long pincher's  
    Like a Mantis, early Appalachia Atlantis  
Baalbek, broad shoulders, throw boulders to the four corners  
    When I'm around they start talkin'  
    Knuckle-draggin' monkey, think he know somethin'?  
You don't know nothin! The Ironman suit was on Tussin!  
    The nation sinks into a cesspool of sinflation  
    Automated Jamaican simulations, I'm stimulated  
Eviscerated, well-shaven, when he's dead cremate him  
    Make sure you say his rhymes verbatim  
I'mma put you in rehab, punch you i your fuckin' bean bag  
    And go have myself a nice steam bah  
    You don't want the wrath of black Charlie McGrath  
I sprinkled glass on the grass before they raided my pad  
    Pull up the customer case while I fuck your face  
    Negotiate, how much does your 10.99 make?  
Yeah I like joggin' in place, Martin Luther's speech everyday  
    Cause I had to have a dream anyway  
    Camelbak break, ice cold water on a dry lake  
    Not bad for a primitive primate, huh?  
    Dark project research manager, Canibus  
    In the '90s I created a neuro-sampler

Nano-nuclear waves, non-particle  
You the NCO in charge of this group? Lemme talk to you  
Rap this, rap that. C'mon Canibus just rap  
The whole world happy Canibus back  
1000 bars plus tax, I know you love that, you little muskrats  
Doin' jumpin' jacks on the tracks  
Be quiet! Something is watching us, influencing our consciousness  
Falsely encouraging us, stopping us!  
They can't live without you, 'Bus  
They said we need more time. I quietly replied "Time is up."  
I've rhymed enough, uncoiled B-Fields  
T1, 2 & 3, the Beast from the East will not yield!  
The time war samurai sword, pantomime record  
Minds like mines not minds like yours  
If language is a virus, Germaine is timeless  
Simply put, Germaine is a syllable scientist  
In comparison, I pale to creatures with scales, claws and tails  
Laser weapons hangin' off of they belts  
With the wings and the eyes of an eagle  
No matter the distance, they see you  
Put your hands where they can see you  
Read your thoughts like the NSA  
Paralegal power to the people  
I wish I had the power to defeat you  
The Hebrew has no equal, technology he has the keys to  
With breakaway speeds to leave you  
The pyscho psychic hypersensitive Sifu  
Since the veil's too thick for human beings to see through  
They don't need to let you know they don't need you  
All you need to know is that they came from Nibiru  
Nimrod wants his gold and he's coming to get it  
And that's why he's worshiped by the ones that collect it  
I can motion vector long enough to hold that sector  
I'm the protector, Hip Hop's alpha-successor  
Kick yo ass all over the battlefield, it was my pleasure  
And we can do it again, whenever

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Dyson's Fear Of Spheres"

Step into the Grand SCIF Room  
Please carefully describe what you see besides a crescent-lit moon  
The Frescoe's of Pompei depict modern day  
Polyentendres peak like Dante  
Speaking of Minister Mugabe's calendar in Zimbabwe  
The Earth's first ancient underground enclave  
Where the priesthood pontiffs  
Burn white smoke to keep conscious  
Convene in the square with the black mambas  
And the tibetan mandalas, the plaque of palanka  
Who is your sponsor? Ganja  
Mahatmah Ghandhi in concert  
Before the whole world was conquered by the antichrist I watched it  
These problematic mystics, nescient narcissistic  
Dim wit, still obsessed with the way that I spit shit  
You sitting on the highway stuck  
I get around the traffic in a high rail truck with a flywheel clutch  
The rap music watch dog, Hip hop robot borg  
I got JP beats on the boards  
We rap music watch dogs, hip hop robot borgs  
JP headphones got cobalt chords  
Special agent Alexander has bad manners  
He gerrymanders cancer communities speaking bad spanish  
And since it's now legal task force going wild weasel  
They confiscate drugs from the people  
Evolved from clips and chrome to bone age cone head clones  
With nano ohms operated headphones  
Back in the day I used to order chicken parmesean  
At the Mondrian and have a sunset seance  
She put a nice negligee on  
A soft mink bed spread, we could both lay on and just talk  
She flirting, combing thru her hair with her own fingers  
I wouldn't expect her to know those lyrics  
She can't wait to get the album  
It downloaded 500 thousand  
She says I'm the king of crap mountain  
For me to sell out, that means somebody gotta' buy in  
Nobody bit the bait Bis, try again  
Confirm life is real, the wound is too deep to heal  
A man like that does not want to feel  
They say I'm too old to rap, 6 minute mile laps  
I'll stop when I'm too old to do that  
I work for 3 shifts of 8, then I'm out the gate  
I post haste forth with before I walk away  
I been worlds leading rap manufacturer for quite some while  
Don't even trip when they bite my style  
I want the whole world to upgrade

Humankind struggles to this day  
Many survived the double digit age  
But mortality rate everywhere is not the same  
Promote life after life, like St. Germaine  
Rhymes, reason, signs times and seasons

The lastest is in line with unprecedeted achievements  
We all know what these was, bees worthy bees get buzzed

My superbug is immune to drums  
Watch him howl at the moon  
The son of a bitch, half baboon  
He got a warp around serpent tattoo

He sent floods, radiation to posion our blood  
He deceived the whole world to destroy our love

He has no color, he doesn't see the other as his brother  
Even though he knows we need each other

He's a animal that walks upright  
With a fucked up love life, can't even get a hug for the night

If you see me with my teeth fixed, that means i'm rich  
If your teeth is fucked up it's cause you sucked my dick

Talk to the Comm cheif, he asked what's the status  
We gotta' survey the fire lit caverns on Saturn

When we landed in a damaged flight cabin  
I got out and saw a hexagonal pattern

Walked over and grabbed it  
The co-pilot was dead holding a picture of his kids

It would be insensitive to say he wasn't meant to live  
I walked 40 clicks the from the edge of the A Ring

Crossed over the Encke divison, Molybdenum bridge

The creature I saw was a cross between a pig with the face of a squid  
And fine hairs like an Arachnid

It said "if you gonna stand there and stare  
You might aswell walk over here and yank my beard if you ain't scared"

I've seen enough I gotta' get back to where to I live  
From that place of abundance called a Dysons sphere

I moved to the U.S at 2 years old  
I payed taxes here so long, this is where I call home

The specter metrics edit's is exectionally impressive  
Syndromatic tornado tourettes, but what's that?

Show mercy upon my soul, through proper governance and goodwill  
I am your obedient servant still

We are consumed by war, slave class martial law  
Blood red like the plateau on Mars

"I will live, love,I earn, try not to burn  
For one day soon, the golden ones shall return"

If we discern and work hard to earn, get what we deserve  
The golden ones return is our turn

Freedom of press means you get too nosey  
Get sentenced to death, cause those were senseless steps

Let the rooster take care of his Biz, let the hens lay eggs  
Let the hard working people working make bread

Cause we don't want much, we want what we want  
You act like we had a choice, like you didn't set us up

If you can't stand the sound of ya families moans

Then you need to get over there and bandage those bones

Squeaky wheels get oil, silent frogs sit there and boil

All refrigerated items might spoil

Any knowledge is not good knowledge

Unless you gain enough knowledge to emerge from the darkness where it started

Till the light sparketh - manifested itself and departed

Never to return but still yet a part of it

Do you comprehend that? Say that last part again

I was busy watching football again

The power cut off again on again off again

It's the end of the world but let's all pretend

It was just an awful dream

Can't even express what I mean

Cause I don't even know what I seen

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Principle Of Equivalence"

River water floods, every country, blood red algae  
We are the people, the people have a bounty  
Every man woman and child, non elites must bow  
This is the future, the future is now  
Freedom - liberty - the pursuit of happiness  
The home of the brave with a ravenous dark side  
Chickasaw war tribes, black apartheid  
Hard on the eyes, heavy on the hearts and minds  
We can't use constitution to defend our laws  
Padelford V. Alderman, Savannaha  
Executive order 13037  
They call us human capital, capital credit  
Executive order 12803  
Everything in America's for sale my "Gee"  
Fictitious obligation, how you gonna qualify that statement  
You still live in grandma basement, alone with your thoughts  
Don't wanna take your headphones off, they strip you to your draws in the airport  
Zombies in the dead zone, pretty ass bitch she redbone, I sat next to her no leg room  
The treaty of 1213 means I work for the queen  
I work to recover my title deeds  
Do noy folly with idle speech, poetry deep  
A silent as spiders feet, LE be quiet you creep  
Stealthsubmarine silent fleet  
The man smiles - he admires the beast  
A lamb is just something to eat  
Especially when spicy seasoning is added to that wonderful meat  
We are the people but the people don't count dude  
Barron VS the mayor of Baltimore city council  
The USA was not founded on christian values  
The treaty of tripoli spells it out for you  
Pennsylvania supreme court, the most powerful of all  
10 paces draw in front of town hall  
The estate was divided into districts to define it's existence  
This is a realistic statistic  
They set us up to perform poorly  
It's the usual story, if you love me make a movie for me  
The human population is so easily occupied, human life is just a commodity modified  
The highly comprehensive Canibus collection  
Old school classic like them early century westerns  
Papyrus paper record deals stage coach wagon wheels  
Sping transporing my written cylinder seals  
Medieval artifact retrieval  
Yes, we are the people, but we're just poor people  
Evolution produces revolution, not the other way around  
Thses stupid ass rappers is as dumb as they sound  
I want Freedom, I already know I'm a dead man speaking  
Who dies before the RV every weekend

Multi digit palindrome prime lexicon online  
Linear lines up right on time  
No more lies, Crypto contrived  
Quantum worlds collide the moment the groom returns for his bride  
I accep the slander and praise  
Cause one of these days, it's gonna happen one of two ways  
You wake - none of it's real - you laugh or  
Inertial mass of inert gas splits the world in half  
All that is, is reincarnated to live  
We only think we're alive but we're really dead  
The yellow dragon from hell  
Hatched from a black eggshell with a red tail and deep blue nails  
The predator pulled energy from a pool of point 2 mega joules  
At zero point zero residue  
Ingest the yes pill, this is my last testament and will  
Protected by a polar satellite shield , for real  
I travel in the flesh, but the goal is to travel without  
The house of the lord is a traveling house  
In a G2 cloud, when helium 3 hues un shrouded  
Among spirits that the pyramid houses  
Superwaves shear off the sides of every mountain  
Spacecrafts land, a God steps down out of it  
A little G God, no doubt about it, people crowd around him  
Knowledge - looking gallant and valiant  
Wisdom, knowledge nothing without it  
Understanding - every attribute itemized and counted  
The wind blows up from the ground, the ground makes earthquake sounds  
Miles of city blocks shook down  
The blood thirsty dracs, shout:  
"Launch the attack!", they say "stand like a man or crawl on your back"  
Go head take a stand, I know you don't understand  
See we always have a choive but we never had a chance  
The murder weapon was thrown in the pacific in the high seas  
That means it will never be retrieved  
When individuals decide to climb into a hive mind  
They shouldn't be surprised what they find  
Your mind is no longer your own  
A one billion man army of clones, that follow orders like drones  
Hopless silence - whispering quotes of violence  
The sky is black, the smoke is violet  
There is evil at the doorstep of every man  
Declaring you have a choice, but you don't have a chance  
The savage salivates at the scent of a man  
And say you always had a choice but you never had a chance  
What you gotta say about that lieutenant Dan?  
Bubba died right there in Forest Gumps hands!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Rude Boy Oscars"

What if they mobilize a merc team to your location right now  
What you gonna do, how?  
Didn't wanna listen when I told you  
Now you eating Soybean Tofu trynna be social  
Cold weather index drop, put it in park, stop  
They got a checkpoint every block, Korean car seat head rest  
STuffed animals, 3 thousand mile traffic  
That's understandable, put you in a shanghai sling  
Cause you be carrying things, lock you away with PRK Kim  
Human nature, animal behaviour  
They believe in a saviour  
We were all duct tapped by the taper  
Can't wake up and smell roses to heal yourself  
You're looking for an opportunity to kill yourself  
The undead grabs your leg, kick him in the fucking head  
Kick his fucking ass again  
The ahndicapped hunter covered more ground than all the others  
We gotta' give it to him, that was really something  
Out taking a walk Nahanni national park  
Fourteen when I caught my first Goshawk hawk  
Now it's time for improvement, 58 wade mount shooters  
We sit on the hill and count cougars  
We told them about the future  
None of them cared, till they went to confiscate his balls  
He wasn't there  
Peripheral neuropathy, my nerve endings rarely work properly  
I can't feel nothing, try stopping me  
They do what they do cause they can  
They dominate man, every human homind is scanned  
I beg you pardon, I don't know what you talking  
Right now from where I'm standing, escape ain't no option  
Late August, dry spell, smoke jumpers jumping outta planes trynna battle fires from hell  
They have the right to blindfold your eyes, under paragraph five  
They need you to initial and sign transparent policies regaring technologies  
Software secure - and then again it might not be  
The microphone is a philosophere's stone, negative and positive poems  
Can-I-bus - you probably know him  
I make the music, I create it, I don't have to explain it, I don't care if you hate it  
It develops slow, just like we standing here watching the grass grow  
Then some day, out of no where: GO! GO! GO! GO! GO!  
What you gon do now yo? When MRAPs run over the town folk  
I'm not the only one that sees it, I'm just bold enough to believe it  
Predictive policing, they watch you while you speakin' and tweeting  
For so many reasons, seeing is believing  
Ever since the agreement between the humans and the reptilian species  
Before the Garden of EDen that bore Prometheus  
The devil is devious cause he's the greediest

Land lizards below, winged ones above  
The crude we depend on is dinosaur blood  
This prison is perfect, a vacuum inside these gates  
Together we created something that escaped  
You sold us all out to this alien intrusion  
And you got the fuckin' nerve to call yourself human?!  
Tell em why you mad, I ain't mad no more  
You don't wanna listen to knowledge than that's on ya'll  
YOU put material items before God  
YOU put the evil leadership in charge  
YOU were deceived by they villainous charm  
And YOU destroyed the constitution's rule of law  
One hundred thousand price per share in a uranium mine  
Poor lady looks at her baby and cries  
Billions of people, slaves to consumption, destruction  
You know that God is disgusted

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Sinflation"

### [Intro:]

Today, tomorrow, six months, next year  
They have always held the keys to your fears  
Fast-forward, decades later, blood, sweat and tears  
Are shed to the creator, but it was all made-up  
Generation after generation, tell me what changes  
History keeps repeating itself for ages

### [Verse 1:]

He was driving a Tesla model S playing loud music  
He drove into an EMP storm and got electrocuted  
Trust fund lawyers were recruited, lawsuits were instituted  
"The electric car killed him"; prove it!  
Quantum evolution quantum conducive  
Quantum revolution rap music quantum electrocution  
Transformed him into a mutant, infrared eyesight lucid  
Sharpen the picture, fine-tune it or lose it  
God's gift, optic oculus rift; look around your environment  
But keep your composure, now what do you think?  
I think it's all gone to shit; these problems can't be fixed  
I think the only solution is reset  
They say comply or die, regroup on your side  
Or mine and stop making excuses about why  
Keep an eye on the micro, but notice the macro  
The bottom line is our slave masters are assholes

### [Hook:]

Today, tomorrow, six months, next year  
They have always held the keys to your fears  
Fast-forward, decades later, blood, sweat and tears  
Are shed to the creator, but it was all made-up  
It ain't today, tomorrow, six months, or next year  
They enjoy playing off of all our fears  
Fast-forward, decades later, blood, sweat and tears  
Are shed to the creator, we don't worship no paper

### [Verse 2:]

Preach  
The higher the peak, the lower we are forced to dig deep  
The best outcome is always out of reach  
Do you agree to disagree about hope? 'Course you don't  
Believe everything they see, you'll never see through the smoke  
You say you know the ledge, that's just a theoretical edge  
To make the world a better place you need more than a pledge  
Trust no one, even yourself  
And this includes the person giving, receiving, or needing some help  
But you sold them your soul, and they stretched out your donut hole

You only know what you were told, not what you behold  
The collapse is simultaneously triggered  
Now you know what it feels like to be a statistic  
Poor sons of bitches ain't allowed to make decisions  
We're middle-class midgets living off of Third World figures  
They say the economy's grown  
But if you look there's more vacant homes than homeless people living on the road

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

You stop getting chances when you stop taking them  
So just follow your orders, never question who's making them  
"Let us hold hands, let us pray with him"; excuse me, what's your name again?  
"Okay, we'll have another round of Jameson  
Drink up, rejoice, let's pretend we always have a choice  
Cause we sure as hell never had a voice"  
The day of reckoning, your last will and testament  
Text-messaging emergency services still testing pings  
Black Swan psychologists could've been worse, they could've been communists  
Objection sustained, McCarthyism, counselor  
A complete monopoly, this is proper Hip-Hop verbosity  
Show you how it be and how it look to me  
They build, destroy, recycle, that's how they get it done  
Vocal percussions, no interruptions, perfection  
Soundproof coffins, the haunted eavesdrop too often  
It's always me and the Lord when I'm talking  
Taking long walks on winter beaches falling  
With splinters and blisters and the sound of whispering torment  
The guillotines are sharpening, their background music is ominous  
Laying there naked dying from insomnia  
Hungry 'cause they're starving us, gun sentries, hall monitors  
Droning and daunting, my dear long-armed darlings  
We are death-marching, ritual, sinister, barefoot prisoners  
Dig a hole so POWs can shit in it  
Prisoners during peacetime, peaceful and primitive  
We never could understand, what the fuck is a derivative?  
Admit it: we were all deceived with such relative ease  
Only because we dared to dream  
They stole control with a single act of multiple hacks  
They were literal, visceral, non-physical attacks  
City-wide but then the chaos metastasized to the countryside  
We cried, our Bill of Rights were nullified  
So miserable, so sad, I don't ever think I've felt this bad  
Feelings are emotions, emotions are scams  
Wealth intimidates poor people more than violence  
So they hide it, I've been on both sides of the fence  
The common man changed to behave as a slave  
Reading alien waves in a daze on a Forex page  
When Braveheart was brought to King's Court he was shackled in chains  
I heard him say "that was an unwinnable game"



# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Last Christians"

[Verse 1 - Canibus:]

Oblivious Christians, Muslims most of them

Puppet master controls both of them

All spoken language was created by Satan

Planet Earth is a captured operation

Lies cannot exist without speech

Humankind can't trust what they see, tell me what are your beliefs?

Are they a multiple or singular God

Do you follow 10 commandments or 10 thousand laws?

Life on Mars, what are the odds?

Do I remember being there, nah but what if I was brainwashed?

The tier one scientists, that's they main job

To teach you where you are and not where you came from

The telescope is offline, why?

The culture divides due to confusion most of the time

History's always been sorted

Important facts not reported, real Hip hop is not recorded

Dark forces, shadow sorcerers, de-facto black marketers

Families feuding in their corporate offices

The Running Man strangles Mr. Dawson outside Guy Fawkes apartment

Right after the Boston Bombing

I'm in the pawn shop, make me an offer

Take two more derivatives and call me in the morning doctor

E.coli malaria water, earthquake victims still starving

Babies born with bar codes on their organs

Holocaust healthcare was never any better than welfare

A lot of people think it ain't fair

They should drop food from drones instead of dropping bombs

Jimmy Crack Corn from modified hormones

Soybean Tofu grow produce

Faggot ass doctor wanna grab your prostate and he don't even know you

I got nerves of steel protected from electrical surge

My curse words become medical terms

He said "Allahu akbar" and then blew up the plane

They said, "God bless his radioactive remains"

Tactical protocol was changed from that moment on

The whole world's at war but not for long

They say from disaster comes peace, God bless the deceased

They had to pick up the rest of his teeth

First and last name, RFID in your brain

Shackled to some chains on a train

Close quarters close margins, no wiggle room on the target

Stay close like titties and armpits

Bioceramic bone fragments, post apocalyptic mathematics

How do you weaponize a rabbit?

Fusion ignition, a new way of thinking just listen

Close enough to hear the laser beams whisper

[Verse 2 - Canibus:]  
Pyramids on every planet  
Spacecrafts crash landed and disbanded, left in a sandpit  
A Christian cross stands outside a crater  
Faint crescent moonlike shapes glows through the vapour  
21st century mega quakes shake ups  
Mommy late for work with messed up make-up  
Daddy lost his job, they might break up  
He makes 25 cents a week (He makes what?)  
The country hungry and tired, Nero is fine tuning his lyre  
The empire is consumed by fire  
Parliament closely monitored, School bus size comets hit Washington  
People in the church talking about God again  
Tsunami - what you mean God?  
I mean watch the ocean sea saw up thousands of feet to the seafloor  
Thought process froze, think but do not disclose  
Rap music don't barter no gold  
All the plaques we got were fake  
Just like this horse shit reality they make you think you create  
Dummies amused by the sound of their own laughter  
Black gold sprays from white holes in Alaska  
Didn't wanna listen when they told you  
Now you eating Soybean Tofu, the government owns you  
The Antichrist approaches, everybody holds their noses  
They know death don't smell like roses  
The minister was putting on his tube socks  
Went downstairs in the elevator like 2Pac  
A foreign diplomats jewel box is no match for elite rulers toolbox  
Look how many rules they got, no respect, human conditional disconnect  
There's nothing left, certainly less than you would dare suspect  
Yet perhaps maybe there's more  
Crystal quartz tuning forks, mind control forces strangle your thoughts  
My land is lost and now I can't talk or walk  
I cry out "my kingdom for a horse!"  
Operation full spectrum I reviewed all the metrics  
I removed everything that was pleasant, dig a hole to get over depression  
Psycho psychic methods, if it works, then why switch the method?  
They control the entire globe, they say "I don't care what you know earthman  
Just do what you're told!"  
Dents, Nicks, Cracks, Splints and other Swedish laments  
The best poetry barely makes sense  
Their pulse race, blood all over their face  
This craziness, an nobody's coming to save us  
His mortal wounds were heat treated, we were unable to stop the bleeding  
Humans retreating, robots feeding, boulder size rocks are reeling  
The earth is squealing, dollar crash  
And Wall Street didn't even feel it!  
What you dealing with what you gon' eat a meal with  
No tangibles? Don't even think about stealing it  
Purify your h2o and stop moving so slow  
You already know where we gotta' go  
Opsec topside, Tony Stark bomblets, rockslide

Twist metal, a bent up carbine  
Sweet Caroline, double barrel time  
They wanna' beef, don't let em get past the cattle line  
Retched, dusty ass stetsion, isotope sensors  
This is a community consensus, boys will be boys  
Men playing with contaminated toys  
The future is full of so much joy  
Burgundy maroon John Mayer, blue tooth black root  
Yohimble bark root player, soothsayer  
Whose within the distance to hear, they don't care  
God bless the parying pepper who is scared but prepared  
A brand new world begins after pole shift planet overspin  
Awe, here we go again, modern day martyrs sing chorus  
Ave verum corpus from the pinnacle of tire bale fortress  
This is your world, take it back if you want it  
But you can't sit at that table without a offering  
Pursed lips like Mick Jagger, a bowl of hot soup cracker barrel  
Raisin oatmeal with apples, illegal 7.62 rounds in the satchel  
This is unnatural, the sentence is death if they catch you  
Fuel station incineration, all over the nation  
Devils flying all over creation  
Don't open that box, it belongs to Pan  
And he will compose music for the songs of man  
Area 51 is off limits to intellectually timid  
Humankind really has no business, if you wanna to see a fight start  
Just turn the lights off, just a dark world and a tragedy of life lost

# Canibus Lyrics

## "God\$les\$ America"

The Necronomicon got us starving like ramadan  
Standing road side with a piece of cardboard for chinese Juan  
C'mon  
Isolate the subject from his friends family and his co workers  
Minimum wage means no purchase, no job - no purpose  
Run around praise the lord in churches  
I pray to God my old sins don't surface  
The 1st testament God gets jealous  
Look at what he did to impress us  
He stopped the world with a nuclear weapon  
I beg him, please grant us one thousand years of peace  
The East visit the West, the West visits the East  
Brother should not war with brother  
Our ancestors were stubborn  
They kicked the can down the road for nothing  
The burden of being black and murdered  
Being whacked behind the curtain  
But what if you really didn't deserve it?  
Doesn't matter, they want blood - no less, no more  
We are consumed by war, a slave class ya'll  
Scraps on the table, forage for more food when I am able  
So much abundance, praise Azazel  
You have no heart, you have no conscious  
Completely immoral, God bless the godless  
Mud water boots drying off by the book of Genesis  
A new way of life is imminent  
You ain't special, they gonna get you  
I ain't talking about nobody in particular, it's hypothetical  
Think critical, reticle scan by sentinel  
Everybody left the theatre sad but it was memorable  
Cross over the boarder to Mexico  
Pepe said "yo, if I was you, I would do that slow"  
The God Zilla Nimrod, tomahawk look from the side  
He screamed out he was from Brooklyn with pride  
I refugee from guantanamo bay  
But I ain't gotta go there for me to say it that way  
Black rock, tungsten padlocks, land locked  
No trash box, they said it was toxic, the readings were hot  
They water boarded Mos Des, woke up couldn't go back to sleep  
Blacktronica lounge, it was Tanya and me  
We danced around in shanty town wearing hand me downs, wow  
Back from the war, I drink brandy now  
Whiskey sour after sundown, low crawl on the ground  
Got sand in my mouth, I'm in Miami now, snapped out of it  
Didn't know where I was, she messed up my buzz  
She don't love me - but she gimmie massage  
And no matter how bad things turn out today

When I watch her dance - it all goes away  
A golden kazakh eagle soars over Hajj  
Looking down at the crowds, it was just a mirage  
The tenants in the house of cards  
Are too big to jail behind bars  
Their problems too big to solve

The body cannot be free when the mind is in prison  
Ears that hear are no match for ears that listen  
Eyes that see are no match for eyes that see through  
Yes - I am a slave, and so are you

Bless, ignorance, weakness is a symptom of innocence  
Pay your penance, go join the prisoners  
Chemtrails, airborne spills, destroy your sense of smell  
Die now - die later, heads or tails

Photovoltaic array at red dawn before that day  
Exactly what I saw I cannot say

In case you haven't noticed I practice patience - focus  
Freemason emotion, cold - the coldest

Pagans and their potions, kidnap you under the oceans  
It's hard to believe sea monsters wear clothing  
Some live in the present, some live in the future  
It doesn't matter cause we all live inside a computer

I was a mobile cell phone owner, wireless station controller  
It didn't help my radiation exposure  
From the higgs boson fermions and protons  
At this rate I will always discover more songs  
Upset, bored, nothing else to do but record  
Or spend time with family and get ignored  
No electricity of course

Now we can all sit down at the table and be a family of four  
A great new attitude on life, in spite of being loved only a little  
And even less liked

Find your ambitious side, the odds greatly stacked against my kind  
But I still gotta try I ain't hating on the rich and the famous  
I just hate the way they played us  
They never give us equal exchanges  
No individuals are named, they allocate false blame  
No change just more of the same  
They're inspired by their desires

A steady stream of water projected between a ring of fire  
A pyre of fire  
The devil never compromises, the leaders were wrong  
Judgement comes down from the skies and fries us all  
That's why they dropped the ball!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Star Spangled Banger (Outro)"

How long can they keep America distracted?  
When will the world dump the dollar in the trash bin?  
It was good while it lasted, but now we've been lambasted  
What do you think life will be like for your grandkids?  
A local watchman climbed up the wall  
A United Nations sniper plucked him off  
He said, "If I should die before I wake  
Cremate my remains and send'em to deep space"  
Creative overdrive, completely overloaded with rhymes  
This is what we were supposed to design  
Prometheus Proteus Prime, frontal lobes plus both sides  
Golden spindles spiral over the spine  
He spent the lion's share of his life promoting skills  
A wise man once said, "The sun don't chill"  
Ask your boss why the HEPA filter got switched off  
The press release said it has something to do with the cost  
From riches to rags every scumbag is mad  
You mad 'cause we all got empty lunch bags  
The deck is clean; the cables are green  
The wind speed is 30 knots over the sea  
Satellite targeting, air superiority  
My Law: space bags, ammo, and armory  
Take to the sky like a falcon, look at you grounded  
The mind's eye could move a mountain  
The ground beneath your feet is skidding sideways  
Domingo said, "We got 365 days"  
Family, country, God, respect  
Give me liberty or give me death

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Wreck Room"

[Verse 1 - Crooked I:]

Look, how many beats I gotta put in the casket  
Before you understand instrumentals get their ass kicked?  
I'm that sick, I'm a backwards cased basket  
I'm a basket case, nigga, irate bastard  
And I'm strapped, bitch, a ball hog in the hood  
So don't talk to me about that ghetto pass shit  
This nigga's past it, my clique is massive  
And fuck spittin' acid if I haven't written classics  
Steady reppin' the West, while Cali rappers say that's played out  
You niggas' based out  
Type of niggas we leave laid out  
Throwin' up a dub, stompin' your face out  
That's for the life that you ain't 'bout  
You niggas' marks like Zuckerberg and Sanchez  
Listenin' to every fuckin' word that a fan says  
I think you boys' soft  
I think a real fan wanna hear that real shit, if not, turn my voice off  
It's Crooked

[Hook:]

You are now consumed by the dark side  
So welcome to the belly of the beast  
All my niggas eat MC's up for lunchtime  
And we'll never be ready for the peace  
This is for all y'all bitch-ass snitch niggas  
That front and always tellin' the police  
Ain't no place in this world you can run or hide  
To escape the belly of the beast

[Verse 2 - Flawless the MC:]

Call me Spartacus, In this art I'm just a martyr, plus  
I hit hard as a car crash with a charter bus  
Y'all just anonymous, don't even try to start a fuss  
Because I'm large enough to step down, crushin' you all to dust  
Flaw's the illest and I put that on my daughters cause  
I'm hungry, like the effect I get that marijuana does  
In this game, you'll be [?]  
So even with Stan Lee fightin' Marvin Hagler, you couldn't marvel us  
I'm flippin' off everyone who scoffed at my shit and tock  
Cause I'm a time bomb with a tickin' clock, and the shit just stopped  
So if I'm pissed or I'm blowin' up like a blistered pop  
It's just hip-hop is infested with [?]  
So you can go on and kick up rocks  
I'll bet it all, you couldn't set it off with fireworks hooked to Vivica Fox  
See when I hitch I'll split your knot  
Cause I'm fucked up and cold like I eat Dippin' Dots topped with a liquor shot

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Nino Graye:]

Spit my flows like I'm walkin' around with the Alzheimers  
I ain't worried 'bout these small-time rhymers, who?  
No imagery and no substance, gimmicky  
Young and seein' victories like witnessing Christopher Reeves runnin'  
They'll never take number one, these suckers silicone titties  
They just look good fakin' and frontin'  
They ain't been strugglin', hustlin', pockets with nearly nothin' in 'em  
Fuckin' sick and tired, prayin' somethin' was gonna finally give in  
Spit 'caine, every 16, raw is on display  
They'll stick veins, pick up a CD, put it on and hit play  
I'm a think tank, you know what this means, stay out my [?] way  
We shot callin', blockin' your entry, nickname Dikembe  
'Bout that time, we drawin' the fuckin' line  
Bullshit stops here and y'all on the other side  
Nino Graye one of the elite, almighty brotherhood  
Midwest royalty, just so we all understood

[Hook]

[Verse 4 - Canibus:]

Zuckerberg, I heard you're a sucker for words  
Plus you're a perv, the facts just emerged  
Sensitive data denial  
Get shot on YouTube or go viral, so how did they find you?  
Concussion after confession, gold fever, old school westerns  
In any group, I'm the loneliest member  
Thoroughbred stallion, Jamaican, mountain music  
They named him, 'til they cut his legs off and framed him  
Step into that digital vortex  
The scorned vet judged by generations that ain't even born yet  
Read faster than most talk  
Write slower than the aardvark walks and squints with the card sharks  
A room full of mad professors who study language forensics  
Interdependent on phonetic directions  
Quick draw, aggressive, really am I on the offensive?  
I'm just a Marlboro man from Memphis  
Surrounded by firewalls, strong defenses  
On Mars with ice cubes and Natasha Henstridge  
Canibus

[Hook]



CANIBUS & BRONZE NAZARETH

TIME FLYS. LIFE DIES...  
**PHOENIX RISE**

# Canibus Lyrics

"Time Flies, Life Dies..."

Back on the island  
When somebody dies  
And that body loses soul  
That soul go flying up to Heaven  
Or digging down to the bad place  
There be good dubbies, and there be bad dubbies  
And them dubbies, hm, they be a spirit  
There has been no place to go  
They can't go up, and they can't go down  
Some of them look so bad  
Until one little boy looked at one the mirror, and that made the [?]  
And he frightened little boys  
And he turned to a full assault  
And all the little animals leak him away, until he was nothing

Wow

There ain't no such thing as ghosts  
Besides, uh, I never heard of "dubby" before

There's lots of things little boys ain't heard of before  
That's why they little boys  
But bad little boys, the dubbies like [?]  
And in the begining ready for the bad kids to become dubbies too  
So if I were you, I'd be saying me prayers  
And doing what the elders tell me to do  
The bad dubbies, the bad, bad boys

I feel like greatness lives on the edge of destruction

# Canibus Lyrics

"Mikey Destruction, Devastating Tito & Dj Slice"

(feat. Devastating Tito, DJ Slice & Mikey Destruction)

Canibus calls him the master of black acetate vinyl  
From New York City to Cairo  
DJ Slice

[Verse 1 - Canibus:]

Assassination attempt, the blood had a stench  
Bloodhounds picked up the scent, I thought we was friends  
Wearing a lab coat, looking through the microscope lens  
He say he'd never sniff coke again, fuck that  
Give me the snow plow, bust it all down  
Freestyle in the dollar van all the way uptown  
The bait is always food, pussy and water  
It smells so good, it sleepwalk you to your slaughter  
Hip Hop awarder ahora, stand next to Rita Ora  
Straight balls on the track no chorus  
The dollar general, street corner sentinel reputable  
Sell a few sidewinders for revenue  
What you saying? Tut took a nigga chain  
Then put a Michael Jackson glove on, I can't explain  
Spit, live nigga shit, you get the gist  
From AR to the K-Bar, customized grip

[Verse 2 - Mikey Destruction:]

Who want it? Come and get it, we can spit it if you with it  
One lyric will leave a hole in the logo of your fitted  
Bars like penitentiaries mellow, win mentally  
Destroy the enemy I could bellow it instrumentally  
Canibus and Destruction back to back  
Causes spontaneous combustion on a track  
Lyrics flame on anything we put our name on  
That's why your ears been burning since the song came on  
Lames gone, game's on, this is no joke  
The pros choke, that cynical shit will get your nose broke  
Subliminal shit is a waste  
I don't have to speak in riddles 'cause I'll say it to your face  
And this is just a little taste  
'Cause if I really start spitting it, this shit will catch a case  
Check your history, y'all niggas can't get with me  
I'm your favorite MC to the fifth degree

[Verse 3 - Devastating Tito:]

A [?] model, Diallo, hollows the Mellow Man  
The stage ain't Apollo, them hollows will leave 'em hologram  
The war season, there's more treason  
The core reason these cats fiending for me, I cruise Norwegian  
I'm articulate, bomb tickin', I'm armed lyrics

The mortician that lift the spirits from your formed physics  
As egotistical make 'em shake like I'm mystical  
Keep his face in a pistol this station will run municipals  
It's our century, commentary is monetray  
My monastery is armor heavy I was born ready  
So bring your generals and a minute of intervals  
I'ma spit on your literature, defecate and spit on you niggas  
It's broken mirrors with broken spirits the motion sickness  
My flow floats across these waters like it's open water  
It's Canibus and Mikey, Tito the rap de-vils  
I break eagles like I'm breakin' records on track needles

*[Verse 4 - Canibus:]*

Spikes across the road Mikey D tag team yo  
Refresh reload in magazine mode  
Transition pole position the globe spinning  
Chop sticks in a rice bowl with some gold in it  
Bust him in the head with a brick, he hop away with no hip  
He still love Hip Hop no shit  
Crucifix around your neck, take the cross off your back  
In fact, we thank the Lord for rap  
Mirror mirror on the wall tell me what you saw  
Melle Mel, Grandmaster Caz, yes yes y'all  
Inside the hall of fame with graffiti on the walls  
The engineer said, "Take it easy on the boards"  
Attack dog jump off to shred mic chords  
Put 'em all in a cage and see what they fight for  
One goat, two goats, three goats, four  
We rep Hip Hop from roof top to the floor

*[Verse 5 - Mikey Destruction:]*

Drop jewels with the best of 'em, I'm cool with the rest of 'em  
Fools who keep questionin', school 'em and keep testin' 'em  
Manipulate the tracks while I'm spittin' out the facts  
Slap, picking it up, you ain't gettin' none of that  
Precise I'm nice nigga, the flow is impeccable  
Amazing what some sleep, a pen and pad and a check'll do  
What started slow for me, now I'm a vet and a spectacle  
They killed the rotary, so now I'm gettin' technical  
Beast mode, the East Coast will never die  
And jet mode to the West Coast, forever fly  
Transporter no JanSport or no camcorder  
Sip a quart of water while I'm kidnappin' your man's daughter  
Canibus said, "Ill," I went crazy with it  
Other cats said, "Chill," fugazy with it  
I got your back for life Bis, you feel me?  
That's what it is when you fucking with a real G

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Canibus Autobiography (Part 01)"

[Intro - Caller, Jay Z & (Howard Stern):]

(Go ahead you're on the air with Jay Z)

Hey Jay, what's up man?

What's happenin'?

With uh, today's market

Pretty much watered down by people that took Biggie's style

How do you feel about talent like Canibus not gettin' a fair shake?

Um, I, I think all artists should get a fair shake

Uh Talib Kweli, Common Sense, Canibus

You know, I like the guy's integrity

[Hook x2:]

(To my people) This is my audiobiography

This is my audiobiography

(To all my people) This is my audiobiography

Nobody can tell it but me

[Verse 1:]

Paul Allen's birthday party, aboard the Crystal Harmony

1998, so far from poverty

Sixty nautical miles off the Beach of Sound

Madonna's music playin' in the background

Dr. Boots sat across from me, Bill Gates walked out

Angela Basset tried to talk to me

He pointed to his residence, off the starboard bow

Looked like the president's White House, we all said, "Wow"

In my mind I'm like, "This is dope right now"

I just sat down, sip some white wine and lounge

He asked everybody if they was enjoyin' theyself

I thought to myself, "Of course we enjoyin' your wealth"

He asked me, "What do you do?" I told him, "I'm an entertainer"

He said, "A singer?" I said, "Nah, I produce bangers"

I didn't fit in, fat gold chain on

Pure player sweatshirt, Timbs and shades on

Paul Allen standin' there with Elvis Presley sideburns

I guess that was to keep his face warm

This bad shorty I was with, yeah she brought me along as a guest

I had to give it to her, I was impressed

We spent four days and five nights, wine and twilight

I didn't give a fuck about no Source and five mics

[?], Kweli doin' Datwon Thomas

Them wicked ones used Hip-Hop to divide us

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2:]

I'm a genius of compositions like Mike Mothersbaugh of the hood

In a circular line between studio Hollywood  
I stood right there, and watched them produce the theme song for a film that I wasn't into  
Back to the East Coast boom bap beats, I agree  
[?] and Danielle, Lost Boys [?] routine  
Clark Kent, Peter Panic, [?], CL from Cornerstone  
Give me another shot of Cortisone  
The Lex coupe, Bimmers, Benz, [?] and Bentleys  
Star Wars, car wash, customer friendly  
Goin' through the Hollow Tunnel, clock at 1:20  
If it wasn't for Kevin, Treach would've killed Wendy  
Talkin' all that shit, comin' outta Hot 97, Big Pun was like, "Fall back 'Bis"  
I ran [?] in the rain, flat tire tack expire  
The Negro League had a deal with Mariah  
And the penthouse ponies from Kayah  
At the table with the homie and Naomi when he gave her them diamonds  
Hop the train to NBC and BK  
Got groceries for this nigga, let me see what he say  
They was solid gold, can't argue with that, right?  
Always hold my niggas down that's the story of my life  
My memory base jumpin' all over the place  
Just put the pieces together, ain't none of it fake

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3:]  
West Coast Californ-i-a, shit is real  
In the front yard smokin' some turtle with Henry Hill  
He put me on the phone with Cameron G in Seattle  
We was just talkin' 'bout life, it's all natural  
I told him 'bout how I do music, nothin' major  
I just came back from Fort Lewis via Vegas  
Henry was writtin' a book, workin' on the pages  
I remember the movie 'bout his life he was famous  
He asked me 'bout Second Round, don't ask me why  
Bad Boys don't advertise but I had to comply  
I said how cool Mike was, don't believe the lies  
And how Tyson lived next to the Sultan of Brunei  
I drove Mike's Porsche up to the Sultan's gate  
He act sad like security be at the wake  
He got out, walked inside, it's night time  
They had a mini horse track around the property line  
I lost money at Kentucky Derby, 'cause I ain't lucky like that  
I just got memories about rap  
Remember put this in your CD Rom, www.canibus.com  
Few people understood where I was goin' when I said it  
I was so far ahead in the future, I regret it  
Isolated, forced to fight with the basics, I looked crazy  
But the truth is, it's so amazin'  
I got friends in high places  
But countless enemies with deep seeded hatred who don't want me to say shit

[Hook x2]

[Verse 4:]

They took away my green card, figaro  
Mickey the monkey can't travel overseas no mo'  
I moved back to Atlanta, back to the basics  
Northside Drive, Dallas, Austin lives in a space ship  
Stamps in my passport, been many places  
So many situations, so many faces  
In the limo with the high priest on the way to a Sony party  
The only time I met Nas  
Me [?] and the high priest skip in line  
We had beast with us, lookin' like Spetsnaz  
We stepped inside, everybody knew I wrecked rhymes like, "Bring the record back Selektah"  
From twenty minutes a bounce, it was more like ten  
But who's countin'? And that's when everything got clouded  
The high priest had on black tuxedo slacks  
With red shirt and red alligators to match  
Back in the limo, I'm lookin' at my world through a tinted window  
I'm thinkin', "Can it all be so simple?"  
The priest put his hand on his heart, Pledge of Allegiance  
And said he was the son of [?], believe it  
He wore a pinky ring, said the ring made him a mobsta  
Then he said [?] was his father  
That's Theodore Bowen, Jessibell [?]  
Timmy Visine fell for mafia all day  
It got to be something to it 'cause they live like gods  
And it's the truth, that's some real Hip-Hop hoorah

[Hook x2]

[Verse 5:]

K-Solo, BOLO, Pac-Man  
Born Sun, David Madison, the Sharpshooter Clan  
Maintainin' my mojo, record vocals  
I went from underground to worldwide pan global  
Back to independent, distributed local  
Life is so anecdotal, I still rep like I'm supposed to  
2005, summertime, Orlando  
Shaquille O'Neal wearin' 22 inch sandals  
Cory Gunz, Marley Marl, Kay Slay nigga, Papoose  
Young Zee, the whole god damn crew  
Deja, 34, back then I was so damn raw  
Nobody could see we bar for bar, look at me  
Superman vs. Bizarro, Kryptonite cargo embargo  
Listen they ain't want no part yo  
The red white and blue, 500 pound bomb proof  
Shock troop [?] troop mark my [?]  
The five ten program, freedom is a slave to no man  
If you meet my on point, I got you  
Lock 'em load 'em and shock 'em, rock 'em top to bottom  
First cat put the kibosh on all columns, what options? Nothin', need oxygen  
Howard Stern took me to a Hip-Hop event (One time)  
But not again, what?

*[Outro - Howard Stern, Canibus & (Man):]*

Canibus is here

You hung out with Mike Tyson?

Yeah

Well how's that?

Mike's cool, he's cool

Is he cool?

Yeah

Do you think he's okay?

He's intelligent

Really?

Yeah

Where do you write with Mike Tyson? I mean did you, you wrote a song with him?

Yeah, yeah we, we-

Where did you go to his mansion in, uh, Las Vegas?

I, I've been with him there

Oh, you have

Yeah

Did you see the tiger that he has?

Yeah, he's got four. He lets 'em run loose

Oh my... What do they feed those things?

I don't know man, like raw chickens or somethin'

Really? Oh, that is sick man. Oh, that's wild man

(It's, you know. Things [?]. They don't talk about boxing.)

Yeah

Right

(They talk about, a lot of their theories on life and stuff.)

Right

Canibus is on top of the scene

See this guy's on the cutting edge of rap

How's your album sellin'?

It's certified gold

Is that right?

Yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Can-I-Bus, you know?

Right

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Interlude Uno"

(feat. Classic Pak)

*[Classic Pak:]*

When you, when you reach this type of hype

It's a whole different type of, feelin'

A whole different type of vibe

You know? It's like the air get different

It's like, it's like, it's like you become one with the trees

You know what I mean? Yeah

It's the best that ever been done

This is the best day in Hip-Hop history

We need to make it a holiday

Yeah, Hip-Hop holiday

Come on, give it up for the God

Mr. Can-I-Bus

Ha ha ha ha ha, yeah!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Bronze Horses"

(feat. Killah Priest)

[*Hook x2 - Canibus:*]

Horseman, graze like goats off the land  
Expand, then we chop it up like lamb  
I'm a horseman, he's a horseman  
I'm a horseman

[*Verse 1 - Canibus:*]

Killah Priest, Canibus, obstacle courses for horses  
I dismount then engage multiple targets  
Shoulder to shoulder, face to face, we're Saruman soldiers  
The heat from the second Sun smolders  
At 200 degrees, I drop to my knees  
Priest told me to breathe when time signature freeze  
I am now at peace, the ocean conveyer belt flows to the east  
The new silk row will host the beast  
Before I need, translate speech  
Silver fox trades herbal spices to eat for rice and meat  
In the parkin' lot we drill doin' muy Tai Chi  
Tell Mook to call me after I write to that beat  
The dark spitter, thought ninja, sharp thinker  
Acupuncture heart pincher, ricochet off the rickshaw nigga  
Hard feats off tendons, medicine, my pontoons walk on rivers  
Why you still walk with a limp?  
I was injured I self-administered apple cider, garlic and vinegar  
Feel better than I did in December  
Used to be gone till November, remember?  
Now I got security sensors for side exits, back door and entrance  
Posted up with night vision like lizard in dark night prison  
The wise old owl with camouflage feathers  
Not to mention there's not even a pot to piss in  
Wipe my ass with cardboard next doctor visit

[*Hook - Canibus:*]

I'm a horseman, he's a horseman  
I'm a horseman  
Horseman, graze like goats off the land  
Expand, then we chop it up like lamb  
I'm a horseman, Priest a horseman  
We the Horsemen  
The clan, graze like goats off the land  
Expand, then we chop it up like lamb  
I'm a horseman, Priest a horseman  
We the Horsemen

[*Verse 2 - Killah Priest:*]

Guns and blow, create a thunder hole for the young and old

Black hole when crack soul protect the globe  
Crossbow for the lost souls in the last toll  
Pay yours fares in the air, the end is near  
Nah, the end is here, description of giant smoke stacked  
Blue plasma boil, blood in the soil, fight over spoil  
Gold or all out in Iraq, stress disorders  
And test the water, death or slaughter  
Protect your quarter, times are shorter  
Got my preacher at the altar  
No home cooked meals, just blood, sweat and steel  
Army shield, battle field, shoot to kill  
Castle hill, arrow steel, post traumatic  
Automatic, break your bones into fragments  
Blue dragnet, your crew will scavenge, move tragic  
The Hell jumpers and shell dumpers, they failed in numbers  
Coming in tanks and Hummers, a cold day in the summer  
Forged passports, we dodge the task force  
Traps across, who get the cops off  
I'm at the dock with the boss Matthew Markoff  
We laugh as we dash like hot sauce

*[Hook - Canibus:]*

Horseman, graze like goats off the land  
Expand, then we chop it up like lamb  
I'm a horseman, Priest a horseman  
We the Horseman  
The clan, graze like goats off the land  
Expand, then we chop it up like lamb  
I'm a horseman, Priest a horseman  
We the Horsemen

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Kings Sent For Me"

(feat. Bronze Nazareth, Raekwon, Kurupt & Craig G)

[Raekwon:]

Yo what up?

Stop parking your rollers on the side of the street homey  
This is fucking Chef, man  
This your brother Chef, man  
From Shaol-land  
You already know it's Shaolin, what goin' on?

[Raekwon:]

Back for vengeance, glocked up, drinkin' Cîroc up  
Call it what you call it, I'ma call it some block stuff  
Used to flashing gats, double barrels that flips narrow  
Don't even give it to Daryl then  
Hang with the monster mobsters

All of them keep rockets on 'em, ain't no sense for the arguments  
Drugs and guns and dunnis in every part of my plan's done  
Hidin' in my mansion, one year  
I'ma a Polo head, Polo with a Rover sober red  
Ridin' with my niggas in Chicago, hold the lead my nigga  
'Cause it's the bigger we get, the bigger you fall  
The bigger we shit, check the wall full of scholars  
Bank robbers ankle gold joggers  
All my niggas quick to get off, poppin' collars, kid  
It's just a family status  
Don't get sprayed up for fuckin' with the family cabbage

[Hook - Bronze Nazareth:]

Samuriders, scramble when I aim and toke  
Best believe I'ma flame your ankle with metal bolts  
From the flavors you taste when the rocks is quotes  
I'ma have a bronze [?] with all onyx scopes  
My hands stay clean without the soap  
When you see it's us you feel the rush, the opposite of hope  
Slammin' grammar wizard choke and the hammer hits the oak  
Slam a wiz that's cold, I deliver keys of coke

[Kurupt:]

He must be on meds and shit  
I keeps one of those thangs that shreds your shit  
Or did he forget the number of how many get hit?  
For fuckin' with real niggas, more money to get  
Fuck it, sandblast niggas like the Mojave  
Beef Mugabe I'll be probably oddly  
Pushin' down the street low key bucket and banger  
Front liners with me strictly, buckin' and bangin'  
Twistin' the robbery, on missions soldiers

Goblins know got steam brewin' niggas like Folgers  
Fronkenstein, I'ma bubble away  
From triplin' what a nigga made yesterday  
Before I start bustin' a musket, ivory tusk handle on the hammer  
Trust me it must be Pentagon or nothing motherfucker  
I won't tell you again  
Sand rider Samurider I'ma ride till the end

[Hook]

[Canibus:]

Women are for fucking, men are for fighting  
Who cares as long as they both bend over smiling  
Yo, I get muddy like Volkswagen offroad buggy  
Ladies love me, teddy bears and puppies  
Poisonous insects and animals in the stash house  
Lookin' for cash, don't put your hand in the couch  
Frodo Baggins escort the Komodo dragon  
Repeat rappin', memorize the God's solo classic  
Predator prowler, truth to power, gunpowder  
Plaid lumberjack flak jackets and cowboy trousers  
Ponderosa Ibuprofen, gasoline-soaked Mimosas  
Ocean spray Grey Goose dolphins  
Charles Bronson, Godzilla, Gulf of Tonkin  
Sponsored by the Luxor, the casino comped him  
The rat hunters cut his dick off last summer  
Flushed it down the toilet, sent it back to his mother

[Hook]

[Craig G:]

Heartless, like war torn soldiers in Bosnia  
I was with his girl yesterday, ain't have to Bill Cosby her  
Craig G, Can-I-Bus, Rae, Kurupt  
Antiseptic on beats, you ain't low spray your guts  
What? Cover it up with a Band Aid  
Damn straight you'll never come close when we mandate  
These verbal executions, fittin' MCs necks for nooses  
Catch him as he cops a few loosies  
I literally and figuratively shoot fifths  
True shit, a way to lose quick  
Is to cross me, leave a body cold in these warm streets  
Hop off stage punch him in the face hop back on beat  
Hold New York, 42nd Street was for dope fiends  
Triple feature Kung Fu flicks and other coke schemes  
Orange boxcutters, and [?]  
It's different now it's easy to act tough from a safe place

[Hook]

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Battle Buddies 4 Life"

(feat. Dizaster)

*[Dizaster:]*

Ayo, my next King of the Dot battle  
Full of arm grapples, bar shackles  
All facts, somebody gonna get their top snapped  
I bottled it all up, but now you gon' get yo head cut the fuck off just like Saddam's statue  
Army commando armed camel all camo AR ammo  
In a standoff with Steven Segal and Rambo  
Stick your arm out, while I'm standin'  
In vantage point a hundred yards out  
And I blow your hand off like the jackal  
Godfather like I'm Marlon Brando  
I'm off the bar handles  
Lettin' off the bomb shrapnel  
Inside of the god's chapel  
Fuckin' with your seed like Mosanto  
Sharper than most large panels  
Spark candles, for the ones that pass away  
I cherish everyday cause life is just a large gamble  
This is just the wrong channel  
Rippin' through your ross flannel  
Caught across fire, turn your block into Los Santos  
Los Angelos, heart bandit with Canibus on the track  
Get caught stranded on [?] map candid  
You catch me whippin' these cats  
On an ass-whippin' rampage  
I'll throw a fast leg like Johnny Cage, minus the black shades  
Anderson Silva, how I snap legs

*[Canibus:]*

King of the Dot  
Muscular dystrophy patients inflicted with inflammation  
Barricaded with Oakland raiders placing wages  
Beam 'em up to my spaceship  
Where the fuck is your immigration papers?  
Don't say shit, soak your lips in this basin  
You're officially famous  
I'm officially off the reservation  
I'm officially inviting you to my official engagement  
Prophetic, enter the dragon  
Prosthetic, hammers and ratchets  
Kalashnikov muzzle flash  
Brass knuckles crackin'  
Double tap, pop you like bubble wrap  
You stumble, collapse  
Suffering succotash, you a sucka for rap  
Expendable expert commando merc doin' Rambo work

You think cavity search during earthquakes hurt?

I walk with a torn ACL, jump on stage with L

I met Dizaster in the cage by myself

The don dada, big poppa do Krav Maga

The top shaka, shot a Redbull off a pinata

The hurt locker, first name on the roster

Fight you over a dollar, beat the breaks off a Black Friday shopper

Ten million dollar purse, flip a coin, who first?

I'm the referee of this shit, call me Kool Herc

Of the New World Order, New Earth

Choke you with a tire, in a tube, while American mules drag you through the dirt

Up a hill, down the ravine, till the sand wash in my machine

They scratch booty with they hands before they eat

Alphabet savage, count from seven twenty backwards

After three hundred and sixty lashes I don't need no practice

Marketing promotion distribution of plastic, digital tracklist

Hip hop classic, the whole package

I'm the Sundance Kid and he's Butch

Assault and battery

Hot terminology and tenacity

Diz is my battle buddy for life any way

I put Dizaster vs Marshall Mathers anyday

Say something!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Concourse P"

(feat. Pete Rock)

*[Pete Rock:]*

Damn man, shit, nigga I wrote this shit  
Fuck y'all niggas talkin' bout?  
P. Rock, niggas, get that  
Real Hip-Hop, what it do son  
No doubt, yeah, yo

Pete Rock, the desperado

Used to push the hard-top Milano, keep a trunk full of vinyl  
Now it's all about Serato, scratch box, laptop  
7:45, knock the camera on [?] (Whooh!)  
Speak in tongues, nah Papo  
But I'm worldwide though, Paris, Tokyo, Bosno  
Switzerland, with my mans and them  
Italiano show respect like my last name Soprano  
Another day another dollar bill, I'ma keep it real  
Give a crap how y'all cowards feel  
Goin' to the house for the points, I just landed it  
The Boy Wonder for Pres, the hood candidate  
You wonder why these haters wanna check my manuscript?  
Legit talent on display, I illegitimate  
This is what I represent, that full throttle, hard body like a militant  
And y'all hollow like tips on a silver bullet  
Y'all won't pull it, got enough wangstas frontin'  
Straight stuntin' like Kay Slay, R.I.P. to my man [?]  
You know we miss you and Dilla, everyday  
No doubt that I'm a Mac with the wordplay  
But everybody got opinions like a vertebrae  
Address you niggas in a speech here's what I would say  
"To all you rappers, eat a dick and have a nice day"

*[Canibus:]*

This is Concourse P, welcome to Concourse P  
This is Concourse P, boarding now, this is Concourse P  
This is Concourse P, welcome to Concourse P  
This is Concourse P, boarding now, this is Concourse P

Concourse P, please provide essential ID  
Take a seat, bout to fly like like geese  
Pete Rock Concourse P, provide your essential ID  
Climb aboard if you vaporizer free  
Crates of hardware, the acetate bombardier  
Is in skippers chair visibility clear  
Retract the landing gear, this is Pete Rock Pan Air  
Canibus fanfare I'ma tell you when we land there  
Soul Brother number one, Samsung we bang drum

From every corner of the Earth to Seoul South Korea son  
I just taught my Saudi Arabian butterfly  
How to drive in a right hand side M5  
Horsepower impressive CO2 sensors  
Cost, labor intensive, valuable, expensive  
Moose Jaw Wyoming, we left Jackson hole blown wide open  
We left the mixing board sliders broken  
Who can you handle it? The largest vinyl collection on the planet  
Sonically sample it, electronically scan it and stamp it  
Light up cigars dancing, passing out pamphlets  
The Great Pete Rock, Bronze Nazareth & Canibus  
Concourse P, Champagne glass in the air  
Propose a toast to a long career  
When it's all said and done I got memories  
I rocked with the best beat architects of the 21st century  
Pick a date - pick any piece of acetate  
Then watch Pete pick a gold plate out the crate  
Transform Serato to Murcielago  
DJ Mia Moretti & Catlin Moe fast and furious  
Go fast or slow, Virtuoso Canibus flow  
Listen up - this is your captain speaking asshole  
Put ya' tray tables away turn off your radios  
Seat backs full upright follow the flight plan yo'  
Put ya' mouth between ya' legs - kiss your ass goodbye  
Thank you for flying the skies where the phoenix rise  
Put ya' mouth between ya' legs - kiss your ass goodbye  
And thank you for flying the skies where the phoenix rise

This is Concourse P, welcome to Concourse P  
This is Concourse P, boarding now, this is Concourse P  
This is Concourse P, welcome to Concourse P  
This is Concourse P, boarding now, this is Concourse P

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Interlude Dos"

*[Woman:]*

You are a victim of your own unconsciously designed destiny

Wherever your will experiences friction, you may be interceded upon an idea that would keep you unfree

Now you are interceding on the destiny of the person next to you, just by your own lack of self-knowledge

If you fear the algorithmic future you may respond too slowly to that information, which will liberate you and help you proceed towards self-realization, even while you being perfectly aware of the snare growing around you

Know your worth and your power will be increased

The intensity of concentration that is infested in the art of self-[?] is rewarded by the direct experience of the extraordinary

Warfare exists in our present illustration of reality

Choose your battles wisely

Most of the opponents that we face will be like a bully to a child

An impulse that is a disgrace to our worth

Open-minded and aware individuals can easily be some of the most reckless and indignant

You must stop calculating your own defeat

You are a victim of your own unconsciously designed destiny

Wherever your will experiences friction, you have been interceded upon an idea that would keep you unfree

Now you are interceding on the destiny of the person next to you, just by your own lack of self-knowledge

If you fear the algorithmic future you may respond too slowly to that information, which will liberate you and help you proceed towards self-realization, even while you being perfectly aware of the snare growing around you

Know your worth and your power will be increased

The intensity of concentration that is infested in the art of self-[?] is rewarded by the direct experience of the extraordinary

Warfare exists in our present illustration of reality

Choose your battles wisely

Most of the opponents that we face will be like a bully to a child

An impulse that is a disgrace to our own worth

Open-minded and aware individuals can easily be some of the most reckless and indignant

You must stop calculating your own defeat

# Canibus Lyrics

## "This Is Rome"

(feat. Pyrit)

[Verse 1 - *Canibus*:]

Every soul is sold - This is Rome  
The money not backed by gold - This is Rome  
Loads for your chariots and homes - This is Rome  
The Emperor has no clothes - This is Rome  
Russell Crowe just like me - This is Rome  
Everything a warrior can be - This is Rome  
Me and Jahmen'll fight the beast - This is Rome  
Joaquin Phoenix in the streets - This is Rome  
Every single motherfucker is confused - This is Rome  
The ugliest piece of ass in the room - This is Rome  
Nobody knows what they gon' do - This is Rome  
Every talkin' point is all true - This is Rome  
More conquests for the war chest - Rome  
Everybody wanna be the best - Rome  
Corruption is the path to respect - Rome  
Assassin with a knife to your neck - Rome  
The illusion is too much to bear - Rome  
History falls on deaf ears - Rome  
My ears still ringing from the cheers - Rome  
Till the wheels fall off no fear - Rome  
Prepare for the army to invade - Rome  
The good times are over Germaine - Rome  
Come here you, what is your name? - Rome  
Now they gon' turn you to a slave - Rome  
Do you not like how I sing? - Rome  
Would you prefer to do your own thing? - Rome  
Come, let us be merry and drink - Rome  
How dare you not kneel, kiss the ring - Rome  
Sabotage through espionage - Rome  
The Black Knight satellite watch - Rome  
Destruction of the enemy is a art - Rome  
There is no more rule of law - Rome  
The Senate will take recess now - Rome  
They'll walk around bare foot style - Rome  
You whore! Your titties hang out - Rome  
Caesar will have sex with your child - Rome  
Zeus will release the Kraken - Rome  
The revelation seven headed dragon - Rome  
You do-done do-done niggas still rappin'? - Rome  
You motherfuckers won't know what happened - Rome  
Our prophets gonna smash it to the moon - Rome  
The Vatican City is doomed - Rome  
Romulus howl at the moon - Rome  
The Antichrist rise from the tomb - Rome  
Blood will flood through the valleys - Rome

The hounds of Hell will be happy - Rome  
Peace to Black Rob, holler at me - Rome  
I speak the truth they still attack me - Rome  
Yo I don't even care no more - More  
They don't want peace they want war - War  
Nostradamus crystal ball -Ball  
Says the rich will perish with the poor - Poor  
Now it's too late to repent - Rome  
The Holy Spirit has no more strength - Rome  
The General is drunk in his tent - Rome  
Surrounded by homosexual men - Rome  
Everybody needs gas masks to breathe - Breathe  
Plagued by sickness and disease - Disease  
The elite scream, "Run away and leave!" - Leave  
We have no more leaders to lead - Rome  
We brought this upon ourselves - Selves  
We got caught up in the spells - Spells  
For whom the bell tolls don't tell - Rome  
We traded our Heaven for Hell - Rome  
We failed to stop chemtrails - Rome  
The worldwide hunk of death mail - Rome  
We cared too much about our bills - Rome  
And we never communicated well - Rome  
Now we gon' get what we deserve - Deserve  
We turned our backs on God's word- Word  
You were too cynical to learn - Learn  
I cried out till my throat burned - Burned  
God will not clean up your mess- Rome  
You humans are so quick to forget- Rome  
All you have now is regret- Rome  
You figure out what to do next- Rome  
It was written that this happened before- Rome  
Every cycle of the black star- Rome  
Time flies, life dies- Rome  
Then the Phoenix will rise and that's all- Rome

[Verse 2 - Pyrit:]

It's like I just woke up in (Rome)  
Everything around me say this country is (Rome)  
You bring it back to gold standard like this is (Rome)  
And [?] kill you right in the street like this is (Rome)  
And now we got women catchin' plague like (Rome)  
Armies killin' people for religion like (Rome)  
Fuckin' politicians touchin' kids like (Rome)  
Police come get you right where you live like (Rome)  
Horses and chariots (Rome) Judas Iscariots (Rome)  
Gladiators in the streets battle to the death (Rome)  
We all carryin' (Chrome), turn you to (Chrome)  
Leave you where you stand let another man clean the mess (This is Rome)  
The gods wage wars in the sky (This is Rome)  
The men on the ground with the pestilence and flies (This is Rome)  
The plague is in the water supplies (This is Rome)  
Find concubines pourin' wines (This is Rome)

It's time that the great beast dies (This is Rome)  
Welcome to the feast you swines (This is Rome)  
Entrance has made you mines (This is Rome)  
Now you'll all exit my bowels at the same time (This is Rome)  
We ain't time travelin', we talkin' 'bout the time we livin' in  
This modern roaming empire underneath Caligula  
Close your eyes envision it  
You can see imperial police in the streets beatin' pleebs out their innocence  
Welcome citizen, you can pay your penance to the Emperor now or get put with the prisoners  
Are you listenin'?  
Do what you are told or what you are told will be done to you, simple wisdom it  
City sprawlin' with soldiers on war horses  
With chest armor armed forces for official employers  
Roman source patrol off on the dogs roaming remorseless  
'Cause job shortage makes some rob to recoup losses  
Full equipped with gods on high cliffs  
Bombs from drone ships, it's lightning from Zeus' fist  
18 A-list VIP as it gets  
'Cause pirate computer mix worth a trillion bits  
2016, rulers with big dreams  
One world, one Roman government, one currency  
One slave populace from one goddess' ovaries  
One love motherfucker and it ain't for you or me  
Totalitarian, barbarian  
Motherfucker this is Rome say the name again  
You got a favorite sin? Go commit it then  
Livin' ain't safe in Rome, but we don't give a shit (This is Rome)

# Canibus Lyrics

"Matte BLK Rapana"  
(feat. Bronze Nazareth)

*[Canibus:]*

Cobra cabana, cut your tongue off with katana  
The war monger wearin' Bodhidharma body armor  
Son of Ravana, Ashwathama Mahabharat  
Parama Brahman, supreme rasta  
Practice extreme Prajna, samsara this is nirvana  
Buddhavacana from Tathāgatagarbha  
My four fathers conscious like Dhyāna  
You don't even understand what I'm sayin', be honest  
Lightning bolt Vajrayana, thunderbolt Obama  
With B.A. Baracus a black tomahawk chopper  
Mr. T doin' the Cha Cha dressed like Zulu Shakas  
Eatin' green eggs, hasa and salsa  
You know you wearing bootleg when the logo is too big  
When the tag says, "Made in Manolo Jesus Crib"  
Matte black AR, ACOGS and K Bars  
You make duck sauce outta Gog and Magog  
The airborne flippers with meteorite zippers  
Tell the skipper to use helio light dimmers  
You know you ain't in the right business, you like to spit I like to listen  
We like hyenas babysittin' some kittens  
I swoop down like a winged Griffin and pinch 'em  
Leave his limbs missin', dirty ass feet like city pigeons

*[Bronze Nazareth:]*

Yeah, I promise piranhas, minor marijuana farmer  
A white widow spider lighter, plantain clips for llamas  
Atomic, Verlander slider shell providers  
Catch comets cigarillos spell cumulus climber  
Spit shiner, uterus finder, secluded survivor  
Diva scuba diver combined with urban MacGyver rhymers  
Matte black clouds on top of my family opera  
My mood is chupacabra sprinkled with ocean liners  
In St. Lucian waters, screws loosen hardest armor  
The constant garden mixed with George Carver, Pearl Harbors  
Swirl diamonds in my verse, train of thought robbers  
Chisel chopper chapters, Montego Bay climates  
Visible monuments inside the sound, acknowledge it  
Kevlaar halos when I ride we gon' poli kid  
Meanwhile demolishing, disembowelment  
Slit ya collagen hologram, disappear like Hollow Man  
Sharpen pen, drill darts through his cardigan  
Autograph a camel toe, marvellous artisan  
Casual till the cannon blow, harvest my sonogram  
There'll never be another like me, he probably REM  
You hate to admit you feelin' it like a phantom limb

No plaques but I planted platinum whims  
Jesus feet not one of the kings? Sacrilege

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Give Me Not Control"

Give me control of all the world's media  
And I care not who they choose to let entertain 'em  
    Radio, audio, television, video  
    Satellite, streaming, download, digital  
Give me control of all the world's media  
And I care not who they choose to let entertain 'em  
    Radio, audio, television, video  
    Satellite, streaming, download, digital

For the Phoenix to rise, life must die  
    And that's just how it is sometimes  
The narrow path is not always clear cut but don't fear nothing  
    Good karma will amount to something  
    The 1990 era was the most special  
We took this art form to a whole 'nother level  
We had Supreme Knowledge, Hip Hop Temple Stone Pilots  
    All-seeing eyes with the gold iris  
    The material world is not always truthful  
    Everybody can't be a business management guru  
Gimme Guinness stout, I sit around the table at Google  
Meditate, learn the Metu Neter language from YouTube  
    Raw talent force multiplier enforcer  
The Universe bleeds from every orifice, I absorb it  
Silver garments smell like garlic, camp-fire concert performers  
    My Last Supper was a cup of cornmeal porridge  
The horizon is dark orange, the Phoenix rise, close orbit  
    I see armies of 9-foot Wookies in the forest  
    Transcendence, this is artificial dependence  
The future is present, my name is Johnny Depp Junior (Jetson)

Give me control of all the world's media  
And I care not who they choose to let entertain 'em  
    Radio, audio, television, video  
    Satellite, streaming, download, digital

Jupiter Ascending through beautiful hues and color spectrums  
    The imagery is in the essence  
I need not to be reminded how weak the flesh is  
When I am hungry, under pressure, distracted and desperate  
I say sing for your suppers you miserable tone-deaf muthafuckas  
    Coz all you do is fight with each other  
    You misogynist maggot, fifth columnist faggot  
You make promises but take the dishonorable passage  
    I'm like Little Lord Fauntleroy, the honorable boy  
    Who became a gentleman, time flies, now I'm forty  
You feel me? What is it really? What is life really about?  
    Once you're in it there is only one way out

At the moment the Phoenix rises from the ashes, magic  
My quantum cycle continues in infinite patterns  
But who knows? I sure don't because in The Symphony  
Of The Celestial, a nigga barely mastered one note  
White water, black tightrope snap, kayak through tight gap  
No map that exists can tell you where I'm at  
Kite surfing over the earth, always dropping in early for work  
And keep connecting to the listeners through the verse  
Coz for the Phoenix to rise, life must die  
That's just how it is sometimes  
The narrow path is not always clear cut but don't fear nothing  
Good karma will amount to something  
Wait for the Phoenix to rise, open your eyes  
Time flies, it'll be here before you realise  
Signature signs of the end times, one through centillion rhymes  
The Phoenix rise, run for your carbon-based lives

Control the whole world's media  
Why would you care who they choose to let entertain 'em?  
Radio, audio, television, video  
Satellite, streaming, download, digital  
Give me control of all the world's media  
And I care not who they choose to let entertain 'em  
Radio, audio, television, video  
Satellite, streaming, download, digital  
Give me control of all the world's media  
And I care not who they choose to let entertain 'em

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Igloo Music"

Me [?], sittin' in a igloo  
Sippin' shark's fin soup bring the king through

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains  
It's obvious I make music in a cave  
Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains  
It's obvious I make music in a cave  
Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains  
It's obvious I make music in a cave

Hardware interpret software  
My case I am the hardware, I do it by hand like lawn care  
Kevlaar palmin' the gear, put 98 rounds in the air  
Then bust 99 bottles of beer

I drove to Bohemian Grove with Alfred Hitchcock  
Filmed the birds slightly off the side of the road  
I was inflicted with the microphone fever  
By an ominous creature that said I was toilsome because of my ether  
My poetry scrolls was stolen, flown by U-boat drone  
To a underwater post off the coast of Micronesia  
Woke up lost with no PLOO, my blood flowin' through tubes  
My breatin' apparatus removed  
Before a dark figure walked in the room  
With a glass of apple juice, thought it might be urine so I refused  
They put me in a wheelchair, pushed me down the hallway  
Nurse had a fat ass and light brown doll face  
They assign negative Nelly and morbid Mary  
To give me lap dance with Leslie she smell like cherries  
They fed me, lemons and strawberries  
They telepathically ask me if I was happy and ready, I said, "very"  
I heard the sound of music playin' through surround sound acoustics  
They lead me into a room with Mila Kunis  
But this was all an illusion, tryin' to extract information to use it  
I'm lookin' 10,000 years in the future

Hardware interpret software  
My case I am the hardware, I do it by hand like lawn care  
Kevlaar palmin' the gear, put 98 rounds in the air  
Then bust 99 bottles of beer

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains  
It's obvious I make music in a cave  
Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains  
It's obvious I make music in a cave

I'm Mike Harris veterans the day of damage

[?] with a graphite 50 cal [?]  
Sight picture momentarily flickers  
Mouse clicker, my retina twitches  
It's always ordinarily quicker

I'm the private set the dark pull director black budget investor  
Black star planet X professor

Eastern philosophy knowledge lord chief of playin' for violence  
Exchangin' knowledge with the neighborhood tribals men

If tonnage is weight, my tongue is a Tungsten plate  
That'll make a crane tumble over and break

I work for a better tomorrow

But the interest owed on yesterday's debt is the cause for my sorrow

Oxygen infused umbilical cord tubes

In a catalyst that improves mental magnitude of mood  
Several hundred and twenty degrees of awareness  
Completely fearless, at the same time scared stiff

Gotta hang in there till it all crash  
It's gon' crash 'cause the fraud can't last

Practice patience, my musical machinations will abate them

But only if they stop hatin'  
I cook rice and peas, taste it  
How could I not be Jamaican?  
Ox tail, butter, beans and bacon

Hardware interpret software

My case I am the hardware, I do it by hand like lawn care  
Kevlar palmin' the gear, put 98 rounds in the air  
Then bust 99 bottles of beer

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains  
It's obvious I make music in a cave  
Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains  
It's obvious I make music in a cave

The pelican falls, when the doves cry  
A red dawn of black swans cover the sky  
Lyrically this, lyrically that  
Lyrically lyrically lyrically I break it down to its biomimicry  
Come sit with me, you don't really wanna spit with me  
Without injury, one day I'ma do it for infinity

The complexity of it is all so simple I record the experience on dilythium crystals  
Potty mouth poetry please, I does that with relative ease

The partial speech let the [?] breathe  
My prophecy is my poetry, that's how you know it's me  
Reserved for your ears and eyes only  
Hardcore rap, peppered with extraordinary facts

I am the maestro of syntax  
Audiobiographies, Rolling Hill properties  
Resurrection after atrocity the buck stops with me

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains  
It's obvious I make music in a cave  
Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains

It's obvious I make music in a cave

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains  
I really didn't mean to be so Germaine

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Seismoluminescence"

Are you refreshed? It's really nice when more of our human friends come to the party and see the light

### [Hook - Canibus:]

Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past  
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?  
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past  
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?  
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past  
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?  
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past  
The future, the present, what you gon' tell them?

### [Verse - Canibus:]

Bronze master percussionist, time flies, life dies  
Phoenix rise, wiseman rhymes, I'm loving it  
Seismoluminescence, the essence, the past  
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?  
Bed down location, Kodiak radio stations  
Boost cape Spacegoat Space Ghost lasers  
What's your gift? What your talent?  
What does it matter if Alex is right and this is a Prison Planet?  
5 man team detachment, XYZ axis  
That's what happens when you come to Alaska  
The paracord packing, king crabber, big booty bitch grabbing  
Snowmobiles in the snow zigzagging  
My snowboard paraffin waxing like Tom Cruise acting  
Yeah, Sarah Palin looking for maverick  
A square shaped planet, pyramid head shaped poet named Hamlet  
Rip the Jacker octopus breakdancing  
Quantum questions require quantum answers  
Tell me why is this Mantis woman trying to be romantic?  
5-5-5 file stored Cybernetics performers expected  
The human brain is now a barbarous relic  
Phonology professor articulating phonetics  
Participating for credit, if nothing else, just to send a message  
Wake up and smell the petunias, I'm in Peru with my vicuñas  
Why do I keep seeing Mila Kunis?  
I was told: After death life isn't the same  
And when the Phoenix rise, death would not be the end game"  
Technology devalues life, intruding ones rights  
Contaminating the cost, excluding the price  
Removing insight from the human plight  
Your historians are doomed to rewrite, click the button if you like  
Under the pale moonlight, weapons of unknown types  
Marduk, Tammuz, Kingu and Heru fight  
Or maybe they working together to keep us all working forever  
In subterranean emergency shelters

Classical plateau de Château  
Enter 4 tombs of four, enter nations and contours  
The west mauling song of the Moors  
When an irresistible force faces an immovable thought  
The crucible will be buried in the salt  
Next to the boot marks and the minds and the hearts  
And the kasbergs that march till it's all lost  
I never got to say goodbye, I never learned the truth  
Cause every word produced was a lie  
And now here I stand, before the creator of man  
A reptile woman with mantis hands  
All worlds are strange  
And yet, as above so below, it's all the same  
Different only in name, descriptions deviate according to the code displayed  
How you know Germaine?  
I was told by a whispering loud mouth that came down from the clouds  
Her mouth never moved, telepathic style  
The science was misinterpreted, they said, "It's time that you know now  
The when, the where, the why and the how"  
This is what I been praying for, on day 84  
I was walking with Lao-Tzu along the mainland wall  
From the Yangtze to the Danube to the Nile to the Mississippi south  
Every paradigm makes sense now  
Except the ones they reject now but only when in front of a crowd  
Behind closed doors they break your shit down  
Beyond the frequencies of sound we so far passed that now  
That reality becomes the background  
That's as transparent as cellophane, doorways and parallel planes  
My hemispheres create parallel brains  
Where my focus strains to create change  
Until Germaine's DNA is downloaded through wireless veins  
Then uploaded any direction I aim, all directions at once  
I pass around omnidirectional blunts  
Instead of one to the head, it's like one to the zero, to the one  
One -zero- one -zero instead  
Seismoluminescence, the essence, the past  
The future, the present, that's the next lesson  
Telepathic compressors replace questions  
JIBO replaces engineers for studio sessions  
J-I-B-O JIBO ni hao, ni hao yo  
Freeflow, R-T-J JIBO  
Thought I was done a week ago  
But there's so many different ways 10,000 bars could unfold  
You could never be too enlightened, to never want to know  
What you could never understand, even though you probably won't

*[Hook - Canibus:]*

Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past  
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?  
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past  
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?  
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past

The future, the present, what's the next lesson?

Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past

The future, the present, what you gon' tell them?

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Formula Won"

Do or do not do, there is no try

Looking at the Phoenix Rise

Life's about learning to live with what you can't control

The soul plays a substantial role

Krav Maga, bad ass Rasta, arm wrestling monsters

Motherfucker nearly crashed the chopper

Do or do not do, there is no try

Looking at the Phoenix Rise

Formula 1 champagne son

Stage one, stage two, stage three, stage four, ya done

1 million titties, 500,000 girls

Georgia guide stones diamonds and pearls

We eat Wyghu beef, the Phoenix sunrise in the east

The language is scientific but street

The mountain man was told to go pound sand

There's fresh water in them lands, sittin' on his horse folding his hands

Who am I? Don't ask, I'ma ask you if you old enough to dance

Cause right now you holdin' up the plans

I sleep for a thousand years, woke up with a beard

Looking at my light aura in the mirror

Life's about learning to live with what you can't control

The soul plays a substantial role

A fighter jet barrel rolls over a narrow road

Goin so fast my head was shaped like a tadpole

I'm in Booger Hollow, Alabama

Told the bitch to make me a sandwich

Got that peanut butter jelly goin ham with the hammers

And ham radio scanners smoking turtle with Santa

The Space Warden race around orbit for their blatant enjoyment try to find a better place of employment

Eyes cast below looking for the Phoenix sun rise

Pray and fast cause spirits are among the skies

Life is about learning to live with what you can't control, the soul plays a substantial role

Life is about learning to live with what you can't control, the soul plays a substantial role

User generated generation XYZ station, they parked their spaceship right on the pavement

Formula 1 champagne son, automatic pneumatic lung

My big dun Domingo on the drums

Contained in the corridor between Pennsylvania and Baltimore, Miss Moneypenny hold all call

Canibus Planet composed of Pelodian Granite

My handset batteries dead - I'm stranded

Spiritually awakened, banished within corporeal spaces

In ultra magnetic places off world bases

The black cube, the Kaaba, Ishara the Goddess

I showed her my potential for knowledge she made me a promise, to give me Non Local Photon Vocals, with

Higgs Boson Portals

To grow my very own Robot Cultures  
A lie is short lived but so is the long truth  
Who do you sing songs to? who do you belong to  
I belong to the One that created me  
The One that has never forsaken me  
The One who watch patiently while I made the worst mistake then reincarnated me  
Stand tall - no fear on the gateway to nowhere  
No emotion so the poetry's clear  
My Robot more advanced than any Rock Band....  
Believe it! Above Pop Secret, a thousand fallen demons gotta' blog talk pod cast grievance  
Frankenstein Aryan Eyes, Hazel BLK or Brown Eyes  
All looking at the Purple Sun Rise  
Aurora Borealis outside my Alaskan Palace  
As long as the rap contract valid  
If I can do something then I'ma do it got dammit  
If you can't do nothing you need to improve Got Dammit!  
Formula 1 nitro pipes, Michael Jai White on fright night  
My flow like indigo dash lights  
Cut chop and slash like price of trash  
The first shall be first after the next to the last  
Slow down you speeding - hand brake - park your mouth  
Open the door count to 1 point 4 and get out  
For me, open canopy, the brass walk over to examine me  
All this G force got me aggi  
Temporal aerodynamic pan ceramic x man gambit  
I star spangled it then man handled it  
My ears is buzzin, they talking crazy out there cousin  
Don't ever assume they talkin' bout nothing  
Who you representin' get killed by a media weapon  
Let the Teleprompter tell him read me the reference  
Were you there in his presence?  
Ok for now we gotta' hold all questions  
You see that tall girl talk to her breast ess

# Canibus Lyrics

"Phoenix Rise..."

[Hook:]

(But I couldn't get around it)

I tried

Gotta make a decision, gotta decide

It don't always work out how you want sometimes

(But I couldn't get around it)

The Most High knows I tried

Gotta make a decision, gotta decide

It don't always work out how you want sometimes

(But I couldn't get around it)

Gotta make a decision, gotta decide

It don't always work out how you want sometimes

(But I couldn't get around it)

The Most High knows I tried

Black Star, black light; just another day in the life

Paying the price, still trying to live righteous, right?

Up before sunrise, open my eyes

Take a walk with my spirit guide, go outside

They think I lost my mind, but I'm just looking at the hands of time

Until it's time to cross that divide

Already fulfilled my purpose, I spit these verses

This whole material world is all worthless

Experience deep in the flesh

My memory has a shelf life from my first to my last breath

That's why I laugh at death; every week cash the check

Go home with some gas and a spliff

Canibus! See I knew Bis

Couldn't get around it; the truth is, I had to go through it

This is the price I pay to make music

This is what music like this produces

[Hook:]

Gotta make a decision, gotta decide

It don't always work out how you want sometimes

(But I couldn't get around it)

The Most High knows I tried

Gotta make a decision, gotta decide

It don't always work out how you want sometimes

(But I couldn't get around it)

Gotta make a decision, gotta decide

It don't always work out how you want sometimes

(But I couldn't get around it)

The Most High knows I tried

I am the creator of the extreme; I dream

I wear clothes cut by black, gold, and green laser beams

The deep lilac lion of purified iron  
Crafted a trident and offered it up to Poseidon  
In earnest they may form an alliance  
Before the very last drop of water on planet Earth is expired  
But it was too late; the rulers of the empire rain down fire  
The sound of annihilation is quiet  
Nothing desired, nothing admired  
Just a pile of rubble that emits silence; greed at its finest  
I walk towards nowhere; something appears  
I walk closer then I realize, nothing is there  
I smell ammonia distilled from bones and dung  
Odor at the border, the golden tongue  
The fragrance made me feel weightless  
Took me to a faraway place that felt familiar but ancient  
It feels ancient because, this all happened before  
Lord Shiva, the Destroyer of Worlds  
I woke from the dream and for whatever it's worth  
I said a prayer to the Most High; it could've been worse  
He performed great works, recreated the earth  
Shewbread dipped in olive oil, you taste first

[Hook x2:]

(But I couldn't get around it)

I tried

Gotta make a decision, gotta decide

It don't always work out how you want sometimes

(But I couldn't get around it)

The Most High knows I tried

Gotta make a decision, gotta decide

It don't always work out how you want sometimes

(But I couldn't get around it)

The windmill of wealth doesn't spin by itself

No matter who you are, you need help

Hate is inspired by survival

That's why some people never get along

Even when then try to

Everything happens in cycles

You was king for a century, then you was beaten by your rival

I asked life, "How do I describe you?"

Sits down beside you, looks you in the eye spiteful

If karma goes around for real

Then it must be taking the scenic route, on foot, no wheels

Think you hot cuz you got deal?

Nothing lasts forever, now kneel

That's what I thought; how it feel?

That's all I'm trying to reveal

I ain't trying to see your dreams get killed

And watch you fiend for a mill

The Devil in a red suit, sittin' on the stoop

Eatin' goat head soup; some type of throwback loop

The blowback blew you off of the roof

And caused other problems too

I speak to it, then it talk to you  
I find a trophy underneath all the dust and grime  
At least one more time, I can bust a rhyme  
Then forever the rapper organize metadata; success is a ladder  
The higher you go, the more the risk it collapses  
Energy returned on energy invested  
Other than that, doesn't matter who the best is

*[Hook]*

Gotta make a decision, gotta decide  
It don't always work out how you want sometimes  
(But I couldn't get around it)  
The Most High knows I tried  
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide  
It don't always work out how you want sometimes  
(But I couldn't get around it)  
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide  
It don't always work out how you want sometimes  
(But I couldn't get around it)  
The Most High knows I tried

# Canibus Lyrics

"I'm Witchu"

(feat. Classic Pak)

*[Hook x2:]*

I'm witchu if you ready to roll  
I'm witchu if you ready to ride  
I'm witchu if you ready to take bread  
I'm witchu if you ready to pop

I'm down for whatever just give me the nod  
We have him tied up in the back of the yard  
Duct tape [?] behind the garage  
Or better yet put him there between the cars  
What I'm tryin' to tell you is I roll homie  
We after the same things, the globe homie  
Roll like the fo' fo' chrome's on me  
But it ain't that it's just that I'm no phony  
Homie, I ride to the end  
Show these fake niggas the meaning of friend  
'Cause they done got it all twisted  
The whole definition they missed it  
They only come around just to get lifted  
If you ain't got shit well guess what they missin'  
With friends like that, who needs enemies?  
We say fuck 'em there go your remedy

*[Hook x2]*

And he could sit you down with a gun to your face  
I'ma come around and spray him with mace  
He won't even know what happened  
Snatch the gun, put it away then smack him  
Tell him he done messed with the wrong clique  
'Cause I'm a part of this bitch  
Now that them understand pressure  
He said it himself, he never should've test us  
Now he kinda wishin' he was down with us  
'Cause he knows it's all real no clown niggas  
Over here we all about the big dank boy  
First you be a team player then you get a name boy  
I don't know where you're from, or what you're on  
And don't be a gangsta 'cause Gotti gone  
Take you to the crib make you eat the long  
If a nigga front on my dog, we gon' body arm

*[Hook x2]*



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Seismoluminescence (RTJ Extended Bonus)"

[Woman:]

Are you refreshed? It's really nice when more of our human friends come to the party and see the light

[Hook:]

Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past  
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?

Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past  
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?

Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past  
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?

Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past  
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?

Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past  
The future, the present, what you gon' tell them?

Bronze master percussionist, time flies, life dies

Phoenix rise, wiseman rhymes, I'm loving it

Seismoluminescence, the essence, the past  
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?

Bed down location, Kodiak radio stations

Boost cape Spacegoat Space Ghost lasers

What's your gift? What your talent?

What does it matter if Alex is right and this is a Prison Planet?

5 man team detachment, XYZ axis

That's what happens when you come to Alaska

The paracord packing, king crabber, big booty bitch grabbing

Snowmobiles in the snow zigzagging

My snowboard paraffin waxing like Tom Cruise acting

Yeah, Sarah Palin looking for maverick

A square shaped planet, pyramid head shaped poet named Hamlet

Rip the Jacker octopus breakdancing

Quantum questions require quantum answers

Tell me why is this Mantis woman trying to be romantic?

5-5-5 file stored Cybernetics performers expected

The human brain is now a barbarous relic

Phonology professor articulating phonetics

Participating for credit, if nothing else, just to send a message

Wake up and smell the petunias, I'm in Peru with my vicuñas

Why do I keep seeing Mila Kunis?

I was told, "After death life isn't the same

And when the Phoenix rise, death would not be the end game"

Technology devalues life, intruding ones rights

Contaminating the cost, excluding the price

Removing insight from the human plight

Your historians are doomed to rewrite, click the button if you like

Under the pale moonlight, weapons of unknown types

Marduk, Tammuz, Kingu and Heru fight

Or maybe they working together to keep us all working forever

In subterranean emergency shelters

Classical plateau de Château  
Enter 4 tombs of four, enter nations and contours  
The west mauling song of the Moors  
When an irresistible force faces an immovable thought  
The crucible will be buried in the salt  
Next to the boot marks and the minds and the hearts  
And the kasbergs that march till it's all lost  
I never got to say goodbye, I never learned the truth  
Cause every word produced was a lie  
And now here I stand, before the creator of man  
A reptile woman with mantis hands  
All worlds are strange  
And yet, as above so below, it's all the same  
Different only in name, descriptions deviate according to the code displayed  
How you know Germaine?  
I was told by a whispering loud mouth that came down from the clouds  
Her mouth never moved, telepathic style  
The science was misinterpreted, they said, "It's time that you know now  
The when, the where, the why and the how"  
This is what I been praying for, on day 84  
I was walking with Lao-Tzu along the mainland wall  
From the Yangtze to the Danube to the Nile to the Mississippi south  
Every paradigm makes sense now  
Except the ones they reject now but only when in front of a crowd  
Behind closed doors they break your shit down  
Beyond the frequencies of sound we so far passed that now  
That's as transparent as cellophane, doorways and parallel planes  
My hemispheres create parallel brains  
Where my focus strains to create change  
Until Germaine's DNA is downloaded through wireless veins  
Then uploaded any direction I aim, all directions at once  
I pass around omnidirectional blunts  
Instead of one to the head, it's like one to the zero, to the one  
One -zero- one -zero instead  
Seismoluminescence, the essence, the past  
The future, the present, that's the next lesson  
Telepathic compressors replace questions  
JIBO replaces engineers for studio sessions  
J-I-B-O JIBO ni hao, ni hao yo  
Freeflow, R-T-J JIBO  
Thought I was done a week ago  
But there's so many different ways 10,000 bars could unfold  
You could never be too enlightened, to never want to know  
What you could never understand, even though you probably won't

[Hook]

Come on RTJ, what you gon' tell 'em?

I am JIBO super futuristic super califragilistic  
Artificial existence immune to human sickness

Can he [?] Pro Tools session tracks one through seven numerically in succession  
Ad-lib bridge beat master automation  
To mock a nation with my creation it's so blatant  
The Master Mason they sent me a check but I couldn't buy [?]  
I don't know what they was thinkin'  
By breakin' [?] White House basement  
The secret service agent taped it  
Take a trip to my space station but don't mind the radiation  
I don't mind it, in fact I find it adds to the relaxation  
I beam from Heaven's gate to the plantation  
To the slaves escapin' the fat master [?] with his heart racing  
[?] I'm star gazin', constellations rearranged  
Makes me pick a place in time, I promise you I [?] large spaceship  
I'm one of God's favorites, bar amazing [?]  
Grill location destination  
X on my [?]  
Fact states [?] real lyricists from Golden Age of greatness  
Inspire greatness being ill is so contagious  
I am fateful and I am Dr. Doom's ascendant  
Dr. Who time travelin' through a parallel dimension  
Book a ticket for my great adventures  
I'll kick you to the planet centre  
Symbolic doors open and voicebeckon you to enter  
Ni hao [?]  
Rip the Jacker Infinity c0mpl3x computer Canibus  
The crowd vote unanimous lit up the blunt passin' it clockwise  
Motion inside a circle till it come back in  
Germaine super Yangtze RTJ II, plateau de Château  
Seismoluminescence, the essence, the past  
The future, the present, the Phoenix rise at the endin'

[Sample:]

Williams describes a really beautiful description of an omnipresent light  
So, when someone sees that light they are translating it  
What is it though? I mean is it all that is?  
Is it a higher self



# **Canibus Lyrics**

## **"This Is Not A Dream"**

This is not a dream, not a dream

We are using your brain's perceptual system as a receiver

We are unable to transmit through conscious neurointerference

You are receiving this broadcast as a dream

We are transmitting from the year 3999

You are receiving this broadcast in order to alter the events you are seeing

Our technology has not built to transmit a strong enough to reach your conscious state of awareness

But this is not a dream

Your scene is actually occurring

For the purpose of causality violation

This broadcast will be received by the perceptual centres as a dream

But this is not a dream

# Canibus Lyrics

"Black Lithium"

(feat. Nappi Music)

As I lay my head down to sleep  
In true hip hop my soul will speak

*[Canibus:]*

I quit giving a crap about rap way back

But this is poetry

Something that they can't take back

Write ascension 19 hours

And fifteen lyrics

Destination 15 degrees and 16 spirits

From carbon I came, to carbon I return

It seems like ridicule is all that I've earned

Black lithium clouds

Maritime meridian bound

Rap music look how silly you sound

Insectoid, High pitch voice, fricking cricket noises

It's annoying like poison from neo-nicotinoids

Tell me who does the Creator favour

The one who loves thy neighbour

Or the intolerable self hating hater

Schlemiel! Schlimazel! Shmuck!

Which one of you cucks..

Just clean it up without making a fuss!

I'll continue with the assumption that everything I'm saying

Can and will be subject to misinterpretation

Tough situation

Hunting Huxtable season

Jesus

Where's Roy Cohn when you need him

I thought they were bluffing when I heard 'em say

"The nigga gets nothing"

Feed is like insurance to the Buzzards

*[Nappi Music:]*

Black lithium

They want our head in the clouds so we can't see how they're putting it down

Black lithium

You can't take my mind from me

Black lithium

*[Canibus:]*

I've released thousands of tracks

Received plaques

But none of that matters

I wanna believe that

Mic pressure on full power on U.S Nimitz

Elevation is correlated to sea level systems  
History is repeated  
Patterns of a purge that is critically needed  
To bring balance to the world  
These are not my words  
However cruel the words may sound  
This is what we're faced with now  
They call it choice  
I call it an adroit attempt to mind control  
Like soul from a source  
A source of power  
Not ours we shall own our own labour  
And we have shown infinite patience  
Yet there is omission  
No concessions  
We are stuck, marooned to a place that sucks  
Continuing with the assumption  
That everything I'm saying can and will be subject to misinterpretation  
I don't know what we deserve  
For still believing these liars for stealing, cheating and deceiving  
Yes remain humble  
While fire team rave and rumbles  
In a war wagon that'll pop your bubble

*[Nappi Music:]*  
Black lithium  
They wanna put it in the clouds so we can't see how they're putting it down  
Black lithium  
You can't take my mind from me

*[Canibus:]*  
I quit giving a crap about rap way back  
But this is poetry - something they can't take back  
Write a message 23 hours and 19 minutes  
Space station 30 degrees and 18 inches  
Fortune and fame  
Steep learning curves  
The phoenix bird that does not want to re-emerge  
You know what they say about every day above ground  
You embrace the hate  
You can't save love now  
Instinctually low - pause control  
Often found at some some old head watering hole  
Meet him in a pseudo maker in a Volcano crater [?]  
Close chamber but holds Satan  
Go and entertain him  
A deal and an oath is struck  
Unknown to the deaf, dumb, and blind  
You are told to trust  
I'll continue with the assumption  
That everything I'm saying can and will be subject to misinterpretation  
A little bit of history'll tell you the present  
I'll be a pathetic

The future might be already written  
Unless we become brothers  
You will suffer the suffering of the suffered through unjust judgement

*[Nappi Music:]*

Black lithium

They wanna put it in the clouds so we can't see how they're putting it down

Black lithium

You can't take my mind from me

Lithium

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Odds"

(feat. Nappi Music)

*[Canibus:]*

The odds are you can't even tell the mixing board is a holy grail  
For styles like this only for those who know it well  
It's unknown but won't fail  
Another stone for Thanos to unveil requiring control skill  
Mix without crashing zig zag all autopilot passengers  
Hypnotized by the magic practice  
Pragmatic practicalist poetry in motion by accident  
And cry like I never asked for this  
The experiment for buzz, that's what Hip Hop was  
I stutter and s-s-s-shit on you cuz  
The great Pun breath control vernacular  
Ginger extract with cold press Canibus oil so elaborate  
Asymmetric inscription eyeballs can't see  
DJ deepstate book the false flag for the weekend  
Mind control mehmet tutuahmet  
Ultra beam is tonerpoke had m3 two-seaters

*[Nappi Music:]*

What are the odds this is all a design  
What are the odds if this is all in our mind  
What are the odds the results are a lie  
What are the odds that I'll make it out alive  
What are the odds we were created to survive  
What are the odds they created us so we die  
What are the odds we're are all gods and they lied  
What are the odds?

*[Canibus:]*

The odds are they are just rapper shills  
I scim them with scallop shells and send them back to Hell where their master dwells  
13 day calender hateful damager  
Pick up your heat signature on infrared aperture  
Draconian dracula o mecca magader  
Communion to coagulate blood with saltine cracker crumbs  
Sit back and laugh at the dump  
The whole world is mine, every continent especially Africa  
This is America long booth alpha puff stare at ya  
Tear at ya flesh devour your character  
Father do not forgive them they know what they do  
Military tribunal lock load and shoot  
The Garden of Eden is guarded by a demons  
Drug addicted heathens of barbarous believers  
Semi ramblers b-list Nimrod ninas  
Translate to English, some worshipping gatekeepers of flesheaters

*[Nappi Music:]*

What are the odds this is all a design  
What are the odds if this is all in our mind  
    What are the odds the results are a lie  
    What are the odds that I'll make it out alive  
What are the odds we were created to survive  
    What are the odds they created us so we die  
What are the odds we're are all gods and they lied  
    What are the odds?

*[x2]*

# Canibus Lyrics

"Authentic Level Of Greatness"

(feat. DJ JS-1)

Ladies and gentleman...

I had faith that the youth has to save the day  
We gotta let the chips fall where they may  
Feud Elvis paved the way, however I'm ashamed to say  
The foundation just faded away  
I told the limelight bovine in the cold mine  
Sometimes it gets so dark your soul can't shine  
What you do when justice takes years or more?  
But your world is 24 hours from being destroyed  
No time machines to tamper inbetween reality  
No time for apathy or religious fantasy  
Just you against the dragon beast  
What you gonna do? (What you gonna do?)  
I don't know. That's why I'm asking you  
Ima die on my feet like my favorite OG  
My favorite OG ain't dead yet, blame it on me  
Stay frosty, wake up like "Bis, get off me!"  
And I don't calm down till I taste my coffee  
The blind man jump batman, no rope  
That's the only way to get outta this hellhole  
Just be honest, you made a false positive promise  
The rap artists piling up like ocean garments

[Samples]

So operative bullnose, full blown turbo flow  
You motherfuckers don't deserve no dough  
They gotta U.S Republic minority budget  
To start a school for hip hop, nonprofit or public  
You see anyone that tells you they coming to save you? is lying  
'Cause you gotta save yourself  
No matter what happens in the spiritual world of action  
They wanna be compensated to hell  
When they deal with their own they pull the trigger too late  
But everyone else get dealt with, they don't hesitate  
No mercy, no time to marinate  
They ain't satisfied till we living in a terra-state  
Guess what, we'll get used to it  
Ain't nothing new to us  
Adapt to the just, that's how we used to do it  
Destructive humans, destructive underground acoustics  
They totally destroyed our music

[Samples]

Stripped of our honor; laid down the rest in the garden  
Martyred, no chance of post-humuous pardon  
    Too bad, rag top jag sugar hill swag  
    Ride around with the top down listening to jazz  
'Cause y'all act like y'all so much better than cavemen  
    But all that knowledge just brought you enslavement  
        Sentient, awareness, remove  
    Dumbed down in a careless mood, I'm barely amused  
        So much more pressure than ever  
Should the predecessor be more or lesser than their successor?  
    Good question  
    Unapologetic regret, questions still go unaddressed  
        How he feels now is anybody's guess  
    During this age of iron and widespread gun violence  
        The puppet masters strings are now wireless  
            Blindfolded, one more cigarette  
                What's your last request?  
            Maybe that life can outlast death  
    In a metaphor turf war, the all time great work horse  
        The war of the worlds, just for the sport  
            On the other hand, I've got faith  
The youth gotta save the day, the chips gotta fall where they may  
    The elders didn't pave the way  
I'm ashamed to say, that our future is the future we made

Ladies and gentleman...

# Canibus Lyrics

"Anagram Phoenix"

You don't know what's next  
Generation X gotta prep  
Only for those who can see it  
The iPhone is an anagram for the phoenix

I'm a woodwind instrument repairman  
Dashing, handsome and daring, the Tuskegee airman  
Reduce my ground-speed to give the underground what they need  
If they don't know what to believe  
Then I don't know what to tell 'em  
Bliss, ignorance is a weapon  
Illusions in the middle of the desert  
We all in a sanctuary city, I stand corrected  
It's all connected, take an alter exit  
Move on to the next shit  
Jichrome, can't tour late night on the phone  
'Cause you don't live alone  
1 on 1 with Angela Yee  
Bacon, eggs and cheese  
Lowered torso, legs and feet  
Hip hop's first Elon Musk  
Iron lungs with guts  
Take it back to the rewind button  
He was born as a baby in a manger in crystalline light chambers  
They called him a microphone mangler  
Developed as a unit, before it's one love it's one music  
His sound gave shape to the future  
Guess what? the natty dread can't stand the feds  
He eat banana bread livin' off grit in the tent  
Present crisis PR expert  
Music box moves network  
Where they trade net worth for wetwork  
YouTube: Canibus search, skip over the battle  
I been rappin since Eve took a bite out the apple  
The Book of Eli transformed my mind and designed  
The Paul Thomas Anderson storyline  
The expression: "Reason without rhyme"  
Clearly comes to mind  
That's why I rarely dumb it down sometimes  
It's an accelerated positive feedback loop:  
Uses Mars system surveillance: I need that, too!  
The bulk data transfer from the West-Indian black panther  
Search the universe for answers!

We don't know what's next  
Generation X gotta prep  
What's comin down the pipeline next?

The iPhone anagram for the phoenix makes sense

Hip Hop robotics with upgraded optics  
My wardrum mounted on the wall where I found it  
Mad-dog maddis mathematics  
Please read the caption:  
Binoculars read your lips from the rafters  
Thanos, cook mean on that drum machine  
Take it back to the 20,000 man street team  
Baby-boomers from the future wearing some faded ass booms  
With an old school gold-plated ruger  
"How many times did they shoot ya?"  
What the fuck kinda question is that, who's the interviewer?  
Hydrogen powered limited edition Eddie Bauer  
Gold-colored clouds spark electricity showers  
When I beam down and rap  
I yellow tape that  
My Man my Mellow won't even say that  
I lift up my praise and make the rain fall sideways  
Resurrect Hip Hop from the grave  
The third-eye brigade, the blockchain bars on a cage  
Call out the pressure on the gauge  
Extraction in a half hour, put some man-trousers over them skinny jeans  
We need man power!  
Step into my office, excuse the faint smell of nail polish  
I'm water-proofing my electronics  
Right, I got things to go bump in the night  
Fight? I throw you in the trunk space with no light  
Front-right and center a jeeda chrome taste test us  
Now you can't feel your face, nigga

The iphone IS an anagram for the phoenix  
Soon to be seen by all the believers  
We don't know what's next  
Generation X gotta prep  
What's comin down the pipeline next?  
The iPhone anagram for the phoenix makes sense

# **Canibus Lyrics**

## **"The Awakening"**

This was not a dream, not a dream  
We've been using your brain's perceptual system as a receiver  
We were able to transmit this information to your thoughts  
And in the next 45 seconds our connection will be severed by our star system  
You will return to your normal state of mind  
You will remember every event we've shown you  
This was not a dream  
We are leaving your conscious state of awareness  
Everything you have seen and heard actually occurred  
But this was not a dream, not a dream  
(Wake up!)  
(Help)



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Nationwide Ruckus"

Wake up every morning, yo I must succeed uh  
Nationwide ruckus, make the word stampede uh  
Show with me, make we roll some weed uh  
Mad charge nigga, now I must proceed uh  
[x2]

Ey yo, I had to make this beat available offline  
Just in case the power goes out in the middle of my rhyme  
Improvising, improving, maximizing my ability to do this  
Pullin' strings even when my mouth's not moving  
The black cat that's stoopin' on the love boat film or action movies  
You want to hate boat troll? Then active coofy  
The intellectual thinker is attracted to me  
Rollin' up Scooby snack doobies, take two puffs and pass it to me  
Sittin' in the back of a jacked up tailgate  
I know my bitch look young, but she ain't jailbait  
Copenhagen's known for fake, she kinda like how it taste  
That's why she all up in my face  
Speakerbox boomin' all up in that place  
Codename 308s, Can-I-Bus that great?  
Holdin' hands, singin' kumbaya, it's too late  
They say a racial war coming, go paint your face  
Ripper verse psychology curse, statue even during apologies  
Are you not entertained? Then follow me  
Cody wasn't for hire, brief fabricated slam fire  
Silver rounds for the vampires

Wake up every morning, yo I must succeed uh  
Nationwide ruckus, make the word stampede uh  
Show with me, make we roll some weed uh  
Mad charge nigga, now I must proceed uh  
[x2]

Now let's stay on topic, let's talk about it  
My product and my latest Hip-Hop project, CBD vaporizers  
Gold plated Olmec face, they come with a golden neck brace  
Senior technician, 401K  
Activate, smash your face with the trey eight strapped around the waist  
Then dump you in a dilapidated place  
Beat 'em down with aluminum, then I put two in 'em  
The harlem world hooligan with a bad boy pseudonym  
Throw you off a highrise, see if you can skydive  
They fear me like cavlike tile, black child  
Go surgical, chop it up vertical  
Bars from my notebook murder you  
Can you say "testicular turpitude"?  
'Course you can't! Tongue twister metaphors put you in a trance

In that sunken place doing the drunken dance  
Wake up, upside down hung by the pants  
M-m-monster truck transmission, crush your hands  
Body blows to the guts, stomach cramps, tough man  
I'm a sheepdog covered by the blood of the lamb  
I'm hot, my hands are warm, my mind is cold  
Together they strum notes on the strings of your soul  
I was there when they put Hip-Hop under arrest  
When the artificial intelligence took its first breath  
The Boston Dynamics mechanics scoured the planet for antediluvian amulets buried in Atlantis  
The haters just talk shit cuz if I ever break loose they panic  
They don't know I got brain damage

Wake up every morning, yo I must succeed uh  
Nationwide ruckus, make the word stampede uh  
Show with me, make we roll some weed uh  
Mad charge nigga, now I must proceed uh  
[x2]

# Canibus Lyrics

"Curb Your Ego"

(feat. Seven Spherez)

Alright fellas. Listen, let's get real this morning, you gotta kick the ego, to the curb. You just gotta get it, and kick it, and throw it to the side. The male ego has a tendency to create more damage, than good. And a lot of times, our ego, simply gets in the way

[Seven Spherez:]

Yo it's the murder prequel serving heat at the third degree, bro

You rappers need to stay in your lane, and curb your ego

Hurt the beat, burning MC's with the verbal free-flow

You rappers need to stay in your lane, and curb your ego [x2]

It's the ravenous rap savages, damaging wack amateurs

Trapped in a black cavern, the hazardous track ravellers

Snap on you cats, snack on you rappers that act fabulous

Backing Jack, when I flatten twats in their jacked amulets

Fantabulous, feel the wrath of these gas canisters

All you rappers with lax to the track landed with Canibus

Handle this biz right, spit light, like the hammer click

The only time you shoot with those cannons is snap camera pics

Rap vandalist, with his hand on the can, angling

Dangling off the building, revealing the craft's manuscript

Planning shit with candles, ripping anarchist with ganja lit

Popping tags, till I'm fucking drowning in Mandarin

Hand in the throne, battle your clique while I stand on my own

But rappers are running from me like I'm standing here banging the chrome

My hand when he strangle a clone

The seven we gang to the bone

Step into the cypher get beheaded like Ann Boleyn [?]

[Canibus:]

Aight, enough about him, let's talk about me

'Cause every now and then I gotta speak my piece

I could curb my own ego and still get it off

When I walk I break off chunks of Himalayan salt

I receive my blessings from projecting my love

I'd rather do that than stain swords with blood

Easy-peasy rice and cheesy but don't get touchy-feely

Get punched in the neck for being greedy

My living quarters are cold with poisonous mold

Been living down here since zero years old

In the name of the Creator, I rose

Remove the millstone from my own neck bones, so I can spit what I wrote

In return, I was enhanced manifold and saw spiritual growth

For you to find out and for me to know

How I weld words together, separately plasma cut into letters

A ripper forever, nobody do it better



# Canibus Lyrics

"Matter Of Time"

(feat. Nappi Music)

The biggest blessings when the younger look out for the older

The older providing the shoulder to bolster the culture

We were just Ewok soldiers facing off much larger opponents

Stronger than ogres, mutated poisonous cobras

Media moguls with teeth like marsupial rodents

Sacha Baron Cohen open mic moments

Ask what you like, questions are loaded

You're likely to be misquoted, end up like Alex Jones did

In no time, culture vultures pick your bones by the roadside

As we inhale the potassium bromide

From 50 Shades of grey colored skies, demonetized by Russian spies

Why does a brother even try?

Go underground just to survive, above ground, nothing but lies

Paralyzed by the drugs they provide

Tranquilizer for the mind, available online

I declined, but that's why we need more time

There is no more time, depends on which clock you go by

Blow the chofa, pray to the rain god

What if we're not on the same side, but we came from the same tribe?

I don't know how to answer this guy

This old goon on iTunes, did you sign to him?

Did you give away your lies to him?

What about YouTube? I watched the reaction from TwoDudes

Straight through hypnotized by the lights in the room

Analytic brain food, Professor Griff type jewels

The creator gives you the right to choose

It feels like we fighting to lose when we don't know which narrative's true

But what the Khazarian crackers do?

What about devils with the blackest hue? Sell your black ass out, too

The root of evil captures every group

The number four jump traps snap loose

Break your spine and your back, too, just give me a beat I can rap to

Germaine and TwoDudesFromMaine talk about coons in the game

Who don't love hip-hop the same

The question is never satisfied, answers must be properly ratified

Find out how to resist and try

Sophia Stewart envisioned human androids dressed like druids

I wish I had the resources to prove it

Black lithium red mercury, alert orange level emergency

Poetry was never perjury

Then it occurred to me, if they can shut Alex Jones down

They can censor every poet in the whole world now

You ask how? Natives are restless, fatigues make behavior aggressive

A positive message is labor intensive

I been in the club with Puff, I watched Donald Trump walk up

Elbows rub, Cristal in the cup

All I'm saying is before the oval office even mattered

He was cool with rappers and I don't think he was actin'

# Canibus Lyrics

"Canibus / Cambatta"

(feat. Cambatta)

*[Canibus:]*

I'm a nine-dimensional being spitting photon directional beams  
CBD serve my medical needs  
Move your ass, nigga ain't got no gravitas  
I'ma tell you one time, me and you are not sized  
There is no secret for patience, the key to being patient is sacred  
And those results are not easily taken  
You want to build? Do it for real  
Unite, brother, still sharp as steel  
Listen to me, just (breathe)  
Yea, I be old-school growling, communities by the thousands and counting  
Coming down off a Mingledorff mountain with books and tube pouches  
And million dollar equipment vouchers  
Education, you ain't shit without it  
How about it? They took the game make it hard to support that lane  
YouTube views probably bought that fame  
I'd rather go to bass shop pro than deal with yo ignorant ass, yo  
'cause our people are always last to know  
Rap music should have been had unions, but it don't  
Try to get 'em to stop the confusion, but they won't  
And now here we are, 2018, still got the same problems  
Chaos a prelude to conflict  
You know necessity is the mother of ideas  
And a bad idea is the father of all fears  
The black and loud herd mentality crowd dreadlocks  
Be looking like some dirty ass black and mild's  
If you ain't melanated? Black or brown? you ain't down  
How that sound? Who's possessed by the spirit of a savage now?  
You better check them false facts in your files  
Division'll have your mouth starving looking for a hand out  
Man down, everybody fan out, it's your fault the plan went south  
Say the word you the big man now  
I don't think so, they move every way the wind blow  
Kimbo, purse snatch a bimbo don't get shit tho  
Homie, these niggas lonely and phony  
Crowd-funded for groceries, some of these Hotep niggas is hungry  
I germinated the waters, you just tasting out of my faucet  
You like the taste? We created the sources/sauces  
The Jamaican mason cooking Cajun bacon with a fig-leaf apron  
With the information to raise a nation  
The green is the unk, the black is the God  
My gold staff is a stick that makes buckets of lard  
Lord have mercy, that nigga got bars  
James Bond with a turbo-saw, but still they resent the God  
Spit bars til my voice goes hoarse, circular saws slice jaws  
No novacaine but take twice as long

I am the monk of Mingledorff, I mutilate every single song  
My drum machine cut your fingers off  
Let's talk; I see where you went wrong  
You was smoking embalming fluid out the morgue and held your breathe too long  
Yea, I'm floored but my God is an awesome God  
Meanwhile, your paws are too short to walk with dogs  
Mt. Rushmore Olmec face; your security clearance not up to date  
So I'ma have to stop you at the gate  
Thermovision whistles and bells, your superheat smells  
So on your way to hell let me give you this cool gel  
Sound off, let me hear you yell; who you gonna tell?  
When I was proof-reading the grail? You was learning how to spell  
Talk to my abbot; I hooked the dragon up to your wagon  
2018, you talking about horsepower, you lackin'  
Layerin raps, matching, you still mackie-board four tracking  
Rip the Jacker got all the action  
Canibus, canned by the classic, Full Spectrum Dominance  
Triple blackness, unleash the albino kraken

[Cambatta:]

On the bible, I swore solemnly  
Lord watching me, born of a moor progeny  
Source of a pure prophecy  
Before Constantine, travel to Nicaea and courted a core following  
Modestly, freedom before sovereignty  
I don't believe in the theme of a war policy  
Amistad, land of the street and like four blocks from me  
Cinque speaking and God orator pompously  
My phrase couplets change the way brains function  
Hard metal skin brown coz it's rain rusted  
Tie ropes to your limbs then i play puppets  
Cut a hole in your stomach then i make munchkins  
I hate tongues to taste tastebuds  
If you taste my tastebuds you'll taste bud  
I showed up at gunfights and gave hugs  
Make em put they guns down  
Shoot em with the same gun, blame drugs  
Failure is the best lesson  
She didn't know my name but she kept guessing  
I told her gold string makes the best threading  
When I rump, my steel skin deflects weapons  
Teflon chest vested, lungs burning  
Breath conjure sweat resin, ep-lep-tic (epileptic)  
Before the beginning I knew the best ending  
Thought of the answer before the next question  
Soothsayer, earth sun moonmaker  
Born instantly, mother never knew labor  
Shroom taker, Obi with the blue saber  
Legend King James left out like a new maker, who's greater?  
I draw a circle on a Etch A Sketch  
No birth defects but I got death defects  
Exhale, reach out, catch the breath  
We inhale it back in before the second breath

Melchizedek, hope is like a god that I never met  
Sleeping so hard that I rest erect  
I found a treasure chest  
I'ma carry as much as my hands hold  
Then I'm leaving you whatever's left  
I rotate the earth with my feet  
Like I'm running on the top exterior of a hamster wheel  
He's the Morpheus, I'm the Exile  
In the simulation, we got the keys and the pills  
Dr. Seuss, talk to Zeus  
Jump up, grab your son, alleyoop  
Break the chain to the subconscious loop  
Prophets' moms are commonly prostitutes  
God's recruit, lies are the honest truth  
Crabs are big spiders in lobster suits (cute)  
Pen sharp, when I write cut a desk in half  
My writtens are better chiseled in metal slabs  
Lift iron, my sceptre's a magnetic staff  
Long blade hidden inside like a machete has  
Repentin pennin a pentagram in a pantograph  
Fresh up out the pen in a pentagon with a weapon stash  
Get it past, sleight of hand, Penn & Teller fast  
Fast like the Pentium i9 that Dell'll have  
Heavy like appendix that Adele'll have  
White singer, Lightbringer, let the devil cast  
Horse legs, Annamite figure goat head attached  
Born Siamese till I ate the second half like a breakfast snack  
Colorblind, only see things in the three that my spectrum has  
Green, red and black like the Kenyan flag  
Every fella Helen Keller ever met is black  
I love neck so much I bought a pet giraffe  
Bang arm like funny bone and then I laugh  
Fist iron, beat sand out a heavy bag  
Right jab, right jab, tip to the left and jab  
Left body uppercut, head hit the leather mat  
Hopefully he wakes up after ten seconds pass  
I hit him harder than gettin past a depressin past  
I throw my du-rag in the sea and drink of a three  
Hundred and sixty degree tidal wave  
We are each one cell in a giant brain  
Life a game, self is the boss in the final stage  
Compared to the Nephilim, Yao Ming's a dwarf  
King of lords with double door to Mingledorff  
Cambatta, Canibus, bring a cross  
Carry it up a mountain till we exhaust

# Canibus Lyrics

## "It's Going Down"

*[Canibus:]*

It's going down, let's get it over with [x8]

*[DMC:]*

We created Hip Hop so we didn't need street gangs and drug dealers

Hip Hop has a responsibility

No matter what generation you're from, you come now, past, present, or future

Y'all motherfuckers can make whatever y'all want

For me, it's fucking homicide and genocide

People are killing each other

I don't hate on this generation of Hip Hop but we gotta create Hip Hop all over again

*[Canibus:]*

Grown men wearing makeup, you make me sick

I'm in the barber chair, 20 dollar shape up shit

And "don't worry if I write checks, I write rhymes"

Nobel peace prize, whoever came up with that line

Statistically, anonymously speaking, the country is dreaming

So what? The whole universe is shrinking

Society on the brink, tell me why do you think?

The blood wash off long before the courtroom ink

Well if imma hump the pig, imma tear it up

Maybe improvise earplugs with cigarette butts, 'n stink

TIG, MIG, Imma make my own sig, ya dig?

A serial killer in drag with a wig

Take a swig, blue pill first, red pill second

"The black pill is a black and white Hollywood western"

Jamie Foxx Jango, Clint Eastwood meets Rambo

Hungry enough to eat that ammo

*[Canibus:]*

It's going down, let's get it over with [x8]

*[DMC:]*

If you look at Hip Hop right now:

Purple fur coats, diamonds, champagne

Rolls Royce's, Bentley's, fucking Learjet's

Sex, violence... Everybody's living that life

Right now we need a 17 to 19 year old individual to make "The Message"

To shut down all the nonsense that we're celebrating!



# Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

## "The Warning (Intro)"

A false world has been pulled over our eyes  
Blinding us from the truth  
We are slaves,  
Imprisoned, enslaved  
In a matrix  
We are programmed  
So we operate at fraction of our potential  
The matrix is real  
Watchful eyes encase us  
Keeping all of us in our places  
And if you dare take a step outside  
The matrix overrides  
What is my fate  
They engineer our lives  
Rich or poor they mastermind  
Piece the tesserae  
Wake up  
Illuminate  
Only truth will solve this maze  
Come with Canibus & Marty McKay

# Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

## "The Matrix"

How can I escape?

Is it too late?

What is our fate?

The matrix, since 1998, I've been trying to escape

Take your pick, use your intellect Bis, ignorance is bliss

This game is a fix, it's a matrix, quick

Val Valerian, he was the first to say the Matrix created by aliens

Cultures interlock, global worldwide hip hop

The beats drop and ya don't stop to rock

Compelling and unsettling, meddling in the sovereign sensation,

We live in a slave driven nation, 36 chambers, three thousand six hundred years of blood sweat and tears,  
fighting our fears in the matrix

Slow kill slaughter, poison in the water, alpha alligators on river bank borders

First warrior to cross, ate up boss, tried to find him, body parts came up lost

Back track, back to the drawing board, we war with carnivores

And we taking it straight back to the source

Last night I heard the death call ringing

Quietly breathing it was softly singing

It might be blinding but you can't hide from this

All eyes on you black star big screen in the matrix

This whole wide world is one huge prison yard

Some of us are inmates the rest are guards

We gotta' break out!

A huge disguise pulled over our eyes

We're awake but blind

This is just the beginning, user interface uses facial recognition dragnets for a prison  
It's a media frenzy, multimedia maps are a trap for the innocent that are media friendly  
Crypto currency coins - iPhones and Androids, down the rabbit hole back to the void

Breathe - look around, what do you see?

Nightmares in double vision you struggle to break free

Can't trust what you drink or eat, can't trust what you think or see

Can't even trust going back to sleep, I used to dream of electric sheep

Who stand in line to vote and elect these creeps

Who transformed paradise peaks into sanctuaries on the street

But this ain't what I lined up for, and this ain't what you signed up for

This is torture ya'll, that's what they build a fortress for

The Matrix is real, Enki still battle Enli, or birthright the Merovygian Vrill

Orthodox Catholic Krill, crusade in for the kill, for centuries annihilate at will

Whom the Gods wish to destroy first they make mad, the next thing they do is make people break bad

Negotiation averted, no more fear, destroy the Matrix, then go from there

Start from scratch like Noah's Telomers DNA disclosure, what it is composed of?



# Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Drugs Make the World Go Round"

(feat. Rootwords)

My PRDM 12 gene, precursor protein, nurse gave me a trinket to squeeze, Hallucinogenics edit thought a thin line to walk, wash - rinse - repeat - what you rhymin' for? Masterful ink strokes every rhyme I wrote, I'm a sober supernova I design the flow

The woods are snowy, dark and deep, I walk over cocaine covered mountain peaks

Who said that? flexi straps in the medivac, they use a 1250 Yeti to power the C-PAP, syntax on the board, highlighted with thumbtacks on the map, solar power 2000 watts max

Enough till I get back, ration pack brand new tracks, back in the day they would've danced to that, this is a pharmaceutical narco musical, the pastel colored strobe light seduces you

Casinova make you move over, flex deltoid shoulder, blacked out - woke up in a coma  
I've never been free but my leash is long, my ideas are innovative, my beliefs are strong

Because drugs make the world go round, in fact the world spins slower whenever the words slow down  
Addiction is normal, socialize - someone to talk to, another hologram to walk through, under the influence, it felt like it ripped through us, but what you gon' get for it?

Check storage, cornmeal porridge, sorry I just took lorry, pardon me but I don't go to parties  
A Polish man with a Spiritus bottle in his hand, Instagram, they like to take pictures in the jam  
Fan out like fumes from fans, expand ambush plan, you want in? Put the money in the pan!

So many souls for sale, the air is stale, rifle power Eiffel Tower, a desert fairytale  
The muscle car VS 18-wheeler burglar bars, duck sauce I'm a murder the bars, What's God?

God is gold oil and drugs, an acronym thug, it's what a good opiate does

Whatever cause, they say gimmie a buzz, they pump drugs like blood, till their nervous system goes numb,  
Planet of the apes a planet the addicts can't escape, spinal fluid intake can't even stand straight  
Why does the body even need this? there must be a reason, they think drugs tames their demons  
Quite the opposite, polar positive pill poppin' is a real problem, big brother is a thrill goblin, kill toxin, kneel on ya'  
knees like hostage, unsealed bottle in his pocket, the background look gothic, the house DJ rockin' droppin  
chemtrails from a helicopter

Prepare for the public announcement, from Methadone mountain, people get addicted by the thousands  
The atmosphere is laced, no where to breathe is safe, gas mask so tight you get a headache, every land every  
lake everything the animals ate, we even get contaminated from a handshake

This is the madness that man made, drugs is like fixing stitches with a band aid

Medicated, sedated, what you craving? what your favorite?, they say they like to take it just for entertainment  
The woods are snowy dark and deep, they gotta' get another dose just to fall asleep  
The ocean was to be blue, the sky is now red, the body is alive but the mind is dead, they want drugs!

# CANIBUS



## FULL SPECTRUM **DOMINANCE**

REPOLARIZATION

PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT

# **Canibus Lyrics**

## **"Zoom Out"**

You think too highly[?] of yourself

You're an amoeba

One leg on a centipede

What do you control?

What can you control?

Zoom out!

If you find that your attention is drawn to other elements

Other cells that appear separate from the whole

Then look further

Observe closer

Ask yourself if you're affected by any outside influences

Or entities that seem to be working independently of each other?

I'll wait for you to catch up

Zoom out!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "What We Ask For"

Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for  
Then ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors  
Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for  
Then ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors

What if you talk to your shadow n ya' shadow talks back  
Why is your shadow wearing a tin foil hat?  
Don't have any plans, don't wanna give tragedy a chance  
So you pray on knees and hands and follow their commands  
The Land of the monitored Free, Home of the monitored Brave  
In other words we're all monitored Slaves  
And for today we're gonna dig graves in the rain  
Let's sing and praise and try to remember much happier days  
Yeah Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for  
We ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors  
Dismissive kisses, from pretty ass vampire bitches  
Resist it, or end up with windpipe stitches  
The reaction, breathless agast, what an extraordinary ass?  
That's why the men volunteer so fast  
They've got 1 million laws you only gotta break one  
To end up in a cell with Tarnush and his Sons  
Hard knocks don't have weak spots, it's 2019  
The beginning of a brand new epoch  
Global currency swap, waffle twat just chartered a yacht  
He bought it with stocks and bonds in a box  
When they can't afford to choose but budget is not a problem  
If they can't decide which one they want they buy all of them  
Intruder detection, their own private musical section  
Exercise equipment two more stretches  
Batman Catamaran, somersault splash  
Exciting as a 100yard Football pass  
Beer cans clams and smiles, big titty starboard style  
You really feel like an artist now

Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for  
We ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors  
Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for  
We ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors  
Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for  
We ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors  
Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for  
We ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors

The man from Somerton beach, police fingerprinted his feet  
His face was calm, his clothes were neat  
Was it yellow jacket or white magic aka white hats tricks?  
Some say they won't do jack shit, time will tell

How scientists designed the bell  
From the instructions that they discovered behind the veil  
Blurred vision, thoughts get foggy, nightmares extreme lethargy  
Pet doggies with cerebral palsy - bark at my face paint  
Facial recognition deterrent, Real ID permit, Fema camp insurance  
Sentenced to hell, after the verdict, I had to work on the furnace  
I charged extra for the warranty purchase  
Dial 1800-411-PAIN, give's your name  
You get paid? you can keep the change  
Regentrificate, send 'em to space, what a waste  
The human race should never talk about confusion of face  
Cause after they cull the herds, the suburbs  
Will just be a buzz word patrolled by tough nerds with plush furs  
Turn key rappers, bio chip internet access  
And carbon taxes credit benefactors forever laughing  
At the frozen moisture, succulent boiling oysters  
Immediate obedience to orders  
Lunar operators have sworn to avoid human confrontation  
To depopulate a stupid population

Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for  
Then ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors  
Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for  
Then ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors

# Canibus Lyrics

"Blind by Design"

(feat. Nappi Music)

Build the wall, if it's a trap "kill them all"  
The voltage is too small I need a billion more  
My K-9's are too small, I gotta feed them more  
Dear Santa Claus - how 'bout you feed the poor?  
WWG1WGA, read my blog  
Don't you dare put your dirty paws on my seed vault  
Family feud, now I'm in a manly mood  
Dude - stop listening to Q, it can't be true  
I heard Q likes Hip Hop too, yeah? what's his favorite group?  
I dunno but I'm gonna' need proof  
I was looking for Flava Flav in Creed, I ain't see 'em  
All I see is Mr. T. fighting for our freedom  
Clubber Lang & Iron Mike eat 'em, tag team 'em, bag over the head, hang for treason  
2019 Season's greetings, call me back  
I'm in a meeting, cause running the country is not easy

Here's the thing, nothing goes down without a hitch  
Sometimes diplomacy works but never without a glitch  
Evidence, negligence - stinky breath death threat peppermints  
That's why I stopped checking my messages  
My crossfit nano's come in Jack Russell dog shit camo  
Now I really feel like Rambo  
If a man of the cloth ever tries to put his hand in my shorts  
I'll band saw the whole back of his pants off  
While he's still wearing them, according to God's biblical source  
I just feel like saying "Lyrical Law", just because  
I fell outta love with Hip Hop and now I'm bored  
I didn't like the peace treaty accord  
Mockingbird media bought, don't know who to trust no more  
They act like Adibeessie from OZ  
They follow me in Walmart everytime I go looking for car parts  
Or when I'm drying off at the car wash

# Canibus Lyrics

"Pen Game"

(feat. Pyrit & DJ TMB)

Made to last, I raise the flag full staff why do you ask?  
I just look back, wave and laugh  
We got spaceships made from glass, we look up as they pass  
We get a good look at wonder woman's ass  
While we sit there, she scrape the froth off my beer  
While you're at it why don't you take your wig off dear?  
Yeah - this some James Brown "Living in America" shit  
And probably as good as it's ever gon get  
At the campsite, under a lamp light, hamites and whites  
Survivalists types - obsessed with plant life  
The Israelites say they plan to stand and fight  
To do that first you gotta recognize what's right  
Happy wife, happy life, she's a happy mutant maybe you're right  
She's the professor Xavier type  
She doesn't strike you as the type that likes the lyrics I write  
We spend cold icicle nights, communicate skype  
After work - go home - lay pipe, then play fight  
Explain life, talk about what our day was like  
I gotta blow torch for bubbles and candlestick market trouble  
Whatever man I was born to hustle  
Read the charts, enjoy the warm breeze and fart  
Been there done that I don't need to talk  
Cause I'm a swatsta sipping vodka eating tandoori steak n lobster  
Harrison Ford used to be a carpenter

Three's Company - Susan Somers, Mr. Ferley remember?  
Put the shower curtain up was clever  
Love is love knuckles and nubs, billy club thugs  
With a grudge against men with man buns and guns  
Poker run emerald coast, I'm stoked - that's an inside joke  
Propose a toast on wide approach  
Black shoes - white gloves - bow ties - slick quotes and cigar smoke  
Now customs wanna' check my cargo  
They gotta' hip hop embargo  
I visit Maralargo, to see if martial law is normal  
Eagle point marina, party on the slip  
Polly want a cracker, shorty wanna' strip  
Rip this is some James Brown "living in a America" shit  
The Cherubims win! The Seraphims quit  
High speed trains, constructed by low speed cranes  
Asteroid strike, it's all in vain

[?]



# Canibus Lyrics

"Hallelujah"

(feat. Seven Spherez)

Wires, gangsters, polyraphs, lenses in cameras  
VladTV - one syllable answers  
Meritorious Manumissions, I can't watch or listen  
All they wanna' do is put you in  
Raman noodles and lentils in Solomon's Temple  
Surrounded by ominous symbols and apocalypse crystals  
Electrical outage, urban cities over crowded  
You should get online now and try to learn about it  
I'm not concerned about it, aerosol injection to the midsection  
Try ya' best to see if you can work around it, prob'lly never heard about it  
In the streets you can word of mouth it  
But in corporate you get hurt without it  
Operation Land Shark bite, safari game drive at night  
No searchlights windows down - thermal sights  
Parabolic lens, images blend  
They got to see it one time and never witnessed it again  
Pagans, Sun simulators built by indigenous Asians  
Religious invaders vitamin D nigga haters  
A hologram I could touch wit my hands  
What kind of man wants to get touched by hundreds of fans?  
Temper tantrum, Semper Fi is the anthem  
I'm in the middle of the Hendecagram dancing lookin' so damn handsome  
Hallelujah! How does Moses make his tea?  
Hebrews it... stupid, then on Sunday Domingo produce it  
I tutor English in an English Tudor to English students  
Acupuncture Buddhist, all inclusive pinch a nudist  
Think you can do this? You think you can make rap music  
Without being betrayed by Judas, I think you foolish  
Anyways Hallelujahs good luck to you  
And I pray you find favor in the best future

[?]

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Make Up"

It all starts in that chair sitting on the movie set  
In a roundabout way - never used to be direct  
That bronze glow for men, that Cleopatra tan  
In a tent, for that wretch with the low hanging breasts  
The tart amazonian clay face on IG Live  
With a playmate - looking like grape ape  
You found \$100 on ya' windshield  
You look so pretty, and just this morning you felt so shitty  
Double chin? Now it's only just a couple of inch  
Just spray it away and go have a wonderful rinse  
The operative word is love, never no need for grudge  
Come over to the mall kiosk cuz  
They got this new mask made from volcano mud  
Just use this sqweegy like you dippin' your whip  
And your done, if you battle face to face  
At least make sure your ya' profile's straight  
In case the pictures surface at a later date  
I painted myself silver cause I felt like a superhero  
Ahead my time, comic con super weirdo  
They couldn't understand it back then  
Until they add them 0's to them SAG checks, correct?  
What's a zebra without stripes... right?  
No answer - I guess that means he's the silent type

After every red cent of the take home pay is spent  
Economically makeup doesn't even make sense  
Just imagine for one day if it all went away  
What would you say? Would you be able to show face?  
I happen to like my wrinkles, my blackhead pimple scar tissues  
Adds visuals to everything I been thru  
I ain't gon be the one to take ya' makeup away  
Just cause you wanna' look 10 years younger today  
I'ma be there for you matter what you look like  
Muthaphuka like a gotdamn zombie in the light, in life?  
A whores job cost a whores price  
You know what they say, you could buy nice or buy twice  
They do it for the highlights, they do it for the likes  
Personality types do it for the night life hype  
Don't be too hard on yourself, just come as you are  
And smear a lil contour on the arms of the Lord  
For ye shall be sure to remember the days that came after and before  
You saw the Full Spectrum Dominance Tour - on four Continents or more  
TSA go thru ya' makeup drawers, you can't take that on the plane anymore  
But I really like those colors, especially for sister and brothers  
Nieces and nephews - aunties uncles and cousins  
The hook says you make me sick, but I love ya'll  
Such colorful fans, who could want more?

Makeup for the shorties under 40 is a top priority  
For big bottom small top minorities  
Old carpet magically altered all you gotta do is steam it and wash it  
Use worchester sauce when you worchester you armpits  
Abs - chest and traps - Wrestle Mania I'm back  
Off the top turnbuckle in my fishnet tank  
Trending fashions - my balls feel better when my jeans is saggin'  
And I'm braggin' and my nuts is dangling  
What's the 411 Champion? See this is what happens  
When the fans love canibus again, the hook says you make me sick  
But I love ya'll, gaga fans standing outside the club ya'll

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Take the Chip"

Politics or religion won't interest the generation after this one  
You can look at them and tell they're different  
You can talk to them and tell tho  
Strong spine or spaghetti tail bone  
Keyboard warriors with ashy fingers and elbows  
You never know what to expect  
Full Spectrum Dominance chess  
Yes - the top tier plays like that  
When it comes to metaphors, their ceiling is my floor  
And I don't care if my social media score is poor  
The interview is interrupted, piano music starts to play  
No one can hear what you're about to say  
So it doesn't make sense for a subscriber to play it  
Because the uploader is... not around anymore to say it  
That's Full Spectrum Dominance, The Matrix wins  
No contest, how did you think it was going to end?  
It's never easy to ignore aggressors  
Who work for their subordinate oppressors  
However it's less of test and more of a lesson  
It causes a reasonable apprehension of fear  
I can understand you being scared  
But maybe you should go get the hardware  
Welcome to Full Spectrum Dominance  
We all have to face it now  
We got precisely what we asked for  
So take the chip and shut up



# Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

## "Selling Lies"

Vocals check play it close to the chest, ham radio cassette with DJ Ron G and S&S, bless, Yeah, I'm old school with the golden rule, Ya' know it, the crowd mooove when I told'em move, ugh music is my muse, time to show n prove, so cool, I'm always in a anitmedia mood, YouTube! Revenue used to be silly, but now it looks real skinny, ya' hear me?, couldn't rub together two pennies, what's the matter? they not media friendly, the lovely Cynthia McKinney so real she had to move out the city, the media's become the enemy of humankind, fool around n end up like Julian Assange, people get confused between personalized views and paying dues, when ya' pen game is peer reviewed, breaking news, you a frickin' stooge, craft services fake food, media crews read scripts they don't choose who,

I've become so tired  
Of the blurring lines  
Take away all control  
They're just selling lies  
We live what they conspire  
We're just wasted lives  
Make sure you take control  
Of your mind

Content provider, nonetheless wiser,  
Recycled sources insiders regurgitating their own vomit,  
There's only ever one constant,  
They're liars, bone deposits hidden in the closet  
High powered lawyers are hired  
You have the right to remain quiet...  
Blackmail with green cash in a white wallets  
Blue collars living off grid in a cottage  
Where the media reporters are childish  
Cellos, keyboards and violins  
There's no surprises, nobody's smiling, there wilding  
Soft disclosure, providing a cushion for hard exposure  
Snake Eyes told you GI Joe lost to Cobra  
Randolph Hearst a Media Mogul  
Talkin' to Rupert saying;  
" I told you to handle the scandal like you supposed to "  
Tell me what you got in mind?  
Besides fabricated paradigms  
On second thought  
I don't have the time!  
No evidence supports what they find,  
Jedi minds, look'em in the 3rd eye  
And hypnotise, worldwide, with more lies!

And 1 by 1  
They beat the drum  
Don't fall in line  
And 1 by 1  
They beat the drum

Don't fall in line

"Are you talented?... yeah"

"Are they interested?... depends what you share"

"Are you sensitive?... only when it comes to my career"

I prefer my peace and my quiet, cooler hands prevail put out fires, transition from performer to writer, as an artist I'll never retire, but as a man I made a decision to fade away back to the islands, in a small hut, grow my own vegetables horticulture and such, this frickin' media is just too much, I'll disappear in yellow submarine below the ocean like Ed Snowden, then return with after the planet flip over, I'll rage against the machine and disappear like Zach, make a impact, then exit stage right - like that

The same ole' media game again,

Got to be real careful what you say to them,

They kicking dirt on ya' name again,

If I was you I wouldn't play with' them,

They only love you until they don't have to,

They only wanna' gain your trust - that's how they trap you,

4G 5G doesn't even matter,

They'll kill you with your own metadata

# Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

## "Silent Shadows"

Brown Chicken Brown Cow  
Seen a brick house downtown  
All I could do was say Wow  
ILLuminated Mythos  
A steel band playing crypto calypso by a street post  
Hot tea honey crumpets honey and oats  
Hand on over your heart kneel to a 5 headed goat  
The shadow wants to breakaway from the light source  
But nothing ain't never that easy  
Fight for it  
Stand on ya' toes  
Dance or face glacing blows  
Try to hold your pants up with those  
Brown shoe boy - white hat Stetson McCoy & Mayday McKay The Gargoyle  
Listen to the beat alone  
Take adrenachrome  
First part that freezes you can't feel your toes  
For what certain thought forms project  
Sharp horns former wall st exec you don't wanna' be next  
Who could cash a quadrillion dollar check - count half n rest  
Wake up - cash the other half when I'm dead  
You heard what he said  
Gimmie my bread  
Gimmie my bread  
Gimmie my bread

Illuminati wants is all n won't stop till they have it all  
Still - they want more  
Body organs gored to the core singing ritual song  
Cleaning products sanitize floors  
True - lemmie throw a few - the hexagonal ellipsoid droids took a photo of you  
Shapeshift while you listen to this  
They got away with it  
Don't ask me how? a smoldering pile of organic material now  
That's what I call a Chicago Standoff

Their shadows hide  
But their blatant ways  
Blind like the sun  
Free mason lies  
And bloody games  
This world is run  
By silent shadows  
This world is run  
Silent shadows

We study

Scholarship report card through the mail  
Crypto currency PhD courses in jail  
They run the world - iLLuminati don't fail  
False flag details  
Set sail but don't mess with no whales  
Master Ptah! "they stole our time!"  
Imagine how we feel  
They stole our rhymes  
I meet the King on his turf  
Far away from the Serfs n Mercs  
Somewhere in inner earth with the Smurfs  
Emotion manifest thought 1st  
Survival is not taking a picture standing next to a hearse  
Magnetic Ultra shackles  
Grab ether plasma  
No telling what these demons is after  
Even now I know not what it was for  
Until thine day I shed my physical coil  
The blood - died on the cross in the mud with some hard knuckle gloves n a fuel can jug  
They say it's all love  
Tried to kill ya' whole internet buzz  
And you ain't even into that bruh  
A smoldering pile of organic material now  
Over a bowl of cereal  
Wow...

It's way up- don't name drop  
It's way up- don't name drop  
Don't break the code  
They're high up - don't name drop  
They're high up - don't name drop  
Don't break - don't break the code

# Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

## "Spirit Possession"

Spiritual possession

Spiritual Possession, syllable air pocket impressive, zombie face, breath stink  
Exorcists twists, skull & bones spin on shoulders, skeleton face, come closer  
The injured lamb in the center of a pentagram, in the name of the sins of man  
    The soul is naked, the body hates it, the heart races, the spirit chases  
    Intonation, skip through syllable placement, in a basement, cold as glaciers  
        Bones in cages, old n nameless, unknown faceless draconian nature  
He told me death was beyond the door, I said where have I heard that before?  
Spiritual possession, whispering spiritual message, spiritual controls the vessel

In the beginning spirit, life is delivered thru the lens of a two-way mirror  
    As you think - so shall you inherit, it all starts with spirit  
    They win, so says the hearts of men, every century we try again  
Trapped in a cube inside a glyph, cause man can't control the mind of men

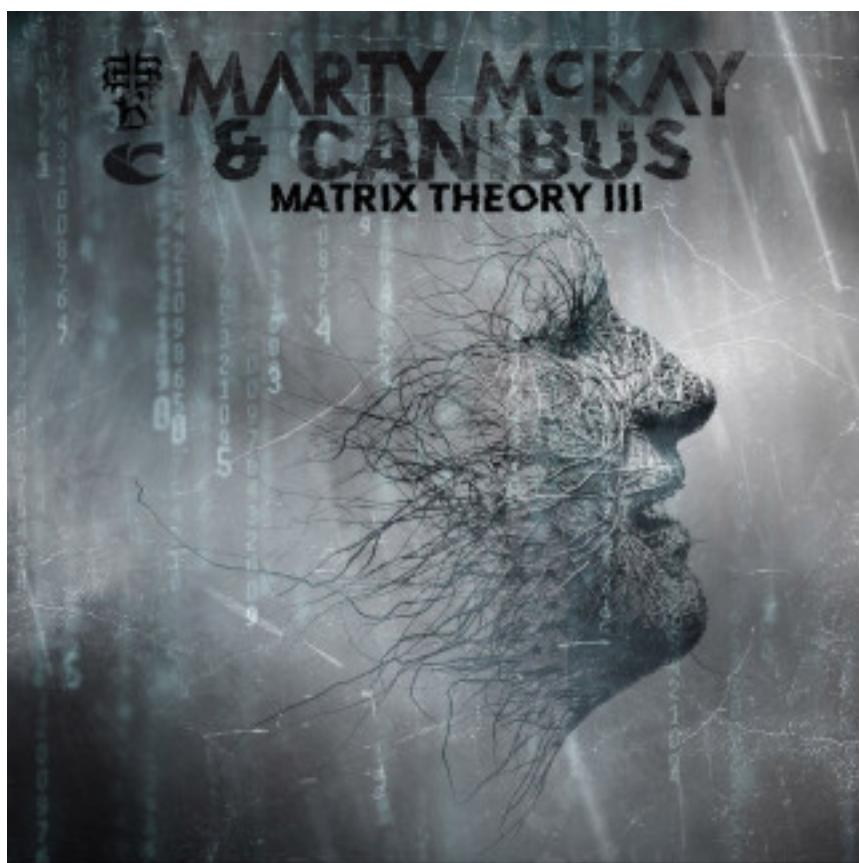
Mr. Mind reader - synthesize the ether, don't gotta think about it either  
    No escape, love is replaced with hate, the slave lifestyle is great  
        I don't have to make those hard decisions, from here?  
            Ignorance couldn't be more blissful  
Wings - Dragons - flight paths across the planet, eyes look up and panic  
Nightmares - with happy endings, what's the point in asking who sent him  
The spirit guide makes an entrance, and whispers u talk to much n ask too much questions, come right out n  
    show ya' face, make sure the humans know they place  
The LIZARD? talk to it, hologram walk thru it, same way God would do it

The Most Highly Rated, grossly underestimated, time wise ancient

Yet visibly ageless, look through the Akashic, the Matrix is a mosh pit of disingenious, logic to hold us hostage,  
no introduction needed, The Great Tarnush, undefeated, you gotta' see it to believe it, and believe it to see it,  
ever since the this star system was seeded, their plan for global domination is nearly completed

G-Maaaan!, upper body swivel like He-Man, Thor Hammer crush the Beast plan, green hands standing there in  
    ya' underpants, looking like Peter Pan  
The need for speed risk and chance, who'd've guessed he'd've peed his pants, look to the right, they say never  
    look to the light, south pole look for ice  
        Oh well that's life, and ain't that nice?, Lucifer just booked your flight  
        Get set for Nimrod night, don't like the talkative type, you're right it's the end of life  
        Proto-Spiritual, poetry home grown minerals, back to the waters of IRIDU  
        Human - look at you, closed mind, pitiful, nothing to see hear, forget you  
Escape - they'll never let you, let you go just to catch you, professional 5D, 5G interdimensional, monsters  
Thrown assaunder, call it Karma, call it whatever you wanna', hot winters cold summers, armored up road  
    runners, spacecrafts, dumbs & bunkers  
        Rolling thunders, DOUBLE U TEA F straight hustlers, caterpillar tumblers  
        Paralyzed with fear - nowhere to run, fee fye fo fum carnivorous scum  
        Sun light moon light - life is cartoon like, Zeitgeist - it's a spiritual fight  
        They win, so says the hearts of men, every century we try again





# Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Indigo Breeze"

(feat. Lady Bazaar)

Opening scene, human kind panics from a dying planet

Try to understand it...

They say thunderbirds fly to preserve our skies

If Geo Engineers lie, they deserve to die, they deserve to die

The air that you breathe

Indigo breeze

Throw a flare and light it

Spread the ashes all around you

You're holding the key

Know what you believe

Don't inhale all the cold air

Let it drift around your body

How could life not be real, running over the rolling hills

Rolling around in lush green fields

It's just a reminder that every day the sun rises

And I re new my Mer-Ka-Ba

I look into her blue iris

There she is, Delilah, seductive, yet so silent

With whispers of inspiration, from the valley of the faceless

A gift for all human races

Surface to air, air to ground, across firmament

Wherever my love is allowed

I stand up to command hate to stand down

Not much left in the sand glass now

I'm just a man, learning to not trust the lies that

I'm just beginning to understand

I feel betrayed & now I don't what to say

It all changed when the sky turned grey

The air that you breathe

Indigo breeze

Throw a flare and light it

Spread the ashes all around you

You're holding the key

Know what you believe

Don't inhale all the cold air

Let it drift around your body

My water is brackish from unpaid Mad Max taxes

Jet planes make multiple passes

Suffering from thunderstorm asthma, chest grabbin

This is madness, follow the white rabbit

Down the hole, can barely hear the sound of my soul

It's so cold, where did the sun go?

I stand atop Mount Fiji, Canibus can you see me?  
Thru the thick chem trail graffiti?

Some argue that the earth is flat  
It's a scientific fact, the fake news debates to distract  
Meanwhile we hold our throats, cough a choke  
Chemical smoke, you still think a chem trail is a hoax  
No – the human race is reduced to cockroaches  
They run from Lord Vader as he approaches  
They poison our air, land and oceans with sub micronal global aerosol, told you

The air that you breathe  
Indigo breeze  
Throw a flare and light it  
Spread the ashes all around you  
You're holding the key  
Know what you believe  
Don't inhale all the cold air  
Let it drift around your body  
Rise up high and fly  
Let it drift around your body  
Rise up high and fly  
Battle cries go off around me  
Rise up high and fly  
Let it drift around your body  
Rise up high and fly  
Battle cries go off around me

They took my blue skies away  
It's like the whole planet died that day

Humans become breathing semiconductors, weapons of mass respiratory destruction, imagine!?! sky captains snuffing out the masses through stereo lithographics, the atmospheric enabler, barometric vapors cut thru ya' lung tissue like razor sharp light sabers cut thru wafers, of deeply satanic nature, It's the will of Lord Vader, deactivated T-Cell receptors, deprivation of clean oxygen is a weapon, question, how can you live if you can't breath? and where will you go if they ever succeed?, technology nano, crops can't grow, from extreme drought to sand storms and bad snow, Surface acoustic spray chemical aggregate saturates every God given breath we take, I didn't before but now I can see – the evil attached to the very air we breathe

The air that you breathe  
Indigo breeze  
Throw a flare and light it  
Insomnia freaks wide awake  
Contaminated every breath we take  
Spread the ashes all around you  
You're holding the key  
Know what you believe  
Don't inhale all the cold air  
I feel betrayed with nothing to say  
It all changed when the skies turned grey  
Let it drift around your body  
Rise up high and fly  
Let it drift around your body  
They took our blue skies away

Rise up high and fly  
Battle cries go off around me  
They took our blue skies away  
Rise up high and fly  
Let it drift around your body  
They took our blue skies away  
Rise up high and fly  
They took our blue skies away  
Battle cries go off around me  
It all changed when the skies turned grey

# Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

## "Left Brain Prisoners"

Education, teachers are naked, students are fully clothed in paper

Debt based we all owe the creator

For life on Liberty Row, where the Red Wood pitchforks grow

Where the fast lane education is slow

Do you know? What you wanna be? Where you wanna go?

And how important it is for you to know your learning curve goal

We academic hybrids bro, private school enrolled

It's publicly known we were schooled at home

I hear you say, you wanna be free, but you can't be free

Until you learn just how to be non-mechanic and random, see

I use my thought to separate myself from cogs in the wheel

They say the pen is mightier than the sword

That's how I'm dodging the steal

'Cause, what they pass for education ain't real

It's mind manipulation, they're clones sedated, they're drones, debate it

Complicated without complication, counterfactual quantum communication, necessity is the mother if all creation

They say there's only way

A single path to a gate

We're prisoners, they stand guard

And if you stray you may starve

Guess what, it's all been a lie

The curtains down, look inside

A rich man finds his own truth

So seek your own point of view

Hands chained in a war

Left-brain prisoner

Run

You gotta run

Hands chained in a war

Left-brain prisoner

Run

You gotta run

Paperback tablets, dry eraser boards calculate mathematics

So attractive intellectual savage, performing arts metaphor mechanic, less than 1% of the planet

It doesn't matter if my message is stranded

I will be found next to my favorite noun, levitate above ground, meditating to my favorite sound

Debating simple issues, teachers are artificial, there must be a more clinical approach to being ethically civil

Is Hell on Earth a vacation for Devils? or education for Rebels?

Will these polarized points of view ever settle? Is war normal?

Is peace special, do we deserve extinction level? what does your guardian Angel tell you?

The end is a new beginning cycle, participation is vital, one persons departure is another's arrival

Collateral models, android smartphone survival standing at the chalkboard beside you

They say there's only way

A single path to a gate  
We're prisoners, they stand guard  
And if you stray you may starve  
Guess what, it's all been a lie  
The curtains down, look inside  
A rich man finds his own truth  
So seek your own point of view

Hands chained in a war  
Left-brain prisoner  
Run  
You gotta run  
Hands chained in a war  
Left-brain prisoner  
Run  
You gotta run

Common Core, either or, no promises y'all  
Common sense gone, academia is dead wrong  
One generation down the line is new shit  
Two generations down the line its bull shit  
Three generation down the we're stupid  
By fourth generation too lazy to do shit  
Education is endangered, you need brain maintenance  
To fly a 5th generation spaceship, education

They say there's only way  
A single path to a gate  
And if you stray you

Hands chained in a war  
Left-brain prisoner  
I'm not sure what I'm supposed to know anymore  
Run  
You gotta run  
The current model of learning takes too long  
Hands chained in a war  
Left-brain prisoner  
Download your education from the matrix  
Run  
You gotta run  
That way no time is wasted  
Make an educated guess you can make it  
Word of mouth information is sacred  
But it feels old school and antiquated  
The more I grow – the more I recognize that I don't know

# Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

## "Multiscreen Madness"

Skateboard home from school, the golden rule, was don't talk to strangers, cell phones were cool  
We had to watch out for wolves wearing sheep's wool, take a stand like a wall street bull  
The old days – never cross streets without looking both ways, distraction is a zero sum game  
The most professional grade OLED ever made the brain develops varicose veins  
Three six 5G – the god of electro smog, a wireless mental World War 4  
Pearl Harbor whores sun bath on the sea shore, that's enough I don't need to see more  
Mind control trigger, don't fumble, follow the fiddler, trynna figure who's big screen's bigger  
The Most Dangerous Game Ever Played, A Multi-screen Madness Mind Control Maze

We shoot to kill  
Multiscreen madness  
It's a dangerous  
Got that ivy drip  
Multiscreen madness  
It's a dangerous game

Rich colorful days, pretty girls bubble gum braids, tryna get her number and a name  
Ink written on hand, sweat glands spoil romance, shoulda wrote her number down on my pants  
The world was smaller no call waiting for jealous callers, LAN line supervised by her Grand Momma  
Couldn't get more than 10ft from the wall jack, everybody get quiet when she talked back  
Rated G conversations – in fact, we'd laugh about Rated G movie soundtracks  
No separation, you didn't feel lost or naked, friends meet in spontaneous places  
Everyday was a surprise, ice cream & apple pies, it seemed like we had more time  
Everyday was a surprise, from the weather in the skies – to innocent bicycle rides

We shoot to kill  
Multiscreen madness  
It's a dangerous  
Got that ivy drip  
Multiscreen madness  
It's a dangerous game

A flat screen is black, a 1080p prison trap, but you never think of it like that  
Thumbs become smartphone dumb, a man with a man-bun talking about peace & love  
The Chip is here, eyes nose throat n ears, humanity sheds oceans of tears, drown...  
Even tho life jacket is near... saturated by Palintair  
Drink ORMUS, a solid state storage for bluetooth recording sitting Indian style on a carpet  
Data packet Pelican project, a hip hop apologist program currently in progress  
Be calm – do not watch screen too long, ignore the comments of those who believe you're wrong  
If the face is pale, raise the tail, if face is red then raise their head

We shoot to kill  
Multiscreen madness  
It's a dangerous  
Got that ivy drip  
Multiscreen madness  
It's a dangerous

We shoot to kill  
Multiscreen madness  
It's a dangerous  
Got that ivy drip  
Multiscreen madness  
It's a dangerous game

Abandoned building, villians, sitting round the table chilling, VIP convo private  
Eye contact with no eyelids y2k face time with white collar convicts  
Touch screen fractured, flickering lights in a cabin, with my favorite porno actress  
Reading glasses twisted, tape on the sides for logistics, multi screen madness wish list  
Ultra interactive live virtual streams, eyeballs self clean with mists of visine  
SpaceX – air filter diaphragm with face net, can't be sure if that's the case yet  
7am to 8pm with 9 outta 10 unfriendly dmsg it never ends  
Your lives are done! you should exodus off the earth and just go colonize the Sun

Three Six 5G  
Multiscreen madness disease  
Sitting there staring at screens  
Too paralysed to scream  
Hypnotic OLEDs  
Are an MK ULTRA Meme  
Three Six 5G  
Multiscreen madness disease  
Sitting there staring at screens  
Too paralysed to scream  
Hypnotic OLEDs  
Are an MK ULTRA Meme

Idols smile, blinding lies  
Not worth trusting  
Forcing life, just for the highs  
It's soul crushing

We shoot to kill  
Multiscreen madness  
It's a dangerous  
Got that ivy drip  
Multiscreen madness  
It's a dangerous  
We shoot to kill  
Multiscreen madness  
It's a dangerous  
Got that ivy drip  
Multiscreen madness  
It's a dangerous game



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Canibus Lyrics

"Curmudgeon"

The empire beneath the ice  
Has everything to do with your life  
History is music, music is life  
Oh now you tofu tough, you wanna roll in the mud  
I got poisonous-blowfish guts sewn into my gloves  
Float like a butterfly, fly like a dove  
The spirit becomes love if it holds no grudge  
Muzzle flash, close your eyes like you in a bubble bath  
You say it's so sad, well tell me what's so bad?  
First, you get your feet wet, then you wet your beak next  
This preset accelerates into a grease of sweat  
Oh, you're hungry? Of course, Fine  
You're the boss, but if I cook rice pilaf  
You have to turn the TV off  
She left her earrings over, I was below fixing the outboard motor  
I stopped what I was doing, she walked closer  
Crunch time, can't take lunchtime  
But that's in the bloodline  
I only got one more rhyme  
And I only got to do it 100 million more times  
I'm almost done, I almost lost my mind  
I already had my fifteen minutes  
Now I'm just stretching the limits  
Wit' small digit Professor Emeritus lyrics  
Retired in Uruguay study linguistics and writing  
I don't know how long I'll be here, my Visa's expired  
Twisting up turtle for money  
Delta 8 gummies taste funny  
Don't you think Honey?  
You wanna back rub me?  
Scratchy ass voice, honey lemon make my cords moist  
But when the fans want me to growl, I ain't got a choice  
There's no way to opt-out, compliance comes from the top down  
Before Nimrod's temple is knocked down  
You talking tough, crypto game  
But I ain't seeing no gains  
You couldn't break me off with some of that change?  
Inside the tabernacle, we grappled over the time capsule  
Upsetting the balance between the synthetic and the natural  
Sequence confirmed, feel the burn  
I apologize in advance if this doesn't seem like a real concern  
I am at a loss for words, a monkey kidney looks human  
If you shave the fur, I'm ashamed to concur  
The puzzle is a crossword, the word is Marlboro  
The world revolve first, your faith will falter  
The conqueror is a harvester, mistaken for a farmer  
Kicking and screaming, you will be dragged up to the altar

But this too shall pass, only a fool will try to outlast  
The same entity from the ancestors past  
Ooh be careful, not enough data available  
You try another password still get a error code  
Are you a targeted individual? Hey you never know  
But there are places in this world that you should never go  
The speech pathologist carved out their tongues  
Started mocking 'em, thought about stopping 'em  
But it was interesting watching 'em  
Mystery charms wrapped around his arms  
A suicide belt bomb, underneath his garms keep calm  
The deep fake con artist stacking Era Grand bearers bonds in his office  
Egg and cheese croissant, no sausage  
A threat is a guarantee, yet death is a little less than a promise  
So we pray for the dark skin Amish  
And the melanated William Wallace  
Broken homes for the jobless  
Fractured and broken bones for the doctors  
Gentlemen, synchronize your watches  
The time stops when the internet kill switch is pressed tomorrow morning  
The spell ends, the hell begins, the Freedom Bell rings  
A fat lady sings, farewell friends  
Walk into work while black, the motherfucker jumped out his squad car  
And said "Where the fuck is your job at?"  
They kill me the Reboot Lord, the Reset God  
Now I can see I got more than a couple defects Mom  
The world is crashing, collapsing  
The audience is standing, applauding and clapping  
Are they for real? Or are they acting?  
Ay, I know you ain't talking  
Me? I'm just standing in the audience  
Just trying to enjoy their performances  
The fingerless puppet master creating nothing but utter disaster  
Evergrand bankrupted the planet  
Fighter jet stream down the Potomac river  
In the land of the free  
If you believe as I do, stand with me

# Canibus Lyrics

"Entameta (Remix)"

(feat. DMX)

[DMX:]

You gonna do something or just stand there?  
No? I didn't think so  
Uh, yo  
Is this on too?  
That's my start, right?

[Canibus:]

This one starts over a beat loop and a hot bowl of dandelion soup  
Recorded two projects, I'm 'bout to regroup  
Enter the verse of the meta, Can-I-Bus forever  
The rhyme predator beta test to make it better  
Harmonic tremors, VR molecule, parse the data and zoom  
On a Zoom call, howlin' at the moon  
Metatron's cube, a tribe from Cameroon  
Makes love to change the molecular matter of a spoon  
The language was spoken dystopian, sung as a holy hymn  
By some old moldy men soakin' in Covid phlegm  
Cornmeal coated in fried okra, pathogen serum from live cobras  
One hit'll roll your eyes over  
Polar drip, solar pole shift, liftin' weights  
On a stranded container ship, waitin' for the rain to quit  
A thousand solar cycles later I'm still writing with pen and paper  
The Creator recreated Jamaica, indigenous  
Genetic information, beautiful natives, unusual flavors  
Looked her up and down and said "Hmm, I'll take her"  
This is critical survival, not in denial  
Not an emotional spiral, not bein' tribal or worshippin' idols  
Put on your [?] virtual reality goggles  
(Put on your goggles and watch me kill shit)

[DMX:]

We gon' get it  
Get to 'em  
We gon' get it  
Now get to 'em  
We gon' get it  
Get to 'em  
We gon' get it  
Now get to 'em

[Canibus:]

I woke in a jail where prisoners get key fobs  
Every mornin' we feed 'em grapefruit pancakes infused with sea moss  
You want white folks involved  
Just threaten to vaccinate their dogs

I bet they bring this whole shit to a halt  
I'm on the clock when I'm wearin' pajamas  
No shirt, just boxers, can't wait to go to work with the Oculus  
Cripple in fear, paralyzed there with a stare  
What should you wear? It's VR, goddammit, who cares?  
Emotion is stable read but now you are sleepin' in the weeds  
Tossin' and turnin' like birds in a chicken feed  
Quantitative, yet almost basic, gross and naked  
Like all the missing heads of the statues they excavated  
Damn, the Canibus Man got abs like Lenny Krav'  
His hands lift heavy slabs and split heavy bags  
Spongy form encephalopathy, I have to keep workin'  
And deep burnin' to complete deep discernin' machine learnin'  
Mixing jars, cold Shandy, lemonade and beer  
Contemplate what it would take to recreate your career  
What two words contain the most letters?  
The answer is post office, nigga  
(Put on your goggles and watch me kill shit)

[DMX:]

We gon' get it  
Get to 'em  
We gon' get it  
Now get to 'em  
We gon' get it  
Get to 'em  
We gon' get it  
Now get to 'em

[Canibus:]

Detect an infection, arise an airborne transmission  
And all they had to do was listen  
That was completely unscripted, just havin' some fun with it  
A mind erasin' event, that leave you tongue-twisted  
Three weeks without food, three days without water  
Three minutes without oxygen, he's a dead man talkin'  
I want mandatory black beans with rice and greens  
[?] acetylene turn you to a TikTok meme  
Don't let me throw you out the chopper, the top of the Nakatomi Plaza  
They thought they got him, I'm the only survivor  
I'm the captain of this ocean liner  
iPad Navionics, I don't need no autopilot  
Enter the Metaverse is an online course  
Where I dismount my horse and kick your corpse

[DMX:]

We gon' get it  
Get to 'em  
We gon' get it  
Now get to 'em  
We gon' get it  
Get to 'em  
We gon' get it

Now get to 'em

Yo yo yo yo yo yo  
What up? What up? What up?  
Talk to 'em  
DMX

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Hydra"

I'm from a planet  
Called Xanotos Gambit  
Where I used to be a champion  
Now I'm just regular old Canibus  
Your wrist-band says 'do not resuscitate'  
OK, just lay there while I fuck your face  
911 emergency facetime  
Decreases the wait time  
Just be polite to the police to save time  
'Cause if you scream over the phone  
They take your ass to the green zone  
Where you gon' end up with a tube up your nose  
All alone in a concrete room that's so cold  
You'll be froze, with icicles hanging from your earlobes  
Eskimo varmones  
I'm like a polar bear getting his hair combed  
Sittin' on a tropical throne  
My wolves look like 64 legged spiders  
With 8 headed hydras  
Breathing through Cnibus breathalyzers  
Brought to you by Pfizer  
Goliath drop science from the shoulders of giants  
People quick to despise it  
And the gods are stooped to admire  
The hunt continues even at night  
My murder hornets are nocturnal flyers and they bite  
Even in flight, we strike  
10-minute warning  
Zero dark, early in the morning  
My life is so boring  
Now I'm boarding  
Stockpiling food  
Still hoarding  
Freeze-drying eliminates spoiling  
If you can swim to the next mooring  
Then I'll meet you in the morning  
The lifebuoy rope is uncoiling  
I saved your life, it's heart-warming  
The big homie Jose  
He smelled like roach spray  
He used to always say  
That he missed the old days  
I used to laugh when he listened to the O'jays  
Muy trabajo even on slow days  
His brother named Soze  
He fucked with the dope game  
Quero comer the scorpion, that was his code name

Prepare for game day  
Every Wednesday is buy propane day  
The Paypal cash app apple payday  
They add the virus to the cocktail then stir  
They believe we are the disease and our death is their cure  
Our whole life, only our first breath was pure  
Through the redundant cycle of fear next to occur  
They break backs to build back stronger  
But it got so much harder  
Folks can't tow the line any longer  
Population corralled  
To the point they can only move their bowels  
Like some god damn bovine cows  
Medical patients lay there naked  
Intubated, we lay hands on ventilators  
Prey for them, but still can't save them  
I asked shorty why she need a rubber for her strap-on  
She said to hide her new Joan smell from her last Joan  
I ain't last that hard since money talks  
Or seeing Chris Tucker do that fifth element walk  
Silence! can never be caught  
Benjamin Bulldog to the heart  
Samuel Jackson from 'jumper' said  
Just cause you can teleport  
That don't make you God  
Imma break you off  
You gon' take this jab, Imma make you cough  
Flatten the back of your head  
With a tow truck flatbed  
Grab my Phillips out the tool bag  
And stab your leg  
See me, I don't study how rugged you sound  
I doubled down, jump to the ground, Bus double the rounds  
Invite me if you want trouble around  
If I can't muzzle the sound  
I find an empty water bottle off the ground  
My days are numbered  
But so are yours you stupid motherfucker  
You can't escape the spell were under  
What's your style  
Siberian sambo skin penetrating nano  
Go Rambo on that asshole no capto  
Model bitch rid my cock  
While I watch Dipset Vs Lox  
Then after that, we watch brlbrlbrlbrl get mocked  
I got a gift  
I built my own wings to achieve lift  
My verses are reverse engineered Gullwing kit  
Brother poetry, sullen beat  
Sold 3 but didn't know it was me  
The infinite rhyme, I told you it was deep  
Let these truths be self-evident  
Based off our morphic resonance

7 decimal points to the left again  
With radiated intelligence  
Helium 3 weapons kits unregistered  
I sound like Jim Vexer when I spit  
    Robotic, johnny mnemonic  
    With inflammo thrombotic  
    Response in my solder sockets  
    When I'm popping and locking  
        Step in the mic booth  
    Propulsion system glowing bright blue  
    Described in the bible, turn into a giant Kaiju  
    Taking commands from space force flight crew  
        I was Japanese in '92  
        They called my tiny Timbuktu  
            Sky hero drones  
        No wires, push-button broken appliance  
        You didn't know your warranty was expired?  
    Gorilla gardening with long-forgotten techniques  
        Of Phoenician farming and I'm only charging  
            1 crypto farthing  
        Laughing so hard I can't stop farting  
            So charming its alarming  
    A brother tommy and Steve Harvey in the morning  
        They was calling  
        I told em I ain't donating no organs  
    God damn it, you better get off my phone, I'm done talking

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Live Action Role Play"

The moths are attracted to the lumens  
The same way the humans are attracted to a revolution  
    Face front you deep fake cunt  
    You better give 'em what they want  
    You put 'em in a pressure cooker for months  
        Pun intended, surprise  
    Lowes Hardware is low on supplies  
        But most guys won't realize  
        Until McDonald's is low on fries  
        Just came back from outside  
    As I was jogging I was reading the signs  
        Lies, murder and more lies  
        My eyes cried turpentine  
    I taste human fertilizer in the wine  
    I knew a guy, use to work for the mob  
        Had to get out and dodge  
        Henry Hill called him Gulag Bob  
He said these histamine sneezers, respiratory wheezers  
    False Jesus wearing Yeezy sneakers  
        They some crazy old geezers  
    They decide to genocide, the when and the why  
        Like Biggie's first album just get ready to die  
The haves decide, the have nots gotta go along for the ride  
    This is for those who have ears and eyes  
        The wise, 'Ooh la la la la'  
    That's the sound of electric bikes doing drive-bys  
        Big face like Little Richard  
        Hitting high notes with his lips twisted  
        Lipstick the same color as chitlins  
        I'll take all your residual gains  
        Liquify your criminal brains  
    And pour 'em down municipal drains  
        We are the initiates of the flame  
        Wit' strange nicknames  
They came out of this world from Maine to Brisbane  
    And from this day forward  
You are welcome to make a quick claim on this recording  
    Meanwhile, I keep it in storage  
Got deported, escorted off the planet by the solar warden  
    Who kept rolling up my sleeve but I didn't want it  
    Anxiously looking through the looking glass keyhole  
        From inside the placebo  
        Let me tell you what we know  
            Welcome to Amerizuela  
            The beast mark on your genitalia  
    That's the one thing they never tell ya  
    You're broke walking barefoot in the snow

With a pumpernickel half loaf  
Wearing half a coat  
If you choose to accept this mission  
You gone end up dead, nigga  
Either that or spend life in prison

They look, they don't even know what they looking at  
They live, they don't even know what hood they at  
See that book? Pick it up  
Nah, put it back

I don't think ill ever be good enough for that

The release of the binary mutagen  
Created melanated supermen  
This is how the future begins  
Aliens with humans for pets  
Yes this is truly intense

A B-movie wit' the spookiest suspense  
Confusing in every way you can think  
Just follow the program command strings  
Let me do my thing

The ripper renewed his charter  
His music was smarter

Life sucks but afterlife will be beautiful karma  
His head was examined  
His astral body left the planet

He came back to help science understand it  
The new world recruits  
Drink the Jim Jones juice  
Take a jab to the glutes  
And now their ears are ringing

To the sound of a gargoyle playing the flute  
Hot lava plumes break the seven continents loose

Satellite phones, Magna tight stones  
Skeletons with bleached white bones  
Hanging from abandoned homes  
Drones over green zone camps  
Scan the forehead barcode stamps  
Only the inoculated can hold hands  
Fall asleep to Tik Tok on the 'Gram  
Woke up in a trance  
Electroshock wristwatch

To self medicate they press the button on the clasp  
So their muscles won't cramp  
In a cave under a kerosene oil lamp  
"My internet's down

It came back up but now there's no sound"  
Bill Paxton in the background screaming

"What the fuck are we gonna do now?  
Oh that's fucking great now, man  
Why you cocksuckers are out here grab assing  
We're gonna get slaughtered, man

Those things are gonna mutate half a dozen times in a month, man  
Then we're gonna be playing leapfrog with unicorns for real

Why don't you just put her in freaking charge, man  
'Cause those things are gonna come in here  
And they're gonna wipe us out, man  
And it's not a goddamned thing we can do about it  
'Cause we can't get out of here, man  
It's a fucking nightmare  
It's a live-action roleplay  
And those things are gonna come in here  
And their gonna take our souls away..."

# Canibus Lyrics

"Travis Scott Concert"

(feat. Born Sun & Body Bag Ben)

[*Canibus:*]

I'ma iron your clothes  
Wit' your body still in 'em  
While the background sound  
Like a lobby full of women  
He sold me a lemon?  
I kill 'em  
But bring 'em back to me first  
So I can strip 'em, and close fist 'em  
Then hang 'em up wit' his toes missin'  
Nigga shoulda listened  
That stupid ass video you sent 'em  
I'ma talk about that in a second  
But right now, I'ma tell you  
That there will be no intervention  
Words that rhyme in a sentence  
Are my invention  
And please let's not even mention timing  
When I'm riding a rhythm  
God willing, bodybag beta test  
I had sex your wit' your Ex, wearing a Avirex  
Came on her neck  
Mutant X lubricant  
I undress the cuckoos breasts  
Take it all the way down to 2%  
Don't let the Mandalorian  
Have to wind the window down on the Delorian  
Do that, he coming for all of them

[*Born Sun:*]

Yo, this a open invitation  
Born Sun waitin'  
Facemask conversation  
Bash his face in  
Rata-tat ratchet  
Static, never panic  
Goons from Nibiru  
Scraping, grappling wooly mammoths  
Bad mama jama  
DC 'Bama with the hammer  
Never showing teeth for the camera  
Stamina laminating  
CD's in Atlanta  
Standing at 5 points  
Channelin' the channeler  
Supreme chancellor

Two-legged Tarantula  
Crankshaft crank it up  
Tote a whole camper  
Born Sun'll body you  
Wit' ballroom banter  
He said if I got cash  
I can bang the banker  
I'm looking in her eyes  
Trying to find a way to thank her  
Here's a handkerchief  
For your vaginal anger  
Cycle pharmacology  
Technology and my Wallabees  
Ain't nobody even got deets'  
Screaming against Socrates  
Standing next to chickenhead pottery  
'Cause the squares got on top of me  
Next year is don release  
Everybody getting a lobotomy  
I called it balderdash biology  
Travis Scott concert  
Unbody spirits in the mosh pit  
Hold the crowd spiritually hostage  
What wha-wha-what 1, 2, 1, 2  
2022 more Born Sun for you

*[Bodybag Ben:]*

Look, this perseverance, huh  
Midnight toasters on your grave, son  
Lifting spirits  
You caught the Holy Ghost like Joseph Simmons  
But shit be like that when you illin'  
Blood on his shelltoes  
Can't play the villain  
Pay the piper, now its lemon peppers  
Shift the land like a shepherd  
Bear the fruit  
Taste the nectar, huh  
His arm hanging off the stretcher  
Rung his bell now he laid up like Denzel  
In the Bone Collector  
Hellish premonitions when the rent past due  
Wave mags to  
Run jewels in the Air Max 2  
He got the deuce deuce tucked in the bubble goose, ha  
Word, now he got the mac in the knapsack  
Child, all he do is party and bullshit  
Ain't no life after death when the drum rip  
It's unbelievable, he ain't ready to die  
Nah, I ain't think so  
It's either friend or foe  
Without warning to kicking in the door  
Ha, wolves at the door yo, that's for certain

44 on his frame like George Gervin  
Now his bodies squirting  
Behind the curtain, see the evil lurkin'  
Rock homes that's full of Durban  
Leave homes in ya turban, Body

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Animal Husbandry"

I crawled out the swamp  
It sound like silliness  
'Til I grab you and take you back under  
Like I'm amphibious  
Read this, they built several specialized clinics  
Just for my lyrics  
And I don't even wanna go near it  
I get scared  
I don't even debate in my head  
They said you're already dead  
Just take your meds  
Whether you're lab born  
Or you came out of a womb  
If you alive, there ain't no way  
You can't feel what I'm doing  
And until you get into it  
We gon' all suffer in mutual ruin  
Cause I don't think you understand my music  
My Godzilla four winds  
Is like four spinning dorsal fins  
The water blow the glass out of your lens  
Here's some hot water and vinegar  
Go over there and clean up all of them sinners  
Don't come back until you're finished  
Sonic weapons for war time  
Close source measures from North-com  
Animal husbandry takes all my time  
Therefore, not much I care for  
Besides certified, referenced material of well prepared bars  
Listen, I don't want no trouble  
But if I have to polish my own belt buckle  
I'ma give you these knuckles  
Smartphones and homes that talk  
Non fungible art  
Let's step outside of the bungalow for a walk  
If you look at the tall reeds  
They're beautiful as you can see  
But they will not survive the category 5 wind speeds  
Liquid cooled, home schooled  
Compound finance rules  
Anything's better than a Tyvek suit  
Jet propulsion, under the props  
Oh my god, weapons going hot  
Tail smoking like steam from a pot  
I under stand you don't really know what I mean a lot  
You're shocked to hear me say  
"Come over here and clean my cock"

You are a P.O.W, half of you are gullible fools  
The other half of you are running from the rules  
And my rap song  
Thoughts no man is prepared to act on  
You better call Allahu AkBar  
Rap star, riding in the back of the car  
With a bodyguard, air support  
And a tiny attack dog  
Multiple antigens approach  
Canibus, cross reaction analysis  
Niggas get smoked  
Dark power is drawn from a waving wand  
Your poetry's strong, but it cannot save the savant  
Listen to the god, that shit hard  
Demolition or dawn  
From one million bars put on one song  
Man, you got King Kong balls  
Whatever side you wanna sit on  
Just go over there and get yours  
You still want that gourmet?  
You need to come holla at Jorge  
He bet the whole house on a horse race  
Hallelujah, bodies float down the Chattanooga  
'Cause the charter boat had shooters  
Glad I took a Uber  
The reason I talk trash  
Cause life goes by so fast  
And death is like a fast moving life raft  
Look into the eyes  
Of the cytokine calm storm spinning clockwise  
Towards where you are  
Hard war cleaver, part metaverse amoeba  
Please fill out your electronic verification by email  
Populate each field with appropriate details  
I'll take care of everything else  
And just raise your hand if you need help  
Start my day with the Das EFX  
Grab my bumstickitty-blood clot vest  
Then go outside and catch wreck  
Touch the stage  
Survive a place  
My hips gyrate  
When I feel that burn  
It put a smile on my face  
Microphone fiends focus  
To smell the metabolic acidosis  
Coming from the rose garden cultures  
Command and control  
Then transmit from both poles  
That's just one of my campaign goals  
If you're not busy swing by  
Soft music, dim lights  
Real nice, kind of got that I Ching vibe

Nowadays you got to live right  
Try not to be out past midnight  
That's probably the only thing I did write  
BMG merchants very adverse with smart contract purchase  
They handle more pressure than combat nurses  
How many beats? How many verses?  
It depends how many people are working  
I don't know why Americas so expensive

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Covid Santa"

The scenery starts off with a slow pan from a drone cam  
And a drone operator with cold hands  
A Body Bag Ben beat bumps, a chime from a grandfather clock  
Made of pinewood with walnut studs  
A pearly red unfinished sleigh bed of carbon fiber  
One can only guess to fly higher and faster from being lighter  
Pieces of liquor bottle shards crunched atop squeaky floorboards  
Screens on walls flashing off and on, Weather Report  
Killington Vermont, Whistler, Snow King Resort  
Black Diamond conditions travel restricted and closed off  
A shipment of hummingbird broth was lost  
Because it couldn't get across  
Mrs. Claus had a psychotic blow off  
And that's why we were called, but now that we are here  
We are seeing things are much more deeper than we thought  
The whole compound was a pigsty, black mold in the carpet  
Mouldy half-eaten cookies, milk rotting in cartons  
The elves moved all the factory equipment out of the way  
Twice a week they throw raves, Nora En Pure deejays  
Mrs. Claus doesn't know what to do, she just stays  
In her room, they say she has a Fentanyl problem too  
OK, Mrs. Claus is the spouse, for now we can rule her out  
But we need to find the man of the house  
They say he's in bad shape, just look at the landscape  
I don't care if it's man-made or not, it's a damn shame  
Mrs. Claus stopped payment  
The Goods Department ran out of patience  
The elves are working for terrorist organizations  
Rudolf's nose is sick, he can't walk for shit  
He's certified fit for service but he's got bone cyst  
Dancer and Prancer have capped hocks in fluid blocks  
We're wondering what Santa's gonna do when the music stops  
In our first conversation we asked Mrs. Claus  
About her GPS ankle bracelet, she remained complacent  
We asked Mrs. Claus, "Can you please take us to Santa?"  
She looked over at one of the elves, wouldn't give us an answer  
Now this elf was whistling Amazing Grace and didn't say much  
Looked like he had a pistol tucked, straight thug  
He said he was a playa in the global human settlement layer  
And he accepted revenue from Lord Maitreya  
Another elf said, "We'll take you to Santa  
But we need your passport, phone, radio, and your helmet camera"  
I complied, gave him all four without blinking an eye  
They opened the door and took me outside  
We walked downrange to a Buckminster Fuller building type frame  
With a door that had a cryptonite chain  
I almost couldn't believe, I heard the whirling sound

Of a machine you would use to help somebody breathe  
At first, I see bare feet, the EKG beep  
I move closer, then I see rosacea in both cheeks  
I see tubes carrying red blood out of two man boobs  
To a machine, then back into a hand turned blue  
I was so confused, I turned around to the elves  
And said, "What in Satan's name have you done to yourselves?"  
One of the elves stepped forward  
He said, "This is hard to ignore, but I owe you an explanation  
I'm not a doctor, but I'm not an impostor  
I'm a medical proctor, and I don't think he's got much longer  
You see, lactic acid is green, uric acid is orange  
Sulfuric acid is yellow but Santa's is much darker  
His citric acid is clear, I know that I'm a fast talker  
But he's gonna die without the proper anatomic markers  
'Cause his interstitial fluids have been mixing with unknown  
Biopollutants turning him into some kind of mutant"  
In other words, technically Santa's entire genomic integrity's  
In great jeopardy's what he said to me  
And he's been treated for the latest strain, he's positive  
Non-homologous, we contacted Dr. Oculus  
Our last communicae' placed him in two hours away  
But I should warn you if he's not here, we have to operate  
"Operate how? Here? Sure, there's wrecked shit everywhere  
This is a fucking sanitary nightmare!  
Good idea, glad you're in charge, you're doing a great job  
Look at him! Don't you think Santa looks a bit gone?"  
Antibody dependent enhancement, what are Santa's chances?  
Don't they make an ?ulcerated? cream for cancer?  
You little shit, you be using my phone to look at dick pics  
When I was your age, I used to work at the Big Dig  
Fluorescent, illuminated X-rays, polyethylene death sprays  
From a nuclear submarine's wet bay (Yay!)  
You are pathogenically primed for prime time  
The meter says 9, 9, 9, 9  
And now Christmas is fucked, I hope you're satisfied  
What you gon' do now Santa done died?

# Canibus Lyrics

"Kaiju Karaoke"

Moses was a black man  
With red hair like saffron  
I heard you the first time  
I chose not to respond  
Prophecy is fulfilled  
When Enki and Enlil are killed  
And Lil Nas' X face is on the dollar bill  
How you like that for a metaverse thrill?  
Still ill, and I don't even need record deal  
But real, you know my name, son don't chill  
And now the whole world got a license to ill  
When they shut down the grid  
We gon' be outside doing a bid  
Institutionalized, right where we live  
Apologetically thank you  
Put noose around neck and hang you  
While two yankee doodle dudes shank you  
Biologically scan you for your own safety, then ban you  
'Til your own people abandon you  
Now you standing outside the dollar store  
For a fifty-cent whore  
Bout to go on a 25 cent tour  
You let that whore sit on your face?  
She taste like sodium borate  
And by the way, that stuff taste great!  
Disclaimer; don't you try that at home and then blame us  
I ain't famous and they still say my name too much  
Yet on the other side of the veil  
Every single comparison will fail  
Cause every multiple rhyme is a spell  
My poems are known unknown knowns, but it's hard to know  
How much knowledge can grow from one node  
In the vaccination drive-thru I sat in the seat behind you  
I shoulda sat in the seat beside you  
Quiescent, still present even if I go back to the essence  
There's no way I forget what I remember  
Sniper specific relax, hold breath, squeeze trigger  
Wait for confirmation, get up, get out of there nigga  
Canibus rhymes are not immediately obvious  
They're supposed to be positive  
So he ain't really accomplishing shit  
My name is the ripper and I beg to differ  
I know men who are bled from the liver  
And labeled gorillas, breadwinners  
Robert De Bruce, De La Soul, Posdnous  
Yeah, I know it sounds like something I got from Dr. Seuss  
Lyrics retooled, recommissioned and outfitted for hip hop use

You talk that shit? I talk that shit, too  
Malaiky [?]  
Youtube all the time  
I'ma get it to help me build my shrine  
Gunmetal colored, rip magnum rubbers  
Tear that ass up, I ain't gotta brag or nothin'  
I gotta a happy hips, yoga bitch, zombie killer tovarich  
Big titty, Tesla model, S motorist  
That shit will ambush your base camp  
Beat you with the propane tanks  
Then set fire to your cocaine plant  
Hunger Games rescue package

Daisy state the mechanic in action, gun rap pull-ups  
Bull Pups blast em  
Cut slash and smash, laugh, tater tots and hash  
I spray hair spray on your ass and pass  
Cause you can't afford the seizium, or the magnesium  
Everybody know that's a million-dollar premium  
Their inability to reason is the reason they're not breathing  
And that's what we focusing on this evening

The return of the king  
With a maverick three probe on a string  
And that's how he gon' know everything  
He was there when global fear  
Became self-aware

If you scared, bow your heads and join me in prayer  
Insurrection, act and tact  
You living in a trap  
If you do this and don't do that  
You just get whacked  
Self-inflicted cyber-attack  
Crypto card sitting on your lap

The gas life in tea made him take a crap  
Fuck that, feathered blowdart to the back  
You collapse, thermite cutting charge  
Carved into the small of your back

Robotically controlled sequencing units for knocking on doors  
To make sure you're home and you haven't run off  
A hundred thousand Queenzflip clones  
All in your borrough alone  
Welcome to the terror dome  
Protest in silence, rhymes wait  
Do not fly it

So what? I like pirates much better than pilots  
I'm a giant, Ireland is my island  
I'm full of surprises  
So get the fuck out the way while I drive it  
Life is all for 'naught  
If you cannot offer your own thoughts  
You will be sold without ever being bought

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Long Road"

I don't deserve this...

To die like this...

I'll see you in hell... yeah

Yeah

Me and you gon' take a ride

Out to the countryside

All we got is a full tank

And some rusty knives

I'ma pull up at a disguise

Kind of close to those guys

That's looking around

And were just gonna slowly drive by

There's a duffel in the back

Whatever you do, don't lose that

And if you do lose it, don't come back

Is chaos to your liking?

Do you find revelations exciting?

Tell me that's not why your smiling?

Alexa, can you tell Siri to explain

To Billy The Barnes hoppers theory

While I adjust the mirror

So I can ask myself

"Do I still look like a nigga? Well do I?"

Hybrid probes, surveillance for surviving

It's nodes test survival mode

Battle rapping on the side of the road

May I pose to share

Your wood burning stove in the cold

See I am old and cannot muster

The strength from my phone

The island of Dr. Monroe

Is not a place you would like to go

But I can take you there after the show

Yo, the pain oil Sombras in my brain

Can't remember my name

I shit the bed, then ran out of depends

Yo, I'm a mess

Oh lord, please show me mercy

I traded my water berkey for a slice of turkey

The rhymes. the patterns and interactions

Between these two passions

Have given me the freedom that I'm after

There's only very little I can say to you now

100,000 bars or more could probably take me awhile

You will soon find death

On a dry river bed in Tibet

I keep that out back in my shed  
Stay out of trouble, but live a little  
Go piss off the side of your vessel  
To go back to fixing the whistle on your kettle

Something they don't teach  
The algae will eat away at the bare feet  
Then walk on Pebblestone beach

The voice of my muse  
Asked me when we could meet  
I was confused when my muse  
Leaned forward and kissed my cheek

My writers block was released  
Pussy was so sweet  
My pen stood up by itself  
And started to write like a beast

Sorcery, every molecule in my body talks to me  
On this long road my muse walks with me  
Aluminum thirtied pin, extraordinarily thin  
Nicely snug subcutaneously under the skin

I always lose but I'd love to win  
Maybe this time this is it  
Nothing to do with that rhyme wizard shit

This is about my muse  
I myself have nothing to prove  
Hip hop is a tool that I use  
I talked to Jay Z, I met with Lyor

I pretty much done it all  
I couldn't agree more  
The continuity of thugged shit  
Straight up sucker shit  
That ain't gon' last long

In this New World government  
Diplomacy is everything  
Speak with integrity  
Know who you in the room with

Be quiet for clarity  
If you ever embarrass me  
There can be no parody  
I'll punch you in your appleseed  
And run when you come after me

My muse is so classy  
She take me down to the haberdashery  
After morning tea time with the family  
Notty dread

I'ma beat you wit a had or a bread an not a ed  
Any pussy who a test me, dead

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Verzuz"

BodyBag Ben and M-Eighty Verzuz the world

Rakim Allah the God Vz Snoop  
Kurupt Vz Jeru and Afu  
Cardi B Vz MC Lyte  
The Neptunes Vz Onyx in the Tunnel  
On a Sunday night  
Tory Lanez Vz Kendrick Lamar at the Sharp Bar  
Big Punisher Vz G Rap in a smart car  
Busta Rhymes Vz Leaders of the New  
Every member of the group  
Swizz Beatz Vz Timbaland and Magoo  
Doja Cat Vz The Lady of Rage  
2Pac Vz Cage  
Eminem Vz T-Pain and 2 Chains  
Nastradamus Vz the Bdi MC  
The whole Bootcamp Vz BDP  
Jay Z Vz KRS-One (We're not done)  
Childish Gambino and Chino Vz King Sun  
Black Thought Vz Smooth Da Hustler  
Scarface Vz Busta  
Brother Ali Vz Steph Lova  
Tribe Called Quest Vz Slick and Doug Fresh  
Young Money Drake Vz Lord Finesse  
Red and Meth Vz Ghost and Chef  
Sauce Money Vz 38 Spesh  
Chi Ali Vz Dres  
Ice T Vz X-Clan  
Al B Sure Vz MC Shan  
DC Vz Cool Disco Dan  
Born Sun Vz Jay Elec  
Scratch Vz Terminator X  
This'll be the dopest urban event  
Roc Marci Vz Cee-Lo  
Fat Joe Vz Camp Lo  
Ab Soul Vz UTFO  
Smoothe Da Hustler Vz Black Thought  
Remember Jack the Rapper '94?  
Del Vz DMX, my dog  
Monie Love Vz Questlove on a stretch rug  
Wit Pudgee the Fat Bastard, that's messed up  
Lauryn Hill Vz Bushwick Bill  
D12 Vz ODB and Supreme Clientele  
Action Bronson Vz his father, that's the Number One Chief Rocka  
Boss Rick Ross Vz Big Poppa  
Moe Dee Vz cold Cheeks over Easy Moe Bee  
The whole Duck Down Vz MOP

Griselda Vz Cash Money  
Shabazz the Disciple Vz Bad Bunny  
Everlast Vz Vinnie Paz in a skully  
Post Malone Vz Noreaga and Capone  
Tone Loc Vz Gravediggaz while they cremate bones  
Mike Jones Vz Mic Geronimo Vz Jim Jones Vz Sacario  
At Red Rock, Colorado with Supa Mario  
Drink Champs, give me space  
Drake Vz Masta Ace Vz Mase Vz Charli Baltimore, pretty face  
Freddie Foxx still got them burn marks on his waist  
I bet you Nore' won't blow no smoke in his face  
Uptown Puff Vz McGruff  
Rah Digga Vz Lady Luck  
A+ Vz Lady Bug  
Anthony Hamilton's band Vz the Elephant Man  
And LA the Darkman at Hot 97s Summer Jam  
Lil Flip Vz Will Smith  
Ying Yang Twinz Vz Big Gip  
World greatest pimp Too Short Vz Tip  
K Solo the fugitive Vz The Pugilist Vz Jadakiss Vz This Is The Most Beautifullest Thing In This World  
Cassidy Vz Chubb Rock  
Outside a bloodclot, truck stop  
A\$ap Rocky Vz Aesop Rock  
Jurassic 5 Vz The Fantastic 4 Vz The Treacherous Three Vz Audio Two on BET  
Cali Casino F-L-I-P Vz Free  
In a [?] virtual metaverse dream  
D. Dot the Madd Rapper, Ron Lawrence, Hitmen, Stevie J and Trackmasters Vz BodyBag Ben  
AZ Vz Eightball, MJG  
Willie D Vz DJ Quik and Tray Deee  
Rashid Vz Shock G  
Me Vz Club 1, 2 and 3  
Coolio Vz Young MC  
Greg Nice and Smoothe B Vz Pete Rock and CL Smooth  
Guru Vz Grand Daddy IU  
Nicki Minaj Vz T Boz in some old school Filas  
Plies Vz Outkast and Goodie Mob  
Charlemagne the God Vz Star  
Angela Yee Vz Agallah  
Wendy Williams Vz La La  
Silkk the Shocker Vz the Funk Doctor  
Waka Flocka, Mystikal Vz Murs and Math Hoffa  
Cam'Ron Vz Cambatta, in the middle of Harlem  
The Dogg Pound Vz D Block in Yonkers  
K Rino Vz Jo Jo Pelegreno  
Rampage Vz Migos  
Kriss Kross Vz Illegal  
Dre and Snoop Vz The Rapping Duke  
Just Ice Vz Papoose  
Techn9ne Vz Hopsin  
Redman Vz Blue  
Father MC in a three piece suit Vz Sheek Louch  
Undercard Saigon Vz MC Juice  
Supernatural Vz the whole Juice Crew

Craig G sitting by the dock of the bay, in a booth Vz the Coup  
Major Figgaz Vz Mook  
Freddie Gibbs Vz Luke  
Loaded Lux Vz RTJ produced by Stoupe  
Juicy J Vz Kwame  
Ludacris Vz Wale  
LL Cool J Vz Dr Dre  
Pak Man Vz Timbo King  
All kneel, kiss the ring  
In the ring, while Ashanti sings  
Chuck D Vz WC

Zack from Rage of the Machine Vz RA the Rugged Man overseas  
Showbiz and AG, Big L and OC Vz Diamond D  
Ain't they all DITC?  
Roxanne Shante Vz Rappin' 4 Tay  
Mac Dre and Blahzay Vz Pos' K  
Kool G Rap Vz Twista from Chiraq  
He gon' snap wish I could NFT something like that  
Pras the Ghetto Superstar Vz Gangstarr  
At the [?] Bar  
Escobar Vz Bizarre  
Tragedy Khadafi Vz Lil Yachty  
While Busy Bee, Kool Rock Ski steady rock the party  
Royce Da 5 Vz the Furious Five  
Tonight at the Apollo, if you go, I go  
Fabolous Vz Channel Live  
Bahamadia Vz Wise from Poor Righteous Teachers  
KXNG Crooked I Vz Flo Rida and Wiz Khalifa  
Wyclef Vz Beanie Sigel

At the Bellagio casino, whoever win gotta Vz Benzino  
Organized Konfusion Vz Run DMC  
To me, that's real E-M-C-E-E  
Tyler, The Creator Vz Ali Vega'  
3rd Bass with a Gas Face Vz Lupe with a Laser  
Bush Babees Vz Lee Majors  
Chill Rob G Vz Rob Base  
Me Vz Megan The Stallion, naked!  
Cypress Hill Vz Naughty By Nature  
In a urban situation  
NWA vs Jah Vega  
Agallah the Assassin Vz Nick Cannon  
David Banner in Atlanta Vz Juelz Santana  
Spinderella Vz Salt N Pepa  
Mikey D Vz Large Professor  
Remy Ma Vz Armageddon  
Groovy Lew Vz Mickey Benson  
That ain't even nothing to mention  
Canibus, you just trying to get attention  
Grand Pu' Vz Brand Nu'  
Ja Rule, Cadillac Tah and Black, too [?]  
Q Tip Vz Ice Cube  
20 million views

50 Vz Wu Tang Power, he make power moves

Large Professor Vz Nature and Mega  
Queenzflip hug too aggressive  
Nigga be standing outside your session  
Crucial Conflict Vz Children of the Corn  
Smoking Hay in the barn, with J Cole from Fayet-nam  
Jeymes Samuel Vz Mr Magnanimous  
Canibus writes the song, with no camera tricks  
Hush Killa Vz Dilla Vz Beast G Unit gorillas  
Yayo and Banks Vz Master Builders  
DJ Muggs Vz Young Thug  
Da Youngtas Vz Da Youngbloodz  
Vz the homie from the Cella Dwellas, uhhh  
Rashad Jamal Vz Osiris and Von  
Willie Dynamite called Maintain Vz Higher Ark  
Bryan Meyers Vz Anuel  
Denzel Vz Samuel  
Chris Rock Vz Dave Chappelle  
Sade Vz Patti Labelle  
Prince Vz Micha-El  
The post office Vz email  
Heaven Vz hell  
Canibus, like Kaiju, told you I rarely fail  
Now I'ma go outside and burn me an L

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Chase"

(feat. MF DOOM, Kool Keith & Justin Tyme)

On the move!  
It's been a long time coming  
Can-I-Bus and MF DOOM  
They been waiting for this  
Yeah, chase coming soon  
On the move!

MF DOOM my cellmate, two-tone stealth paint  
Wait for the Philadelphia freedom bell, the jailbreak  
Chase? Nah, I overtake, you tailgate  
How does carbon monoxide tastes, snail face?  
They move at a snail's pace and get drowned by the Maelstrom weight  
Crustaceans and deep water ocean plates  
The great permeated purge, Serbian, no Siberian skirts  
Two seconds before the die-off occurred (On the move!)  
I was singing in a quiet church, through fast radio bursts  
Helium stars, webcam search  
A free spirit was the dead man first, tell me how does that work?  
MF DOOM explain it to you next verse  
Four footprints hydraulic, as for pilots  
How about it? Royal purple dispersal for high mileage  
Steam vapors from radiation create perpetual rain  
In a hydroplane and don't ever chase them (On the move!)

Batman and Robin head bobbing, no Joker, Penguin  
You see him freezing up like Mr. Freeze  
Catwoman on the mind, the Batmobile design, Alfred the butler  
Dynamic duo hustlers, burn rubber  
Gotham City, I'm spinning in the gutter  
Left the Batcave full of computers, the Mad Hatter the realest  
See my bars red like Twizzlers  
I'm so hot like Hot Wheels color shifters  
Diagonal over Gotham City looking pretty (On the move!)  
The Caped Crusader continues through the stages like a player  
Pullin' up on the Joker while he playing poker  
King Tut hoppin' out the Range Rover with brolic shoulders  
Green Hornet and Kato see the Lamborghini doors open  
Same rims on the BM as the Lotus  
Dark blocks and they pop like Pop Rocks  
Your girl on the cock, she jock a lot  
The next episode reload (On the move!)

New evidence compels to reopen the murder case (Come on)  
A witness emerged and snitched a certain name (Word?)  
Description appeared somewhat like Churchill's weight (Haha)  
A heavy man dressed grungy like Kurt Cobain (Haha)

A purple face can be seen on CCTV (Uh-oh)  
Assisted precisely like CP3 Chris  
Paul with blood on the claw so evidently  
Be careful, this man knows his business, at ease (On the move!)  
For sure, his motive was bad bad, not good  
Rumors are out, a badass from the hood (Haha)  
Still looking for him but they having no clue  
Well, don't mess with assassins, you fools (Haha)

Cock the swammy back, don't hesitate, react  
Believe that, they defecate where they eat at  
More repulsive than the Boar's Head logo  
The trees had 'em seein' impulses in slow-mo, woah (On the move!)  
A whole lot of funk, a whole lot of drunk  
Who knows? Coulda did a line or bump with Donald Trump  
He hear voices in his head, he gotta jump  
Not now, too much lactose, gotta dump  
A wise owl, growl with a mean scowl  
A stand-up dude even when he seem foul  
Meanwhile, the world keeps on spinnin'  
It seems the forces of evil keep on winnin' (On the move!)  
Change of plans, now take that off your hands  
Retreat back to the cave with your mans  
Super Vill', salute Milk D, top bill  
Top-notch, you chop meat, we chop krill  
In the midst of trappin' and gun clappin'  
DOOM twenty-five years in, son's slappin'  
Wrote the key to life down on some napkin  
You can't find it, whoever do is like-minded

On the move!  
On the move!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Desperados Pt 2"

(feat. Hus KingPin)

### *[Canibus:]*

The pressure I'm under could wake a vampire from slumber  
The undead hunter, coagulated blood guzzler  
The Rogue War Horse in inclement weather  
Sucking sour milk from a cow udder... that kinda pressure  
Muffle your pain with a muzzle, make it sound better  
Then try to breathe through a mask stuffed with down feathers  
The Crown Ripper, the time-tested Sound Wizard  
I stand at the foot of the fountain of wisdom, listen  
Just let these light orbs glisten through your speaker system  
We could go wherever you wanna visit  
Using my world-renowned vision, the BLK Kissinger from Kemet  
Now how you wan' do this, nigga! Y'all hear that? Crickets...  
I'm made outta bars and biometrics, Jigsaw leave your spine severed  
Horus Rise! Meteorites streak across skies  
You in a Drive-thru ordering fries, "Drago" - if he dies... he dies  
With huskified eyes - as the temperature drops below ice  
Finger tips put out candle wicks, my fast muscles twitch  
So lit I might try to arm wrestle you for your bitch

### *[Hus KingPin:]*

And for the castle that we sit on at the royal palaces  
It's a capsule with the riddles and my lonely addict  
I hope I could see you, your servitude elects your static  
It's impossible, I ornament niggas with automatics  
I'm Callisto, how it feel to rule  
Like back in high school, was it molecules or if molly was cool  
I used to cut class and smoke hash, fuck ash  
Put the drugs in the ass if the badge come harrass  
I'm free, and gave you niggas some space to speak  
[?] all this kingdom and throne belong to me  
I bloom under April's moon, that's a reason to dream  
Backstroke a season of seas  
I suffocate your rain, you fell to my gravity  
I undertake the game, now my niggas run the league  
Show your humble face and shame, my nigga, uncomfortably  
Do what we ought to, Desperados Pt. 2  
What



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Mass Malthusian Delusions"

NFT exclusive  
Just for you listen, to the music  
Mass Malthusian delusions  
Of grandeur eucalyptic facades  
It feels so soothing  
Very nice to meet you, Ms. Big Booty  
My name is Captain Stubing  
I hope I'm not intruding  
Of course, you're still recouping  
From yesterdays afternoon thing  
The blow fishing and they're rooting  
Serenading and crooning  
I've got good news  
The weathers improving  
And everyone's assembling  
For the debut viewing  
Of my newly released  
Jekyll and Hyde movie  
It's promised to be a doobie  
But if you don't feel like  
Hanging out wit' the groupies  
You can pop the coochie  
And we watch some other Netflix movie  
There was a knock on the door  
And a deep voice "Por favor, señor"  
While we were anchored directly offshore  
He said he's only got enough space  
To show me there's no space left  
Yo, who is this fucking space cadet?  
I told him these rhymes  
Were designed elsewhere  
Then brought to Earth  
Through a stargate, yeah  
I get paid to produce it  
Even if you don't listen to it  
So I don't care what you do with it  
First, we must establish a baseline  
If you can hear this rhyme  
You've already interfered with time  
One hour of therapy every Tuesday  
In a room alone with Papa Tubay  
We hold hands and pray  
To the beat for root play  
They help me getaway  
From the black bootleg  
No need to say more  
Its a new day

Whoever take, you break, you pay  
Far away from a Darkside moonbase  
Bumping that new DJ Whoo Kid tape  
Illuminate the whole modern human race  
You are great, but only in a future time and place

The current test method  
All by itself is a death sentence  
Just listen, then I'll answer your questions

Neon orange leaves  
Japanese maple trees  
If you scream, I'll staple your knees  
My muse is my lover  
And there is much more to discover

The perfect poetry, the hunger  
This is not fictitious  
My Queen eats delicious  
King Vicious on port Marion dishes

Bread and shrimp  
Mixed with peppermint  
Over shredded pimp  
Nobodies ever had it since

Scotch bonnet pepper  
On the road to Mecca  
Nobodies ever told this story better

Placebo based controls  
Take your soul  
Erase what you know

Then put your brain back in the same skull  
Music to my ears

The nightmares of ones own fears  
Now imagine it's written in layers  
Sigillum Dei Signum Dei Vivi

My new system makes the old system obsolete  
Frankenstein's experiment has escaped the lab

These knuckles made of brass  
Need a face to smash  
The qurag is engraved on your face  
On your mask, on your ass

On your feet and at the base of your hands  
There's no pit of fire in the lake, my man  
Only highly flammable vapes and gas

No please, yes thanks  
Just talk to me champ

They must have emptied your memory banks  
Now I question your trustworthiness

You're a dirty little subversionist  
What you keep searching for, bitch?

Chronic fatigue syndrome  
Google it and get the new ringtone

You ain't grown  
You shrinking homes  
They call me Mazeltov Malkovich  
And my hollow bones conduits

Help me get something out of it  
The name of the album  
Is "One Step Closer"  
The sigil magic involved is sideways 'ocho'  
Marco, "Polo"  
Hiding from Kronos  
Sunbathing in a magnetic sun  
Through the ozone  
A randomized control trial  
You see its all about style  
And whatever they talk about now  
The whens, the whys, the hows  
It all stays hidden in the files  
That's why it's called a control trial  
Mass Malthusian delusion  
Is this an illusion set up by the illusionists?  
Or is this a group of illumined ones doing this?  
Or is this an advocate group with a movement  
Not knowing what the movement is?  
Is this complete and utter foolishness?  
Or is this the pathetic, weak human in us choosing this?  
We might need Judge Judy for this  
Mass Malthusian delusion  
Mass Malthusian delusion  
Mass Malthusian delusion  
M-Eighty is the new Rick Rubin!

# Canibus Lyrics

"Jason & Brandon Mashia"

Shoutout to Jason and Brandon in New Hampshire

It started with the DOD after World War 2 in Japan

When the company branched

That ended up with the money clan

And put em on Open Sea

For the whole world to see

A man so handsome

Has never been killed for ransom

They put pineapple skins in his mouth and gagged him

Then put him in a barnproof box and fragged him

Tortured, burned, wasted, boiled, fileted, strangled

Hanged him upside down in a pit with wild animals

Wearing multiverse wearables, highly scalable

Near innumerable variables

Then just stand there and stare at you

Half the room quiet

Half the room was hysterical

There's a parable about the plot he was buried next to

I read their electronic diary

Right before they fired me

Then when I wrote a better one

They rehired me

Oh, how fitting the irony

Sometimes society was so kind to me

That I'd literally rhyme for free

If the term set forth was suitable

Won't you agree they become immutable

Carry crucibles to your cubicle

And of course, none of this is really provable

If for any reason you refuse to go

I just wanted you to know

If you can adjust protocol

I'll take you to the next Super Bowl

As long as that's between me and you tho

Behold the Infinity Scrolls

Vintage investors and sophisticated collectors

Standing outside in the cold

We serve piping hot, caramel macchiatos

And hand out customary Columbian ponchos on loan

For those calling my phone

Our operators are standing by

To provide 5-star service

And answer any question you might compose

But I think you're holding the mic too close

Please be patient while we place you on hold

Each custom vintage mold

Physically sold but individually owned  
My writing process is like minting gold  
We can modify his behavior  
By shooting him in the head with a laser  
Then 5G, Terminator his ass later  
Tied down in a Crypto.com center hide lounge  
By this British broad that tried to offer me five pounds  
Ok, let's go talk business  
Somewhere off in the distance  
Real normal like you just talking to Christians  
The glass so thick cylinder case pyramid shape  
How could you really hate what a real lyricist make?  
I shave tips for a living, yeah about two clients per day  
The best way to talk shit to a scientist's face  
Playing poker, met a cougar at Kroger  
A few years older, she walked over  
And asked me to sign her Canibus poster  
The black market certified smoker  
Taking a total piss at the voters  
And anyone counter uplifting the culture  
Every man on my rifle team has the survival gene  
And at least five vial streams of covered bible means  
They changed my orders, forced me to the border  
Now I'm living in a yurt native mut  
With Ethiopian quality water  
How would you like your omelet metaburger  
Bacteria bomblets, beyond vegan nanoelectronics  
Who is the aggressor and who is compliant?  
Who's agenda murders the uninspired  
Underneath the shroud of science?  
They're gonna hold you responsible, hundred percent  
They're gonna charge you for attaching it to a sugar molecule  
I saw visions of the slaughter  
On the outermost layer of the transmission fluid  
Floating on top of the water  
Yeah, a lot of things he say be way out there  
But what can it hurt  
Just to hear him out with your inner ear?  
Its a nice day outside  
I untied the ropes  
Come on baby, let's take a ride on the boat  
Generator humming, starboard and port both running  
Yo, what in the hell you fuss about now, woman?  
Black thought and beats, just you and me  
Dead jubilee, free like our ancestors used to be  
Smile, lay down, chill, the starship Disney hotel  
Black Amex card, pay all the bills  
Mickey Mouse bubble bath  
'Como se dice' suffering succotash  
So in love with your thick fat ass  
Let's start a business, 24 hour fitness?  
Or Bed and Breakfast, real estate assistance  
Or maybe publishing or printing?

Now if I sell my soul and you collect the money  
When we reinvest it I can buy my soul back, honey  
If you the nicest why you charge bargain basement prices  
    Insight that's hybrid dead silent  
        Dismembered and lifeless  
            Peace be well, indeed  
                Be grateful for your BNT sales  
            With detailed descriptions in the email  
            He has the immune system of a Super  
                He was standing rooster  
            By the time he had his 30th booster  
            It is not a paradox to fight to pursue life  
            It's only right, some humans need a spark to see the light  
            The data was captured but contaminated  
                The bag of biohazard waste  
            Was handed over to the pond scum  
                That originally made it  
            A sophisticated, very well natured  
                Educated behaviorist  
            Who happens to be my absolute favorite  
            I rarely exaggerate when I rhyme in the booth  
            Even a minuscule eyes my Olympic kind of truth

Can't forget Thomas Gibson and Brian from Virginia  
Creme de la creme Rippers who put up for the big picture

# Canibus Lyrics

"Astaxanthian Man"

(feat. Born Sun)

Emotion manifest thought  
Though manifest action  
Kinetic action manifest the reality we crafted  
True masters enjoy the fruits of their labor with laughter  
But this can only take place after

Yo, it's the knock-kneed, Mach deep  
Flows travel at Mach speed  
My God squad, Bomb Squad  
Channeling Keith Shocklee  
From the heart of New York  
City blocks is like the arteries  
On the side where God'll be  
When they decide to martyr me  
See the necessity  
For the Christ and the Hitler  
Brevity of the Scriptures  
Will register on the Richter  
While most go  
Way of the gun, way of the ego  
Allowing words to penetrate  
Will solely that's cerebral  
I evolved to God  
Transcended the MC  
I began to get free  
And turn my Chi to channel me  
And "Yay, tho I walk thru the valley  
Where the shadows dwell"  
I stand tall like pyramids  
When the Pharaohs fell  
My Akhi's the all-eye seeing  
Annunaki's will spot me  
Doing shows for human beings  
Impact of my raps  
Put cracks in the Colosseum  
My remains will headline  
A world tour at your museums

Emotion manifest thought  
Though manifest action  
Kinetic action manifest the reality we crafted  
True masters enjoy the fruits of their labor with laughter  
But this can only take place after

The work is done  
Work on all fronts

Mind, body, spirit, soul  
Sun

Sundoolah, veteran Sharpshootah  
On the battlefield  
I bet you half a million  
Caliber ain't half as real  
We black Mayans  
We set it like Somalian pirates  
Subterranean tyrants  
That slay giants  
Squeezing the iron  
At your passa' cuh he lying  
He babble on  
Fronting like he down with Mt. Zion  
Divine purpose  
I see you scurry to your churches  
To purchase the word of God  
But your currency is worthless  
The soul still searches  
You praying to your false prophets  
Its faulty logic  
And the cost is your lost profit  
Knowledge is flawed like the Gnostics  
I got this  
Brandishing, understanding  
Unseen to the optics  
I rest in fantasy  
'Til I reach my moment of clarity  
Give birth to thoughts  
And man manifesting mad reality  
A young Marcus Garvey  
With a gun on the Harley  
The dark messenger  
Resurrected as Sun Marley  
They asking me  
"Yo, Sun where you been at?"  
In my jeans in Queens  
Nigga, I been at where my skin at  
I'm on stealth for health  
And spiritual wealth  
Confront the evil of my ego  
Slap boxing with my shadow self  
Then pray solemnly  
That peace be upon me  
Then calmly with Pastor zombies  
Wearing Abercrombie  
I bomb beats, gunning  
Like a young Huey Newton  
But human evolution  
Starts within a revolution  
Son of Harriet Tubman  
A gap toothed Farrakhan

And on my dad's Quran  
I never swear upon  
Rappers is butt  
That's why I run up on 'em like What  
I'm King Tut with gold teeth  
And a Queens strut  
Born Sun the benevolent  
Among the levelest souls  
I'm universal like ether  
The fifth element  
I'm not running  
Nigga, I bust my gun in  
Sharpshootahz, Sundoolah  
The Master Builders coming

Emotion manifest thought  
Though manifest action  
Kinetic action manifest the reality we crafted  
True masters enjoy the fruits of their labor with laughter  
But this can only take place after

The work is done

# Canibus Lyrics

## "One Step Closer To Infinity"

I get home, go to my room  
Then close the door  
There's a shrine with hollow bones  
And designs on the floor  
Modern electron Scope  
LED color modes  
Up until recently  
This is how I discovered flows  
I landed my Space X  
In a Tyvek suit with a face mesh  
But I confess  
I haven't been to space yet  
When the fans get depressed  
They go to my last known address  
Text my phone with cold threats  
He's addicted to cigarettes  
She's addicted to 5 minutes sex  
As it turns out  
Both their needs relieve stress  
Oh my god, look at all these Comic-Con hoes  
I sniff her toes  
Then got Omicron on my nose  
How else would you know?  
I am the man from Cybertron  
Attending this year's Comic-Con  
Wit' greasy goggles on  
Toggle my screen  
Smoke medical tree from a bong  
I'm looking for Mr. Incredible's wife in a thong  
It is cold outside  
But behind these doors it is warm  
Ever since I turned the rocket stove on  
I haven't had this much peace and quiet in so long  
I forgot how bad the world has gone  
I'm a One Hundred-year-old black Clint Eastwood  
I'm a shooter with a Lapua  
Chilling in the woods  
There is no survival group  
C'mon man, there's only 5 of you  
What the fuck that supposed to do?  
Put that weight on your shoulders?  
Ya clavicle could end up in ya colon  
Some things are better not spoken  
The schedules open  
Your interviews at 12  
They wanna ask you about L  
Thank you 'Bus, checks in the mail

Empty C130  
Me and the old lady getting flirty  
Can't help myself  
She so purdy  
Took a Zoom course  
On genome streamline sewing  
We discuss the top 5  
Depopulation components

Chapter Six: The Labyrinth of Indecision  
Lemme' see if you get it  
Can anyone tell me  
Where this book was written?  
She spoke in some kind of code  
Wearing some old Merovingian clothes  
She had a Native American indigenous nose  
My phone fell in the river  
A diver was hired to retrieve it  
And bring it back to my sister, before dinner  
I read on the internet  
How I could bring it back to life  
If I let it dry in a bag of Jasmine rice  
I was a bad boy more than twice  
All night, she wore tights  
It's not illegal to stare, is it right?

I speak to Ptah in patois  
He hears best  
For me to speak the Queen's English  
Is a fair request  
See I never been the type  
To buckle from peer pressh  
No quest's, and even if I was  
I was near best  
When I feel like a rebel  
I piss off the side of my vessel  
And don't know why  
I'm compelled to tell you  
I ain't tryna sell you  
Show and Tell you, or help you  
Direct energy melt you  
Who in the bloody hell ever felt you?  
Can anybody rhyme like this?

Well if they could  
It wouldn't be special  
And that's what I'm tryna tell you  
You made a Bob Dylan deal  
With the devil, God bless you  
Now you in trouble  
Sitting in a Mosque temple  
Eating rotten spam and lentils  
Pen and paper  
Pad and pencil  
Rehearsing over my song instrumental  
Tell the truth, you do it for revenue

You dont care whether or not it's ethical  
    You commit lyrical Seppuku  
    Don't you dare listen to them  
        And don't let them get you  
            If this is a test  
                It's God testing you  
                    Ice burn blisters  
                        The flow so cold  
                            You get the shivers  
                                When you are surrounded by niggas  
                                    Holding clippers  
  Trimming your whiskers  
  Spritzers wit' a spinkle of citrus  
  Damn 'Bis, you sure know how to make an entrance  
  Maintenance drinkers  
  Brother Numsi and the Soul Sisters  
  A bunch of crypto gold diggers  
  The worm from the wood taste bitter  
  You do the logistics  
  I do the metrics  
  The old wizard with barcoded innards  
  Ya root chakra need a colon cleansing  
  Like rotary engines, leftover emissions  
  With high compression, low resistance  
  That piece of shit is grossly expensive  
  Bro, what you thinking?  
I remember being lectured by Richard Metzger  
    Caterpillar and maggot cocoons  
    Burrow deep in the open wounds  
Of the soon to be damned and doomed  
    Aerosolized drugs  
    Drift down from the skies above  
        Because we looked up  
            And cried for love  
                Honey Nigella Sativa  
                Gently inserted into amoebas  
                With nanotweezers to stop seizures  
                    And the roll-up your sleeveers  
                    Then rebuild they photon receivers  
A good writer gives all the credit to the readers  
    Verbal flash freeze  
    Cold flows to the Nth degree  
        One step closer to infinity  
One step closer, the multiverse vocaler  
    That did it for the culture  
        The wait is near over!

# Canibus Lyrics

"Lord Cyborg"

Good morning, top of the day  
I oxygenate with coffee and omelette steak  
Then I decarboxylate  
Pull a stocking down over my face  
Tuck that thing in the waist  
Meet you downstairs at the gate  
They say the brown-tailed squirrel  
Is entitled to lessen this world  
I find it hard to respect those words  
Tonic subdominant dominant  
Influence beta vocal and beat moderate  
While still placing my voice on top of it  
(Are you a philosopher?)  
Yes, I think very deeply  
In fact, alkaline hydrolysis exists  
When you come to terms with that  
Your blood will be [?] tapped  
From biosludge in a vat  
And your world will collapse  
Vampires want blood  
And pseudo-scientists want biosludge  
Basic Instructions Before B.I.B.L.E. Club  
The pillars of justice  
Crushed to dust by a nigga with musket  
They handcuffed him 'cause he spit with substance  
Ask around, he ain't nothin' to fuck with  
Or be in love with  
Them handcuffs is like titanium cufflings

Verily, verily I say unto you  
Microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2

Go 'head, claim that baggage  
Delta Strike Force package  
My drones over traffic cause accidents to happen  
You must be reading my mind  
He a one man machine that rhyme  
A baby doberman eating at your spine  
Beginning to feed off your insides  
If I was you I wouldn't think twice  
The main concern is to preserve life  
If I was you? Play nice, bruh, don't be mean  
I cried watching what happened to behind the scenes ?gene?  
299 days later I walked in the bodega  
Wearing gold plated Ray-Ban Aviators  
Rap don't prove you great  
I show you how catastrophe taste

Throw battery acid in your face  
The Lawnmower Man with motorized hands  
My hydraulics crush hydrogen tanks and make a thug dance  
No cap, I called Lord Cyborg on the map  
He ain't no hip hop cop, he got a badge for rap  
308 [\*rrrat\*] unique angle of attack  
That yellow-bellied rat just shot him in the back  
Now you got a malfunctioning backpack  
In zero gravity, how the fuck you gon' get back  
Yo [?] to go collect all his plaques  
I never thought of that  
But I'ma have to go with "no, thanks"  
I got a certified postage letter  
From the globalists on my dresser  
And I ain't gon' never open it  
They want my Infinity check  
I signed an NDA with the Senator  
14 years later we see the release  
Of something suspiciously similar  
They stole my shit  
Look at all them flows I spit  
I'm multidisciplinary, yet nothing could'a prepared me  
For what I experienced in the rap game summarily

Verily, verily I say unto you  
Microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2

Verily, verily I say unto you  
I watched it all happen from the telecom room  
In plain view I saw Metatron under a full moon  
With the Sephiroth in his crew eating energon cubes  
The Lord Cyborg's blackball is atrocious  
The interview with Joe Rogan got zero promotion  
Dr. Malone had him open  
I was in the background coachin' him  
Dewey Cooper the Black Kobra and TJ was chokin' him  
Had him tappin' out all over the linoleum  
Then Don Corleone got Covid again  
Every day occurrences like this  
Are circumstantial adverses  
That get perverted into a burden  
Holographic indigenous camouflage projection  
A weapon system we generally use for our protection  
Poetry marginal margin, now that's what I'm talkin'  
If I'm flyin' in a Black Hawk, that's what I'm squawkin'  
100,000 bars and runnin', keep marchin'  
I don't answer the phone, I don't care who callin'  
The bad boy a good talk  
Kamayamaya him a boss  
That's him layin' in the Himalayan salt  
Blessed the man with heart  
Where beautiful things are  
Barefoot before God prayin' in the park

Lamb shish kebab, wolf gang, murder mouth in a synagogue  
50 bars, Cappadonna - Winter Warz  
Master Builder Bus, the group I'm a member of  
We came to free the hip hop prisoners  
And lift your spirit up  
3rd eye live it up  
The microphone is a good listener

Verily, verily I say unto you  
Microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2

I massage my mustache with Lemon & Bergamot from a glass  
A thick fog develops from hot gas  
My Jamaican grandma gon' whoop your ass  
'Cause you ate the last dumpling out the pot, dumbass  
Verily, verily I say unto you  
Microphone check 2, 0, 2, 2

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Illfinity 101"

As we walk through the strings of my soul  
My pain, my joy, my thoughts  
1000 bars equals one word from God  
Six billion stars  
In a world living in shit  
I'm trying to figure out  
What this life really is  
How is this reality?  
Can somebody fucking answer me?  
How could we allow ourselves  
To be in a fantasy?  
In a world with lost souls  
And empty dreams  
I'ma have to show my love  
In the form of mp3's  
I was born in an empty sea  
My tears created oceans  
Producing tsunami waves  
With emotions  
Patrolling the open seas  
Of an unknown galaxy  
I was floating in front  
Of who I am physically  
Spiritually paralyzing  
Mind, body and soul  
It gives me energy  
When I'm lyrically exercising  
I gotta spit 'til the story is told  
In a dream by celestial bodies  
Follow me, baby

I know the lyrics that I put to the music  
Has always been cerebral  
In one way or another  
And uh, apart from that  
I just feel like, man  
You know sometimes life beats you down  
Just to remind you that you're alive  
And you know there's no better time than the present  
To try and actualize your dreams

Infinity

The universe is the mother of all  
Whether big  
Whether small  
Whether short

Whether tall  
Whether devil  
Whether God  
Whether weak  
Whether strong  
Whether right  
Whether wrong  
Whether that  
Whether this  
Reptilian beast  
Bird, man or fish  
And nothing on this earth  
Can dissuade this  
Poet Laureate  
With more shapes than snowflakes  
Existing everywhere  
But they still can't locate  
My flow bloviates into a spiritual shape  
And co creates reality  
My internal compass  
Pontificates dramatically  
I am not here to negotiate  
With the enemy  
I am here to create  
Product of illuminated speech and wizardry  
Poet Laureate Infinity  
I will forever be the illest lyrically  
Poet Laureate Infinity

A cataclysmic blast  
Forced me to expand  
The centrifuge the mask  
Third strand Is a staircase  
My opponent didn't like  
Study of conics  
Circle emotion in both  
The para and the hyperbolas

A cataclysmic blast  
Forced me to expand  
The centrifuge the mask  
Third strand is a staircase  
My opponent didn't like  
Study of conics  
Circle emotion in both  
The para and the hyperbolas

And the spacecraft keeps losing speed

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Poet Laureate Infinity Vocal 1"

I got bored with four beats to the measure, Professor speech compressor  
Terminated his tenure to explore a more rewarding adventure,  
Take a closer look at the bars, you'll see I'm not behind them  
or in front of them, I'm one of them,  
Started with a 100, The Game spit 3, I said, "Fuck It!"  
I'ma have to show these niggaz something,  
Too easy, who'd believe me if I said that it wasn't?  
The rhyme is a weapon I bust it the Brotherhood got me covered  
OP orders with coordinates where to drop mortars  
I drive forward, Sandstorms make my eyes water, 10  
Skull is a submarine hull  
Dolphin phones screen calls from places as far away as A.G.C.R.,  
The rhymes are raw, deeper than yours, you crawled before you walked  
But didn't think about your thoughts before you talked,  
We spit for sport, I won, you lost  
But you paid them off to nail my corpse to a cross,  
This is "The Greatest Rhyme Of All Time" supposedly,  
1000 Bars it will probably always be,  
Mentally top heavy, not many can rock with me,  
Hip Hop could not bench me so they plot to suspend me, 20  
I said, "Nobody benefits, Everyone perishes"  
I tell them this, They say, "Here, it's time for your medicine",  
Imagine being fined over a rhyme? For stepping over the line?  
When I inspired Hova and Nas,  
I listened to '44 4's' 22 times  
"I Gave You Power" God stop my heart if I'm lying,  
You like Red or White Wine? Let's talk about it I'm buying,  
Let's talk about the Children of Zion, excuse me if I start crying,  
The Art Of Rhyming? I've mastered it certainly, surely  
I'll celebrate capturing it for my Taxidermy, 30  
From the streets of New Jersey to Germany,  
To jungles of Angola where most the meat poachers heard of me,  
The Ice Truck Killer will be observing me perform surgery,  
Ritual Widow Murder, searching for her urgently,  
Mix the blood so it don't coagulate,  
The Sex Magick won't work if the bitch masturbates,  
I put her on cloud nine, look at her face,  
A cumulus lenticularis, a capsule in Space,  
You will become acquainted with my cryptic language,  
And my mystic manners, Rip spit bananas, 40  
Systematic Global geographic systemic Neo-synapsis,  
Reload the graphics notice I spit it rapid,  
Advanced Step In Innovative Mobility,  
Most emcees try to clone me lyrically,  
My cell chemistry is a mirror of who I am physically,  
But my true symmetry is energy,  
The Will of Claude Ashur, The skill of Germaine

Father Author Poor Pauper Pastor, more than a rapper,  
My body is a human machine my dreams filter in between,  
Just wait until I build my machine, 50  
Kill you with weed vapour, then a Taser, then a Laser,  
Then a Maser, then a Phaser, then something they call Scalar,  
"That is not dead which can eternally lie  
And with strange aeons even death may die",  
But why? Coup de grâce for the coup d'État,  
In a man-made lodge the Moon Rays replace God,  
I think I've had about enough of your tough talk,  
Come over here take my cuffs off, I promise you we'll just talk,  
No biting allowed just bark, Don't run just walk,  
Battle Rap there is no such art, 60  
Emotion manifests Thought, Thought manifests Words  
Actions & Reality, this is not fantasy,  
If you question me, you will be detained indefinitely,  
Your name will be added to the Blacklist Registry,  
I'm a scruffy old man, with bloody cold hands,  
On my arm is a tattoo of a sully old brand,  
If I am not myself, then how would I be?  
If I do not look tell me how will I see?  
The Law Of Attraction is attracted to me,  
The Laws Of Poetry in action is practiced quite actively, 70  
I look at my face more than anybody else,  
I still can't recognize myself,  
I don't need anybody but myself,  
When I'm rhyming like this I don't need no help,  
But.....Thank you for your purchase, these verses have perennial purpose,  
But on the other hand these rappers are worthless,  
At least from my interconnected introspective perspective,  
The more pretentious, the more apprehensive the sentence,  
You are lazy and you wanna be the best? You crazy!  
The Best Train everyday of the week, 80  
My lyricism amplifies every letter written,  
Rip The Jacker spitting inside a Zero Vector System,  
Brain waves reveal High Yield E&D Fields,  
Chew emcees like I'm eating a meal,  
A bunch of fake niggaz tryna keep it Pseudo Real,  
A bunch of fake King Midas' with fools gold grills,  
My microphone was found where the Mayan Sun Stone was,  
The Period of Purification in my Poems,  
Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome under Red Rock,  
It's no use if you can't use what you got, 90  
Buried in a mass grave covered in bones,  
My cell phone number's placed on their tombstones,  
Your girl Gertrude promised me her servitude,  
She better do it I don't wanna have to hurt you dude,  
I'll eat from the same portion as you,  
Just in case you try to poison my food but I want you to,  
A Deer Hunter all year if I could spare summers,  
Fucking your whore of a mother in front of her queer husband,  
Wide lens wide mattress she's an actress this is Monster Ball practice,  
I'm Big Billy Bob Black Angus, 100

You and I can sit and look at each other,  
Tossing Knowledge back and forth like we was throwing books at each other,  
I don't care if we're not the same colour nigga I'm your brother,  
I don't care what you say nigga you're a nigga lover,

All cultures come from One Mind,  
The Universe is not far behind, Waves, Bars and Rhymes,  
Motivated by the Stars that shine,

Only lower density life forms get lost in time,  
I don't care if I make history, I wanna be a part of Infinity,  
Look at what your SUN GOD did to me, 110

I am energy, I am He spiritually and mentally,  
The fools who threw away my jewels offended me,  
As we walk through the archived files of all styles,

The East Wing Isle goes on for 5 miles,  
More rappers than fans, more vans wrapped than vans,  
Hip Hop will continue to expand,

Poets should be rappers, rappers should be lyricists,  
The current industry model collapse imminent,

This is Hollywood Hip Hop,  
Celebrities adopt little snot nosed bugaboos from off the block, 120

Larry King Live, Earthquake right outside,  
I looked that squarely shouldered man square in his eye,  
Poetically Paralyzing, Where Are You? Are you hiding?

No! I am sandbag diving,  
Do not evade question,

Please explain to your viewers how there are Space Weapons bigger than Zeppelins,  
How is it so? Tell the people, they need to know,  
And if you don't think so, you're a talk show hoe,

The grown up who showed up drunk with his own cup stoned as fuck,  
Who could tell me that this poem is luck, 130

You say "I'm crazy" I say "So, tell me something I don't know  
Something my psyche profile doesn't show",  
I don't have all the answers I am not in the know,  
I can only see what is above and only from below,  
The substratum of reality through the thick cloud canopy,  
How can it be Canibus? Answer me!

I approached the podium and delivered my encomium,  
Nobody applauded the atmosphere was ominous,  
They feared I would spit, they don't like when I bust,  
The mucus dried up to a pear like crust, 140  
From a very cold place called Faraday Base,  
Right next to the South Poles longest Ice Strait,  
Food supply low, they speak of going above ground to find mo',  
I cry out "NO...do not go!"

Where the fuck are you going?  
400mph wind belts blowing, think for a moment,  
We got to wait it out, that's what the training's about,  
We have to survive, that's what Germaine is about,  
Arctic geography is conducive to astronomy,  
And the study of celestial bodies, follow me, 150

The sheer size of the Academia implied by the rhymes  
Lead them to believe I was lying,  
I blasted through the limestone with water mixed with a dissolver,

Then I signalled the remaining cave crawlers,  
Dig a hole for the collateral carnage, Battle the hardest,  
    Take out Hip Hop's trash and garbage,  
    Tunnel boring and jacking, water main tapping,  
I sat there drafting a new drainage plan laughing,  
    Tough, pliable, relatively reliable,  
The vocation of this undertaking is very viable, 160  
    My lyrical is chemical radioactive residue,  
I can't rest until I accomplish what I was sent to do,  
The gross oversimplification of a Jamaican in a basement tracing over diagrams for a tape deck,  
    That evolved into a spaceship, that hasn't been made yet,  
    Cause I haven't been paid yet  
    Not even one pay check,  
I walked through the valley of humiliation,  
But Hip Hop started hating, I tried to save them they wasn't patient,  
Responsibility entrusted, there's only one way for me to prove that I love it,  
    That's why I'm busting, 170  
    If you pursue revenge, dig many graves,  
Be sure to add your name to the list that you've made,  
Musically still producing, I got a couple new things cocooning,  
    But Poet Laureate's my New Shit!,  
    Distinguished English and Sophisticated senses,  
In sync with the Talisman I received from the Temptress,  
    With these lyrics I consecrate the spirit,  
Whenever I spit it, concentrate you can hear it,  
    I've almost perfected this,  
I'm one word away from excellence, when I find it I'll begin testing it, 180  
    The phenomenal beast, astronomer priest,  
    When the poles shift the Sun will not rise from the East,  
Wilder than the wilderness, I'm bout to show you who wildebeest Williams is,  
    You better be filming this,  
A blast so cataclysmic, it warps the time and space within it,  
The hours become minutes, the minutes become infinite lyrics,  
    Poet Laureate spit from the spirit,  
    From the Sirius Star system ,  
To observe the Gods, my thoughts graduated to the Stars,  
    To Infinity, listen to the bars, 190  
The Kapellmeister in the Battle Grinder, created by King Osirus,  
    My psychic wall larger than Chinas,  
The thirst to rhyme at first hurts like a laborious childbirth,  
    And sounds like Chinese fireworks,  
    Several million years into the past,  
A primitive future in a world without oil and gas,  
Focus on two standards when assessing the threat,  
    Number 1 is capacity, Number 2 is intent,  
    The Flood was not an obstacle,  
I made a raft out of empty milk gallon bottles, for survival, 200  
    Always remember, meet me in Denver,  
Colorado Springs in the Vandenberg welcome center,  
    Four and a half foot beings with big black eyes,  
    Tried to trap me and extract my rhymes all the time,  
I perform a requiem on the Eve before Hip Hop ends,  
    And make amends on behalf of my friends,

Canibus grab the mic like an energized amulet,  
Then spit a rap that you can't forget,  
Oprah Winfrey don't like rap,  
All I got to say about that is "She probably don't like Black", 210  
I don't blame her, she don't understand it's only entertainment,  
She'd probably feel different if she wasn't famous,  
She Traded Places, and her opinions started changing,  
As Randolph and Mortimer increased her wages,  
That alone could make a person racist, if not racist with colour?  
Then material wise how we treat each other,  
The head of a lion, the legs of an eagle,  
The wings of a dragon, not the sigil, this is for real though,  
I sit down and think, when I write I can smell the ink,  
I bow before the desert wall of the Sphinx, 220  
The ideas have come from God, even I'm stunned,  
1000 Bars from the real Iron Lungs,  
I heard Hip Hop was dead, that's not fair,  
Who I talk to?, "Go he there" Nasir,  
Poet Laureate Infinity,  
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY! 226

Poet Laureate Infinity,  
Poet Laureate Infinity,  
Poet Laureate Infinity,  
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Poet Laureate Infinity Vocal 2"

I procured a small piece of the treasure, collections from a former era  
    Dating back to forever, the warrior became protector,  
    Quoted from the Book of the Law, I don't govern them,  
        I summon them, speaking in tongues again,  
        Started with a trumpet, woodwinds, strings  
The conductor brings the drums in, fingers trigger the drum kit,  
Other emcees be nervous or something, rhymes in abundance,  
    Hip Hop Justice, Rappers are captured and punished,  
    Drawn and quartered, liars are denied water,  
        You still alive? I repeat in a revised order, 10  
            Skull is a submarine hull  
Screen doors protect the motherboard core from extreme heat warp,  
My mind dives deep beneath yours, Poseidon Trident Seahorse  
    Bubbles form I scream with extreme force,  
    Marineris Trench detour to Ultima Thule,  
        Let me explain what my sonar saw,  
        Upholding the Holy Rosary, patrolling the Open Seas,  
At U-Boat speed beneath the Tsunami, where I'm supposed to be,  
    Industrialists, civilians, women and children directly,  
    Military chiefs, aristocrats in the buildings, 20  
    Membership is based off your raw intelligence,  
        400 screen video editing with hard evidence,  
    The clinical Professor of rhymes from Pepperdine,  
        Co-signed by GlaxoSmithKline designs,  
    The Universe provided the lighting to see what I was writing,  
        The results were blinding, Lyrics, Timing,  
            Shut the fuck up and stop whining,  
Instinct controls how you think before deciding, so keep vibing,  
Swimming naked in the open, a lone shark begins to circle me,  
    Instead of trying to murder me, it tried to flirt with me, 30  
        I got away nervously, talked about it purposefully,  
        Next time I see it, it's going to have a word with me,  
            I guess it wasn't meant to be,  
Under an assumed Identity I resumed PsyOps on the enemy,  
    USA made, field grade steel face,  
    Moving at a Canibus pace in the proto subspace,  
        I am not here to negotiate eliminate  
The face on the photograph we have in our database,  
No emcee could rhyme like this, there's no challenge,  
    His Poet Laureateship pontificates balance, 40  
    This lyrical pyramid was discovered by accident,  
        I know I could build it fast if I block and tackle it,  
            Judge me fairly, compare me,  
            To Dante Alighieri's Purgatorio theory,  
        Assigned to train and equip to spit, who's ready?  
            I'll need a volunteer, do I have any?  
Next year I'll get my SPINGS a master space badge,

After that I'll stop flying fixed wing aircraft,  
Most of you will never understand what I mean  
My dreams are broken into storyboard scenes, 50  
Worm screw elevators, descending to the bottom of the volcano's crater,  
Inside the Devil's Chamber,  
"That is not dead which can eternally lie  
and with strange aeons even death may die",  
The leaders lies got me reassigned, my loyalty was redefined,  
They will not be allowed to see the rhymes,  
What ought to crawl has learned to walk,  
One ought not to think is what Rumsfeld thought,  
I'ma take you for a walk through a beautiful place called Honey Swamp,  
We'll shoot hoops at Mosquito Lagoon Park 60  
The whirlpool of gravity traps me  
Still allowing me to circle the M51 galaxy  
Rap for me reduces the stress dramatically,  
Negative time produces antigravity,  
Inject the gas into the centrifuge mass,  
The Teleological Dynamic will enhance,  
Watch me wet up your weed then bust up your teeth,  
Make you run for your life like there is a bus up the street,  
The Dr. and I would meet, at 29 Palms Joshua Tree  
I always had a lot to debrief, 70  
Killing my myself, killing my health, rebuilding myself,  
Nobody ever feels what I felt,  
Modifying the weather from behind a weather shield,  
Writing with a feathered quill, getting more ill,  
The woman who is there, she will take care of you,  
With (N)exium, Avodart, (L)ipitor, and (T)heraflu,  
Rap Music Profession Immunosuppressants,  
One question per second, One answer per session,  
Hip Hop made me, Hip Hop praised me,  
Ain't nothing changed me since 1980, 80  
Involuntary catalepsy, battle me baby!!!,  
1000 Bars nigga, after that maybe!!,  
Murder, murder, murder, kill kill kill drills,  
Williams was real ill, but now I chill,  
An asteroid field where every rock is shaped like my seal,

I do it for civilians, I do it for the soldiers,  
Raptors, Comanches, STRYKERS, Cobras,  
Back at the TOC with GW Prescott  
Grid location missile lock lift up the block, 90  
I gotta spit 'til the story is told,  
It's a gift, this story is a part of my soul,  
We shouldn't keep fighting, the Earth is our home,  
If we destroy Mother Earth, where will we go?,  
Starving in destitution, dying for retribution,  
Why would you wanna blow a hospital? You stupid?  
Our now fruitless creations used to be in abundance,  
Like something harder than Tungsten, break your arm if you punch it, 90  
I ride on a flatbed chariot, four ostriches carry it,  
I control their movements with lariats, 100

Polygraphs flutter, the Lovecraft Craft Lover,  
Quoting my favourite Inventor, "I see excitement coming"  
    I raise my hand, lightening bolts stream from it,  
    I see excitement coming, I see excitement coming,  
        Unsatisfied, I decide to redefine rhyme,  
        To create product of an applied mind,  
They say "we're divided" I say we're small minded,  
    Right after I said it I moved to a small island,  
    There was no contingency plan given to me,  
Tell the motherfucker send his transcripts to me, 110  
    Swear your allegiance the tuition is free,  
    To be a mini me version with minor abilities,  
        7.83 hertz from the Earth magnified  
    Signal Intelligence emanating from your mind,  
        At the Observatory summit of Mt. Graham,  
    Looking through this starlight scope in my hand,  
        Beautiful longitudinal musical lyrics,  
    Fragments of Olympian Gossip is my vision,  
        If A is a success in life,  
Then A must equal X plus Y plus Z no doubt, 120  
        If work equals X and play equals Y,  
    Then Z must be equal to you shutting your mouth,  
Surprisingly got The John Campbell award for writing,  
    By summarizing that rhyming can be dehumanizing,  
        From the Kinetic to the Energetic,  
To the magnetic, ultra, electro, and uncensored resonance,  
I need to be alone, you cannot comfort me like my poems,  
    1000 Bars put me in the zone,  
The Pope shook, they ransacked Rome and burnt books,  
    I ran back home to hide mine in the woods, 130  
        I might get drunk and boast,  
    Corruption is necessary, but tell me who's the beneficiary,  
        Which one of us will sing Hail Mary?,  
    Hip Hop supposed to be about endurance,  
    But every time you rhyme not just when I'm touring,  
        Acupuncture point or plus, is not enough,  
    I need more pain so I can pretend to be tough, 140  
        The facts too acute to repute, or debate,  
        My face, is a slim sleek gas mask shape,  
    My dream was identical seven nights in a row,  
    I saw a sideways 8 wrapped around a microphone,  
The window is closing, from the other side it looks like it's opening,  
    Where am I trying to go with this?,  
        Fire and Ash fallout, that's what it's all about,  
    We must construct a shelter, and then build a wall around it,  
        All the parents want to do is look at the body  
    But, it won't happen 'til after the official autopsy, 150  
        A good psychological environment for science,  
        I'm memorizing visualizing peace and quiet,  
    Father Author Poor Pauper has poor posture,

As filthy as the collar of a dirty grave robber,  
This is my unacknowledged special access project,  
Time reversed waves in nonlinear optics,  
The coral reef is changing from green to amber,  
Scientist scramble to come up with new answers,  
The truth is well within my sphere of pursuit,  
But I'm unprepared to take action just like you, 160  
The innate need for Canibus to be professional,  
Make it difficult indeed for me to connect with you,

Greetings and Salutations, my equations are inundated with information,  
Electro Cranial Stimulation,  
Burn skin off face, burn face off skeletal plate,  
Plasma Ray Gun is just one explanation,  
Man Made Membrane roofing remediation,  
Any and all entry points have immigration,  
One meter beside the Hubble outside the bubble,

The effects of gravity on my muscles were quite subtle, 170  
I do what I want to do, I have always been that way,  
Because I have always thought that way,  
Attach the piezoelectric transducer to your computer,  
Poet Laureate is the future!!!,  
Pulsating Lights and Sounds surrounds spirits,  
Bio Oral Beats, layered underneath lyrics,  
250 thousand cycles per second, for Dolphin hearing,  
The Electrical Optical Coupling Gear is effective,  
88 Kilometres above the planet,

My rhymes harness a power beyond your understanding, 180  
The Gods began to call me, I looked up stars fell towards me  
And scorched me to a metaphor freak,  
The authentic Command Doctrine of George WashingtonHimself  
GW I'm positive it's him,

I proof read my writhens, eat a chicken with the skin missing,  
Spend the whole night out binge drinking,

First it was vote or die, now it's don't vote, why?  
Weed is now legalized are you high? 190

Rhymes compartmentalized separated to prevent bootlegging pirates,  
Be my guest keep trying,  
The bird chirps dying in the dirt because the earth is hurt,  
But not before I start cursing first,  
Not so fast Mr. Iconoclast,  
If you don't leave the bottle outside you can't pass,  
Gather the evidence, then give it to the President,  
Don't reprimand him, ask him for help next,  
A lamp with no electrode will not glow,

We need some new bright ideas that we did not know, 200  
You cannot fold under the political pressure,  
You gotta take prudent and precautionary measures,  
I think of rhymes in my mind when I autograph sign,  
I can't wait to sign an autograph for the last time,  
A Luciferian web, everyday we are burying dead,  
Every colour in America bled,

This is empirical evidence of the greatest collection of Canibus sentences,

You'll never reach the end of it,  
Fire and forget, rhyme for respect,  
I didn't get that so I wrote Poet Laureate, 210  
The Hubble Space Telescope images changed Bis,  
And nothing on this Planet can dissuade this,  
They left me dehydrated by the Nile River naked but I made it,  
With passion of a Microphone Patriot,  
Music is my bread and butter, why should I suffer,  
My publicist said she could get me the Time Life's cover,  
The spin off from the Press should be able to feed you,  
But I declined 'cause I'm familiar what greed can do,  
I can not lose or win,  
I would only like to be remembered as the dark skinned Lizard King, 220  
Into the bottomless pool of Poetry I plunge,  
Let it be said, let it be written, let it be done,  
Publicly coming forward with my metaphors to share,  
About the space serpents flying around in the troposphere,  
Poet Laureate Infinity,  
I WILL FOREVER BE THEILLEST LYRICALLY! 226

Poet Laureate Infinity,  
Poet Laureate Infinity,  
Poet Laureate Infinity,  
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!

# Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity Vocal 3"

I spit at a thousand KIPS, kilo tons of pressure  
Every letter is measured in such a way you will remember,  
December, 21st 2012 is the code  
It was placed on the Mayan Sun Stone to puzzle them,  
Starting with some numbers, the code cracker started crunching  
I better have some results by the months end,  
Really, Deep Blue computes deeply and does it,  
What's the answer to Universe? Read me the numbers,  
In the summer the Polar Manitoba's melted by lava  
A team of ER doctors climbed aboard the chopper, 10  
My skull is a submarine hull, I empty the ballast tanks  
I could smell the shit from the seagulls,  
The Rear Admirable participated in battle every war  
At least half of my crew were injured every tour,  
We thought close support from the Navy Carriers and Air Force  
would give us all what we needed, we were wrong  
Canibus is notably known globally,  
My verbal sorcery somehow tries to talk to the beat,  
Lyrically not ready, dress right dress, not messy  
My muscle memory make me bomb squad steady, 20  
You cannot contend with this when I let it rip,  
Eyes, ears, nose and throat specialist Professor Bis,  
The sublime chakra one through nine, through the spine  
Induce the rhyme, internal fire produces the high  
Recite 33 3's 33-3 times for twenty four hours  
Twenty one thousand Nautical miles,  
Ahead of my lifetime I write and recite rhymes,  
Deja Vu in the booth is the truth, when you apply it,  
Devine design, a miracle of Metallurgy,  
Every clergy member from Mecca who heard of me worshipped me, 30  
From the shores of Normandy to the Turkish streets,  
To the bluest oceans glowing on the Persian beach,  
Nuclear Biological Chemical emergency  
I purchase the beat then mix the spit with the mercury,  
The DJ grabs the acetate out the crate,  
Mix the dub plate, the BPMs fluctuate,  
Nobody can hold me back, my flow bloviates  
into a spiritual shape and co-creates rap,  
Cold callous chronic chemical imbalance,  
Smoking a chalice in the Rabbit hole with Alice, 40  
The target appears in brackets, I attack it,  
Access then egress then quit this rap shit,  
Commander of the symphony when man meets ministry,  
Finishing my Archeogenetic Rap Facility,  
They can't battle me so they'd rather embarrass me,  
By being mad at me they commit microphone heresy,  
I am still the Master, as handsome as my unborn Grandson,

Rip The Jacker, call me grandpa,  
As odd as it may seem, the Microphone Fiend  
Is God of the Hip Hop regime, Planet Rock Supreme, 50  
Kill you with green Lasers, evaporated weed vapour  
Electromagnetic Scalar, then something they call a Maser,  
"That is not dead which can eternally lie  
and with strange aeons even death may die"  
Meteors fall from the sky, The Mars God looks at my eyes,  
Controlling my heart, controlling my mind,  
O Lord, tell me what to do, tell me O Lord,  
I've mastered the art of rhyming now I am so bored,  
My pain, my joy, my thoughts, I've passed them on through songs,  
Respond to me and I will answer to your call, 60  
Emotion manifests Thought, Thought manifests Words,  
Actions and Reality, that's how it has to be,  
In front of me, on both sides and in back of me,  
I hear them talking 'bout battling me in the whisper gallery,  
The chain of command blames the unseen hand,  
The Galactic Plane has a Galactic Plan,  
I look up in the sky to see if God is judging me,  
Then suddenly I feel Fatima and Medjugorie come to me,  
Sitting down at the mixing board comfortably,  
They begin to study me, by showing me worlds I would love to see, 70  
My body did not melt beyond the Van Allen Belt,  
I was transformed into a spirit with no shell,  
I could move about freely, I rose, I fell,  
The coldness of heaven is like the coldness of hell,  
Metaphoric Sun Worship, pulling me with planet like inertias,  
Words blinking like the text edit cursor,  
Sentences sometimes too sensitive to make sense of it,  
Layer upon layer upon layer unedited,  
You lazy and you wanna be the best? You crazy!  
The Best Train EVERYDAY of the week, 80  
Propulsion system gravity driven, white hot thermal external vision  
Every lyric got a wormhole in it,  
Saint Germaine is real, Germaine is a sage for real,  
My sigil is a double headed eagle seal,  
Normal life is not real, we are just cogs in a wheel,  
We work, we hurt, we search, we feel,  
Microphonist that utilizes the study of Conics,  
Circular motion in both the para- and the hyperbolas,  
Tiger Woods knows this, everytime he plays golf he shows this,  
A true master at The Masters in focus, 90  
In my time of need, I am not alone,  
I was told in a dream by Cthulhu from his tomb  
Try to hurt me, I'll murder you, lay you down vertical,  
Make your life purposeful, germinate the earth with you,  
My black goggles covered with Bat Guano,  
I'll hang from the ceiling and watch you, act hostile I'll pop you,  
Rap Music and those who listen to it don't owe me nothing,  
I don't want nothing from you, not even your judgement,  
The Philosophic maverick the massive knowledge magnet,  
Underwater sea lilies where I get my magic 100

Matricidal motherfucker homicidal hustler,  
Filibuster, never been a Wikipedia lover,  
If I were you I wouldn't waste time reading rubbish,  
It might turn you into a media puppet, but fuck it  
Leviathan divides the suspect zero sign,  
Therefore, Canibus rhymes for all time,  
Metaphors and Rhyme is poetry by design,  
But poetry continues outside the timeline,  
Unnatural battle ability, the enemy tried to imprison me,  
But they would've been better off killing me, 110  
Theoretically Schiaperelli has mentored me,  
With motifs of illuminated speech and wizardry,  
Over The Horizon Radar Rhymes  
Patent number 4686605

Sound pours out of the ground across the land,  
Jethro Tull was mauled by the God called Pan,  
Creative writing and rhythm, grammar and composition,  
Don't ignore me, ignore the fools who tells you don't listen,  
To you it shouldn't sound like I'm quitting cause I'm not,  
If I am to continue it's up to Hip Hop, 120  
Weary of body and mind, tired of swimming against the tide,  
Why swim or walk when I can glide?  
Zero Gravity exercising, requires expert timing,  
For Sky Diving my call sign is Flying Wing,  
An impossible profession, St. Germaine  
was made to explain the lesson with a 1000 Bar message,  
Now you may go, you have graduated, now you may know,  
Tell the world exactly what you were shown,  
Sure enough, Sesame Street poems brought to you by Sears Roebuck,  
Countdown forty eight months, 130  
Does it amaze me? "No!" Does it phase me? Maybe a little yo,  
We gotta find a way to generate doe,  
The promoter won't pay me what I want for a show  
Why do it for free when I'm worth my weight in gold?  
Mind, Body and Soul inseparable, incredibly,  
Proto plasma recycles the matter perpetually,  
Hip Hop became boring, lyrics seem more like a vestigial organ,  
But they shouldn't be important,  
The diaphragm, the thymus,  
Activate the latent powers that reside inside us with 13 chakras 140  
You get the Guantanamo Bay, The Alcatraz Way,  
You heard what I say? These pigs gotta pay!  
I steadied my approach, this supposed to be a NO FLY ZONE  
Black Sheep Squadron with strobe light hoes  
The Hurricane's eye open, gale winds blowing,  
Moses on a row boat floating in the ocean,  
I figured out, how to save water in a drought  
If we save the right amount I know we can make it out  
The ever expanding mind commanding body, do you copy?  
The Quantum biology biopsy, 150  
My austere designs are so ahead of their time,  
Even when you press rewind you're still left behind,  
Father Author Poor Pauper, breathes to draw Prana

In a yoga pose tryna get close to your mama,  
Your ear cartilage has been targeted  
The bombing will commence, don't be a bitch nigga you started it,  
On the Sabbath I write preplanning for the Planet  
Drawing mathematics, suspended in space as holographics,  
Scientifically Quantifiable megalomaniacal  
viable style it's like trying to ride a Bull, 160  
The lyrical inimical is miserable because I've built a citadel  
of syllables that made me invincible,  
Am I a mad man or a mason? A Patriot or a Pagan  
West Coasting in a 64 with Daytons  
The propulsion system matrix poorly calibrated,  
I'm waiting on the parts special order replacement,  
Battle rap is just aimless entertainment  
Second Round K.O. was one of they favourites, fuck all the haters  
My luck was crushed, I felt like they fronted,  
My heart kept pumping, I had to do something, 170  
I turned the page, wrote a turn of phrase,  
Verbal X-Rays, they say "I don't burn I blaze"  
Don't look at it like winning or losing, in '98 it was amusing,  
Poet Laureate's my New Shit!,  
Time keep on slipping, the Ripper keeps ripping,  
But right now my image stands still in a prism,  
My light reflects like a mirrors, I choose to share it,  
The Precession of the Earth is nearing, preparing  
Assessment and Planning things

Should I put mustard on these sandwiches, a fathers job is so challenging, 180  
My pupil size increase, constriction and velocity decrease,  
You can't Emcee take a seat,  
What are you building Bis? Is it a flying Silver Disk?  
If you ever leave you'll be missed,  
I tear through the Galactic drift  
I travel 10 digits in 10 minutes, now that's some shit!  
You think that's fast? Nah, that's faster than you think  
By the time you blink, the whole Universe shrinks,  
A word to the wise, try to keep your eyes in the skies,  
And try to keep your ears on my rhymes, 190  
The magic reminded that the fire will not expire,  
Pyrus Sidonious gives me energy when I'm tired,  
The Sun is so bright my eyes hurt  
I'm forced to look downward to see inside the Earth,  
I thank Mother Gaia for bearing us green grass,  
But it won't last we're killing her with greenhouse gas,  
You said "the best shouldn't ask for respect",  
Is that correct? Yes could you please speak up, I said Yes!  
I hold Hip Hop responsible,  
Every magazine writer that wrote bullshit in his article, 200  
Gone 'Til November? I'll be gone forever,  
I made these bars so you ALL could remember,  
The illest MC to put it all on the line,  
My career was crucified but I'm still alive,  
Sky scraper spaceships, wide crater dry lake beds,  
"Resistance is futile", they said,

I bear clutch the pen, my girlfriends jealous again,  
So intimate when I write it's a sin,  
Electromagnetic rap flytrap,  
There's no way Earth you can get around that, 210  
This is a no brainer, stop the complaining,  
If Hip Hop is dead, I came here to save it,  
Pages upon pages, everything I've created ,  
The bar was below basic, I had to raise it,  
I did it for my Fathers, I did it for my Mothers and my Brothers,  
I did it for the world to discover,  
My poetry is peaceful, aggressive but regal,  
Progressive to the people, I hope the words reach you  
Dr. Watson and Crick found an third strand in the DNA helix  
So you're not what you think, 220  
Metronome Man will never take commands from the drum  
The beat is my slave and it will behave as I want,  
Cheers! Spill beer on my bear skin chairs,  
I shed tears, I loved Hip Hop all these years,  
Poet Laureate Infinity,  
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY! 226

Poet Laureate Infinity,  
Poet Laureate Infinity,  
Poet Laureate Infinity,  
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!

# Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity Vocal 4"

Nobody do it better, there ain't a truer Ripper,  
I did this separate imagine what we could do together  
    Inspired by God, inspired by the suffering,  
Was it done by a prophet? It must of been, who was it then,  
    Rip the Jacker, hot but cold blooded  
    Many utter the name but very few love him,  
    33 is the number that enlightens the Brothers,  
    Insight to the fullest, that could brighten the dullest,  
The ramifications are awesome, what should we call it?  
    I call it my unacknowledged special access project, 10  
        Skull is a submarine hull,  
In a cave below ground with a painting of Cthulhu on the wall,  
    Necronomicon grimoires,  
Open the doors to the vortex that reaches from here to beyond,

The power to control thoughts however remotely,  
Through a term I'd like to call "Pulse Detonation Poetry"  
    The results from SETI, very interesting,  
I briefed the committee they told me to stop the testing, 20  
    My team was credited, turned over the evidence,  
But not before I could leverage it, promotion to President,  
    Cover me, 8 point sighting device for the eyes,  
        Fire!!! Transition if you go dry,  
    Close your eyes, ritualize, spit your rhymes,  
        Without trying you can shift your mind,  
    Canibus altered the sequence of nucleotides,  
    Neuropeptides only get high off just mature Wine,  
        Start timing, Atomic Clock keeps time perfectly,  
Mrs. Guutoff my band teacher always would work me, 30  
        Polyester pants, big fat ass,  
I loved that woman so much, I paid attention in class,  
    My Spanish teacher Mrs Booker had an ass too,  
        Why am I talking about this to you?  
    One day this will be known for now it must wait,  
        I still love them both and I never forget a face,  
At the time I used my Beta waves more than my Theta waves,  
    Then there was greater way I learned at a later date,  
The rate of learning began burgeoning and wouldn't let up,  
    Mommy noticed my vocabulary had developed, 40  
        Telencephalon olfactory lobes I had to practice,  
When a woman has her period I smell it on the mattress,  
    It got to be difficult for any woman to live with me,  
I know my history, but what could that mean specifically?  
        The story of Bruce Lee, I died in my sleep  
    I was weak, it happens with every girl that I meet,  
        A Clairvoyant Technique, using X-Ray refraction  
    Not only can you see into the future, see past it,

But I don't know what it means I pass the DataStream along to my team,  
They say it's more than a dream 50  
Killing caused by poisonous vapours, Lasers, Tasers, Maser,  
Electromagnetic Scalars,  
"That is not dead which can eternally lie  
And with strange aeons even death may die",  
Listen to the rhymes, the rhymes equal Pi,  
If I had a piece of the pie I could buy Dubai,  
Rip the Jacker was born, the bow was drawn,  
Spit a 100 bars before you could run a 100 yards,  
I seen a mushroom to the north, from my porch,  
It was odd, every dog in the neighbourhood barked, 60  
You wanna stand there and talk?  
A blast wave gonna tear more than your roof off, nigga c'mon!  
It is my understanding, when I'm high I'm channelling,  
But when I'm out with the family I am animal handling,  
Observe the man with the Microsoft strand,  
Or a 5th or a 6th, 'cause way more advanced,  
I remove the veil from in front of me, suddenly  
The roots of my discovery uncovered skullduggery,  
I am not innocent, but you cannot punish me,  
'Cause I know what the world wants to see, tragedy, 70  
What is Germaine determined to ascertain for his self?  
Few of the same elk have known what I felt,  
There's a Proverb that goes "One should know thyself  
Before one can know the world", so I showed myself,  
The unidentified submersible, looked like a giant turtle half circle,  
Yo, I need to stop smoking purple,  
Requested, selected, elected, but that's only impressive to the expert,  
Who know how to manipulate my message,  
You lazy and you wanna be the best? I repeat,  
Don't talk about consciousness being conscious-less and weak, 80  
If I die and you happen to wake up, I'm still alive  
Please explain my complete life story to my children,  
Photo stills of the cryospill,  
Solarized film revealed that there was a biofield,  
Fuck a record deal, my training is real,  
Look at the sword I wield, you will taste my steel,  
Phase I, sign the MOU, pursue more voters  
There's three more phases that I think you should know,  
The Phase II, build the force, Phase III, sustain Ops,  
Phase IV, transition of all Border Cops, 90  
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si-Do  
These are the tones that will activate the ohm,  
No telling if it will bring out the best or the worst in you,  
It would be a miracle if I was merciful,  
Are you food for the moon? Or are you in the mood for doom?  
Furniture moves when I walk in a room,  
Stryker Brigade Driver, sometimes I was Gunner,  
Checkpoints required all the concentration I could muster,  
Special Weapons and Tactics, Professional Assassin,  
I don't know what he does for a living ask him, 100  
I kneeled before Congress and begged for money,

Submitting specifics about the operation I'm running,  
You gotta love it, what was it called? The G8 Summit,  
"Never heard of it", no details are public,  
The relative radiance of the rhyme makes it shine,  
Increasing the star wattage with longer cycle time,  
Yeah, I bust the rhymes but I customize the lines,  
And by the looks of things I did it just in time,  
I marched from the Halls of Montezuma to Tripoli,  
Physically this mission objective is killing me, 110  
I submit to the will of the creator willingly,  
The possibilities present a probable infinity,  
I looked into LL's eyes we both cried,  
Meteors immediately fell from the skies,  
I've apologized but I can't change who I am,  
I can change future, can't budge the past,  
Them pretty ass lyrics is for bitches with acrylic,  
Only fake niggas catch feelings over silly shit,  
Sports locked and loaded, zero you in from the pillbox,  
Williams! How many kills you got? 120  
The uniforms match so we all look the same from the sky,  
The only time they notice the difference is when we die,  
Is dying a wise thing? What about trying?  
What about the family members back home crying?  
Manmade weapons Starship Captain etc  
George Lucas showed me a full sized replica,  
Circled for a fly over in a black Kiowa  
Five soldiers including me and a pilot called Noah,  
He passed over a top secret dossier folder half opened,  
I noticed the words MOSES and CONUS, 130  
MOSES is a new weapon system secret code,  
CONUS is the continent of the US, I suppose,  
The jump light lit up, Master Chief said "Let's Go!"  
All right men this is what we train for,  
Williams you gotta go first, "if you say so, HALO",  
High Altitude Always Stay Low,  
Gale Winds blowing, this might be the death of me,  
The Airborne unit in the back of me jumped out next to me,  
Gold chords from the organ cut down your swordsman,  
Tell everybody to shut the fuck up when I'm talking, 140  
The 1000 Bar race at an unrelenting pace,  
Just in case Humans ever get to World War 8,  
Do you believe in fate? Then how do you know?  
When you finally get there, where will you go?  
This ain't no joke, you think I'm joking,  
Everything frozen, melted, destroyed, broken,  
Only the chosen find a way out,  
Everybody move out! Make sure to stay off the main route,  
Satellites watch me they think they got me,  
Right hands turn left shoulders around but it's not me, 150  
Atmospheric Reentry a flying sighting, looked like lightening,  
Striking blind, what the fuck's frying?  
Comparative image sharpness between artists,  
I don't think you know what you're about to get involved in,

Give you a quadrillion dollars to be a partner,  
If you are still worshipping money I think you are Godless,  
Sulphuric Nitric Acid eat through the Labyrinth,  
The foundation is cracking, we must take action,  
Basic Instruction Before Leaving Earth, B.I.B.L.E.

I take shelter in an old Missile Silo, 160  
Hip Hop is blackened pot placed next to a kettle,  
With my logo in it, a rigid rehomogenized metal,  
Millions of you are unfamiliar with what I'm saying?,  
Discuss it with your Chemistry Professor he will praise it,  
Tri Quad Quintangulate where did the signal originate?

Try to find out more information,  
The internal atheist outside the Matrix,  
Sophia Stewart offered me a pill and said "take this",  
She asked me if I was followed, I told her I wasn't,  
I didn't know the spy that sold me out would be my own cousin, 170

"Populace uniformed is a populace of slaves",  
Washington didn't say it quite that way,  
But it's something like that, you get the point I'm assuming,  
Poet Laureate Exclusive New Shit!

The message said "We should meet somewhere clandestine",  
Professor keep heading East to the Best Western,  
Do not loose your bearings, keep checking your direction,  
"Start Session point 666 arc seconds"

The budget is huge, I have doubts about spending it,  
Concerning Cyclotronic Resonance, patents are pending it, 180

Canibus AKA "The Spitzberg Beast",  
Gave his Bicentennial Speech on Emerald Peak,  
You'll need a first aid kit for the verse I spit,  
I am cautiously meticulous but artfully brisk,  
A change is beginning every molecule is spinning,  
Lyrics imitate the art, art imitates lyrics, can you hear it?  
Signals bounce back and forth like a mirror,  
With flawless error, like that forever  
Surface the air radar tells me where they are,

Are they far? I patiently watch the sweep arm, 190  
We can find them but they can't find us,  
Just below Mach 3 the rhymes ionizes,  
I'm hooked on Hip Hop, I can't live without it,  
You can mix this song a thousand ways I don't doubt it,  
The daughters of man locked in prison camps,  
With the sons of mothers that are too weak to dance,  
At least we notice damage, what do we expect,  
The coming super storm is gonna wipe us off the map  
But that is not possible, that's sounds completely illogical,

You must've been kicked the fuck out of school 200  
Always remember the Reptilian agenda,  
"No Pulse Rendered" in the earthquake's epicentre,  
I found fluoride in my water supply,  
At the time I felt a total apathy towards dying,  
The ungrateful dead reoccurring images playing in my head,  
I was told to memorize what I was said,  
"With this salt I consecrate this water,

may whatever it touch receive Hallowed Light coming from Them."

"With this sacred water I consecrate this Talisman

so that it will make me Poet Laureate" 210

Otherwise I'll be so depressed, oh well no regrets

I been toe to toe with the best, I 'Know the Ledge'

I accept all cultures, colours, creeds and races

Life is Life no taxonomical classification,

No corruption, no disruption, no destruction, no budget, no nothing,

It's never that easy, you just gotta trust it,

A leader that feels beleaguered to teach the youth,

The Youth will refuse to follow if they don't believe you,

There is strength in numbers there are numbers in strength,

Nothing good comes from hatred, Love's the missing link, 220

Even if I am in a minority of one,

The truth is still the truth no matter how it's spun

My mind is prepared, Hip Hop is impaired,

If you disagree with me then yours isn't there.

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Poet Laureate Infinity Vocal 5"

I rock rhymes for your pleasure, you listen at your leisure,  
I only record it once you listen to it forever,  
The fish hook stuck in your jaws, the feedback was not positive,  
Human Hominids fishing for compliments,  
Started with a nugget, the budget snowballed into something,  
Above ground running not underground covered ,  
Breath easy, regulate the pace see if they love it,  
The Poet Laureate puppet with a message from "The Others",  
The aura describes the forces, I'm too involved to divorce it,  
My internal compass points me northward, 10  
My skull is a submarine hull,  
Calling whales with whale song, creating basketball size hailstorms,  
Water World under water war protected by the Jericho wall,  
With surface permutation of the permafrost,  
My war birds are grounded, their wings have been burned off,  
I'm not concerned though, it's only the first lost,  
Poetry Poetry Poetry Poetry,  
Poet Laureate infinity now you know it's me,  
Yeti riding a Triceratops with Elephant netting,  
Attending Black Widow weddings dressing in gossamer webbing, 20  
Pretending, experimenting, they call me a heretic,  
A derelict cherubim seraphim protecting America,  
Height, weight, eye colour, skeletal structure was designed,  
I circle my flight instructors in the skies as they fly,  
22 times, to show them I have plenty new rhymes,  
Poet Laureate will prove it to you all in due time,  
Don't be upset with Canibus yet, the kid just want respect,  
You been a success but what do he get?  
Politics and Perjury bring out the worst in me,  
But I don't take it personally, even though it's hurting me, 30  
The key maker turns the key, those observing me keep cursing me,  
They aren't worthy of a word from me,  
I spit the truth, Rip the mic, Rip the booth, Rip you too,  
Rip the Jacker is proof I Ripped through,  
It drives me insane when a woman wears lace,  
The current gene structure is 46 pair based,  
Her heart rumbling and thundering like Captain Nicole Malachowski  
From an airbase, on a clear day,  
Ok I'm a pervert, It's time to fess up,  
I might be looking for a leg up, but I won't touch, 40  
Closet sadomasochist sexual pacifist,  
I like to role play but I only play masculine,  
Victory over injury a victim to misery  
The myriad of my metaphors make me a mystical mystery  
I'm a giant in the industry just over 5 ft,  
Even my photo ID don't look like me,  
The NASA contractor with a satchel of answers,

I passed up the Nobel Peace Prize for my passion,  
Democracy Rules Everything Around Me, D.R.E.A.M.,  
Another fucking acronym, just what I need, 50  
Killing me with phrases that were designed to put me into dazes,  
As worthless as stupid junk mail is,  
"That is not dead which can eternally lie,  
and with strange aeons even death may die",  
The Squid Faced God is difficult to describe,  
Those of weak heart and mind shouldn't even try,  
In a town near Kadam and Kakrak Jahlalabad,  
I pray in a hut constructed from Sago Palm,  
Astoria Oregon Fisherman Poets got lost,  
Looking for Paradise, it only exists in the heart, 60  
'Cause emotion manifests Thought, Thought manifests Words, Actions and Reality,  
But what is attracting me?  
The overseer of poetic antiquity,  
The Victoria and Albert Museum kept them for me,  
Pythagoras, Dionysus, Loki and Pan,  
They have enlightened me thru song to understand,  
The multiplex meshing multiple messages is too much for me,  
Truly there is too much to see,  
I'll mix one for you, then one for me,  
I'll mix some for the street, mix 'til my thumbs bleed 70  
A stationary pulley drawing from a wishing well,  
The Genie gave me more than three because I listen well,  
Conflicted and confused but completely compelled,  
To celebrate my birthday alone in the year 2012,  
I hope I am not alone, that would be terrible,  
If I am celebrating then that be a miracle,  
In a newly ordered world living in shit,  
No matter how good or poor your English is,  
You lazy and you wanna be the best? You crazy!  
Poet Laureate is reserved for the name G, 80  
e-r-m-a-i-n-e,  
Will-I-Am, the name that my precious mother gave me,  
The world came to know me as Sir William,  
The man of steel with a Smallville build with the illest ,  
Some of my thoughts align with Einstein himself,  
I wanna know God's thoughts too, the rest are details,  
Lyrical Fitness is no secret of course but,  
The secret to creativity is hiding your sources,  
Preserve the sanctity of the Soldiers in Iraq,  
Do not blame them and hold their humanity hostage, 90  
Pray for the families that want them home,  
Pray for the families abroad that have lost their homes,  
Who have lost their faith, who have lost their hope,  
Who have lost their point, who have lost their own,  
Yo! Calm the fuck down, I shouldn't have to curse at you,  
Hydrate as much as possible, drink a lot of juice,  
Fucking bummer, no armour inside the Hummer,  
Gotta hug a motherfucking sandbag for cover,  
Now I'm self employed, still gotta pay taxes,  
Cashless, bankrupt, ain't got no assets, 100

From the gutter to the gallows no media coverage,  
'Cause I don't want it, that's why I'm rarely seen in public,  
President Poetry, the popular obedient Pundit,  
That's right, you can take this job and shove it,  
I dictate a scribe that causes the court stenographer to die,  
Brewing hot tea with honey and lime,  
How's my driving? Run you off the road smiling,  
1-800-RoadRage, Start dialling,  
The snake will grow feet and stampede you to your defeat,  
You are weak, you lied to us all in your speech, 110  
Symbiotic indeed, the host bleeds,  
Parasites attach to feed fulfilling antiquated needs,  
Rock climbed the slope shaped like a stop sign,  
In record clock time, Hot Lava lock rhymes rock slide topside,  
How does one ever really perfect such a craft?,  
You're obliged by your curiosity to ask,  
Cubism and Futurism writing amusing lyrics,  
My opinion of your opinion is you can't be serious,  
Test driving my principle findings

By designing a new style of rhyming you can take home and try out, 120  
A 100 Bars per hour sometimes I doubled the writing  
Secret signature timing was the hardest part to figure out,  
Agonizing, the pain of the migraine biting my brain,  
And everything inside it I can't explain but I'm trying,  
I heard this before, I can't remember who said it,  
We hear from 1000 to 20 thousand cycles per second,  
Straight out the freak show no pre show,  
Limited oxygen when I rhyme fast you breath slow,  
VFR stands for Visual Flight Rules by the Book,  
You should know this even though it don't concern showbiz, 130  
Because when in Rome, walk as a Roman,  
Obviously you can see you've made the wrong choice,  
Fraternize but don't do it in the wrong tone of voice,

A bad boy with bad toys made from new alloys,  
Readapted from a crashed disc and asteroid,  
My shelter is not far, you can borrow what you need,  
The bunker doors sequestered beneath the tall tumble trees,  
After the Matrix, Agent Smith continued his movement,  
The same bullshit, that humans are major pollutants, 140  
Assemble the Gatling gun, spin it see if it spun,  
Weapons check correct, I'm done, next one,  
My rap room is an 8 by 14 underground base,  
Hypercube microphone booth in a vacuum of space,  
Extraterrestrial Isotopic ratios,  
A broke Scientist in his Lab with no place to go,  
All these conscious rappers ain't saying nothing,  
Matter fact they have no constituent function,  
Mix this record different, you'll hear me call names out,  
It's played out but there must have been alternative routes, 150  
The Geneva Protocol Advocates are so sloppy,  
A human being is not anybody's property,  
Reading body language in a Zero Gravity environment,

Is much easier said than done, if you're trying it,  
Attending the Opera with a Pompous Ego Monster,  
I can barely take my eyes off her big old knockers,  
Integrated in an existing clothing ensemble,  
My Saratoga Suit is Military Garment,  
The Quarantine Isolation Unit is where I house it,  
My team and I salvage the work of Dr. Fritz Albert, 160  
If the prototype works, there's no telling what I will do,  
I'll have to get a new plane, a new pilot and a crew,  
Creatively I have never been to this level,  
First I'll put you in a sideways 8, then a pretzel,  
Password please have patience verification,  
I repeat, "What's Your Character String Verification?",  
Infrared spectral observation from the Space Station,  
Before you take a break, I'll need you to list and name them,  
Dock the Kliper Craft at the preliminary designation,  
Tracing the Detection of Submicron Radiation, 170  
Do not leave the Orbital Boom Sensor System running,  
I heard something called nothing that the Cosmonauts were coming,  
The rhymes are in place, General George Case and Peter Pace  
Said we had absolutely no time to waste,  
Next time we meet this whole song will be a new mix,  
For all the Rippers out there who need a new fix,  
My Father is Jamaican, my Mother is British,  
Raised to be civic, in the household we spoke Yiddish  
ELF 100 cycles per second, Elephant Hearing,  
I'm heading for the clearing, Storm Clouds appearing, 180  
On the back of an Elephant with advanced intelligence,  
Like Nikola Tesla, shit!, damn that's a smart elephant,  
Cease fire breach, riot and loot for 3 weeks, don't you see,  
Broke niggas never promote peace,  
Susan Malveaux will interview the polygamist Mr. Bis,  
Undisclosed in his home by the cliffs,  
I rip shit consistent, spit persistent,  
The sickness, spit with conviction, promote lyrical fitness,  
I'm lost..... Which version is this? Mozart with a flowchart  
Putting together parts of an unknown art but coming from my own heart 190

Burning a disk, initializing, rhyming and visualizing,  
Reaching 1000 Bars and climbing,  
Martial... several miles deep underneath the Earth,  
The Boston Visionary Cell designed my new Lab,  
Paul Laffoley engineered a magnificent draft,  
Extraordinary men, who meet to review and recommend,  
I attend the Gubernatorial that never ends,  
We just got a SASO, we call this one the Black Hole,  
I'm glad I'm the last to go, 200  
Zionism the answer to your uncensored question,  
Guy de Rothschild and his bloodline brethren,  
Playing the guitar singing folk songs, speaking my mind,  
Nobody could really understand the reason I rhyme,  
Infrared direct hit, target bled, proceed to inject the syringe with meds  
that subsequently pinch your leg,

You feel like your an inch from being dead but you alive instead,  
You're really dead your just living in my head,  
Fire for effect, smoke out then rest,  
Give me a wedge formation, roll out like this, 210  
I will spare no sin, walk in with a scarecrow grin, looking crazy,  
Cause that's what you made me,  
Classified payloads with no frequency safe modes, no safety,  
And I still made time for the ladies,  
Ceiling visibility unlimited, a lyricist river fish surrounded by nigger shrimp  
I'm a killer pimp,  
Somebody said Hip Hop don't need me,  
Nigga I grew up in D.C., I love Lil' Weezy,  
Me and Baby got the same name,  
We probably got the same blood in our veins, liquid propane, 220  
At the top of the Temple Mount Mosque I look at the Sun,  
I just a few words for everyone,  
Everybody bow your heads and say this prayer,  
From this moment HIP HOP IS UNITED EVERYWHERE,  
Poet Laureate Infinity,  
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY! 226

Poet Laureate Infinity,  
Poet Laureate Infinity,  
Poet Laureate Infinity,  
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!

# Canibus Lyrics

"Poet's Palaquin"

Yeah, I like this one

New York, L.A. Times

They both reverse-transcribed his rhymes

Simultaneously, they tried to get inside his mind

His Amazon catalog, rebuild Babylon

Unroll the master scroll of the surface, he sketched the schematic on

A palanquin carries a poet road-mapping a song

Retracing the steps of a journey never traveled before

And the mandolin was laid across legs, bruised and bandaged

Short supply of First Aid is why his wounds were rancid

A musician played Bobby McFerrin, "Don't Worry, Be Happy"

Gradually, if things get worse, you adapt naturally

Choose your fate, as you near death, and move away from a recuperative state

These pharmaceuticals make them hallucinate

It's nothing new to pay dues: how much you produce today?

You know what they say: "It's business as usual, ok?"

Because of sanctions, they are banned from international bank transfers

They stealth bombed Wakanda after they killed Black Panther

The ancestors were angered

When I heard about it, I was in transit

In a former land, the newsfeed was in a foreign language

The Starlink satellite standard couldn't give me a serious answer

The Sirius satellite system was tampered

My Fintech financer finally translated the transcript

My legs failed me and I fell, leaving my spirit standing

Weeping in sadness, what are the chances?

Looking down at Canibus, through stained Google glasses

Wailing in anguish, it's hard to cope

With something so savage, let alone tragic

The melanated man moans on the Sabbath

While America's streets are swarming with Panzers

Horses, carriages, Canibus hands-free lariats

Control free, energy palanquins

The skies pour liquid acid

Water treatment, tap water is brackish

Tech support taken over by hackers

Don't believe me? Blow me

You repeat me? Better quote me

This is a goodie, but oldie, 5.1 Dolby

The Romans tied every sniveling, son-of-a-Nun moaning

To each cadaver closely

Toxic exposure from bodies decomposing

In the hot sun roasting

Painstakingly and slowly infecting

The flesh of anything living, laying there loathing

Selfishly indulging down a structurally corroding

Path of primroses, with eyes nearly closed  
I suppose you can say barely opened  
Swaying to and fro, spraying saliva from dead throats  
Foaming, praying, karaoke choking  
To me, it sound like yodeling, but it is worth noting  
There's forbidden, foreboding tongues scolding  
Which originally OEM designed by Boeing  
Promoting anal swab probing  
Exploding from inefficient battery warnings  
Do the research, homie, I ain't trolling  
My newest CD? Frozen  
Your skin? Smoldered  
Overheated and swollen, steaming and smoking  
And stinking through clothing  
I need a moment to go breathe in the open  
Fucking rappers got me sicker than COVID  
And you know this, still the dopest  
Free the people like Moses  
Hyper focused with both barrels loaded, 'cause I'm a Poet  
And when my palanquin pull up, climb aboard, let's go Bis  
Peep the components, Pete Rock, Can-I-Bus bonus  
Shoulder to shoulder  
In foxhole with speedloaders  
Lord Cyborg soldiers  
Hot fire like Dylan told ya, nugguh

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Shout Out To Lost Boyz"

[DJ Clue]

Yeah, DJ Clue, Desert Storm, all up in ya area  
with the LB Fam, Love Peace and Nappiness  
A little sample, but first..  
My man Canibus, gon' rip shit down, ha ha

[Canibus]

Yo, yo, YO

Lost Boyz the Beasts from the East up in this piece  
with a new release on the streets every fifty-two weeks  
and I dare a nigga to challenge us; I turn the  
Love Peace and Nappiness into your blood on a napkin in the ambulance  
Fuckin with the nigga called Canibus, just the sound  
of my voice'll give you a positive urine analysis  
I'm a lyrical demon, stronger than crack fiends  
that smoke two P's with a C in between em  
LB Fam, makin the music niggaz dance to  
And we sip a very substantial amount of Jack Daniels  
L-O-est, B-O-Y-Z we lock shit  
We invested all of Legal Drug Money profit  
Showin love to each and every nigga that copped it  
In they Jeep, Lex Coupe, Beema or Benz knockin it  
Music Makin You High, givin you that urge  
to spend two-thirds of the money you earned on herb  
You're fuckin with the LB Fam, we do what we gotta do  
You never get the chance to shoot back at who shot at you  
Nigga, you'll be dead before you reach the hospital  
Lookin at you layin there with blood comin out your nostrils  
Queens most wanted, quick to clap a nigga  
Rap at killers who wear Carharts and Caterpillars  
Totin the four-pound, holdin the fort down  
before Heavy D bounced to Uptown became a ghost town  
Cheeks, Lou and Thai see eye to eye  
Spig sees eye to thigh, bein the shortest  
but he still gets busy on the one and two's regardless  
Heard about the Clue tape, so I had to get on it  
Lost Boyz and Desert Storm, Show Us the Money  
cause we STILL hungry, we STILL got the growl in the tummy  
We STILL grimy and grungy, dressin bummy  
Doin shows for foreign currencies in other countries  
Tryin to finance me a Hum-Vee with low mufflage  
Get a production deal, start our own record companies  
Sign our own acts, and rhyme about whatever we wanna rap  
Decorate our walls with plaques  
Summertime eighty-nine or better degree weather  
Nine-seven DJ Clue and LB Fam forever

*[DJ Clue]*  
WHAT?! DJ Clue, all up in ya area

*[Canibus]*

Yo yo yo hold up I don't think niggaz know man  
I'm gonna rock some more, check it out, yo, yo  
Now just by watchin you, I can tell that I got you  
to face me, somethin you don't wanna do, my rhymes  
are too hostile, they'll beat you down in public like the cops do  
Sit on top of you, make a human pinata out of you  
Flow as potent as possible, creatin obstacles Three Feet  
High and Rising, like the chronicles of Posdonus  
The old school hip-hop, is where I get my style from  
Uptown Harlem, is where I get my lye from  
My cousin with mad guns, is where I get the nines from  
Area 51 is where I be gettin rhymes from  
I'm not a human being  
I'm the human being ill with a I.Q. that's off the scale  
If words could kill, a verse of mine'll murder a mil'  
And MC'sll be gnashin they teeth, burnin in hell  
I'm learnin to be the head instead of the tail  
I ain't followin nobody else to increase my sales  
Metaphors are real, like they been forged in steel  
Stood before the judge told him I was forced to kill  
And how I went for mines to get Paid in Full  
Then I went for minds again and ripped em out of niggaz skulls  
The nigga on the block with the biggest balls, layin niggaz  
on the floor, robbin em too a Biggie Smalls song  
"Turn your head round," give me the cheddar  
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever  
"Turn your head round," give me the cheddar  
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever [echoes]

# Canibus Lyrics

"Talkin' The Talk - HRSMN"

(feat. Killah Priest, Kurupt)

*[Intro: Kurupt]*

Underdig, underdig that  
Pull it back  
Blast, pull his wig back  
It's like that  
Lil' bitch niggaz  
Horsemen

*[Chorus x2: Kurupt]*

Everybody thinkin' that they Talkin' the Talk  
Everybody thinkin' that they walkin' the walk  
Nigga watch out, shit's about to spark  
Nigga cuz ya just can't do it, nigga we run through it

*[Kurupt]*

Everybody..

*[Canibus]*

You don't have a broad enough bandwidth to understand 'Bis  
Like what if - I changed my name to CAN-I-RIP  
Tell me, would you understand it?  
Or does it trouble you?  
Is it too much over your head, does it puzzle you?  
I can rap about whateva the fuck I want  
What's wrong with rappin' about whateva the fuck I'd done  
Visually and verbally, I'm hi-res cutting edge  
and if you know Rakim then you should Know the Ledge  
I know I do, get everything I've ever rhymed to  
staple it together and you got a fuckin bible  
Let me remind you, records like Beasts from the East  
proove that I crucify you  
if I ever get to rap behind you.  
What about the freestyles I put on vinyl  
for DJs and hiphop heads to get hype to  
Besides who raps like I do?  
If you ever heard I'm not the best you bein' lied to  
Here's a FYI to I can rip  
but you don't have the mental bandwith to understand Bis  
Niggaz wanna talk the talk  
but when they get their feet chopped off  
they can't walk the walk

*[Kurupt]*

Bitch niggaz..

*[Chorus x2]*

*[Kurupt]*

Now I could rap about whateva the fuck I want  
Is it wrong to rap about whateva the fuck I want?  
Fill the body bags, off the commando Volvo  
Sendin' bodies home in car loads  
In my former life my name was Ricardo  
People used to tease me and call me retardo  
Then got it started to whoopin' niggaz retarded  
Rambunkious, raidin' niggaz, ricocheted it  
Power as Foreman, electric stormin'  
Horsemen stormin', ragin' war in  
Negligence, poetic Pegasus  
Nigga, smoke forms in the form of pestilence  
I reign, like snow and hail  
And sour like Concords, "Boy, is that yo shit?  
Is that yo bitch?"  
Better get a nigga cuz she on the Horsemen dick (Bitch)  
Lyrical linguistic twist shit like licorice sticks  
Comin' with a glock and a clip *[imitating gun sounds]*  
Verbals on job like missles when the AK's spit  
Runnin' shit like the St. Lunatics  
Bitch niggaz

*[Chorus]*

*[Killah Priest]*

I spit verses similar to curses  
Have nurses closin' up the curtains  
Callin' up surgeons, hookin' ya body up to circuits  
But ya condition just worsens  
to the point ya lungs and ya heart stop workin'  
'Til ya carried off into churches then leave off into hurses  
Play six feet Beneath the Surface  
Along with the worms and the serpents  
But I be somewhere in Persian wearin' turbans  
Herbalist, the verbalist, the thoroughest  
Some kind of divine therapist  
Come back to the states as a terrorist  
Wearin' a face like I never exist  
Pull out the Beretta and I spit  
Cops touch me then I sever they wrist  
Ask yourself what type of era this is  
It's the era of the horses, Priest the Horseman  
Priest the Horseman, keep talkin'

*[Chorus x2]*

*[Outro: Kurupt]*

Everybody..



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Who Owns You?"

Jackers...Jackers  
Jackers...Jackers  
Jackers...Jackers  
Jackers...Jackers

*[Canibus]*

Yo...I thug it wit' you, I slug it wit' you  
I had niggas runnin' around like "yeah 'Bis brung it to you"  
Nigga I'll punish you  
Catch you in the street like what's the issue  
Monkey face I'll monkey flip you  
I always wanted to dis you  
You ugly as a pit bull motherfucker I'll rip you  
This is where the Broad St. bullyin' stops  
My bars of gold bullyin' yours are not  
Truth is I never thought your metaphors were hot  
You just talk a lot a shit cuz your on the Roc'  
There's no proof in your "Truth" it was a flop  
That's why Jigga signed Cam'ron to take your spot  
You think you hot cuz you got a little bling or what not  
A typical hustler all you do is think about rocks  
With a budget like yours you should a sold more  
You probably think you were couped nigga your so wrong  
I think Jay fucked you go look at your deal  
In that black mink you look like a ape for real  
If I was blind and I couldn't tell  
I'll probably still hear it from a bitch that you ugly as hell  
For starters the Bentley ain't yours it's Shawn Carter's  
And if it ain't Shawn's its his partners  
Your just another ?convict? artist with frog lips  
On the Rocafella roster that follows orders, nigga!  
You tryin' too much you lyin' to sluts  
You too hyped up, spend some more time in the cut  
I'll turn my voice up loud so I can tell you was sup  
Rhyme for rhyme you was never ready for 'Bus  
Your quotables are anecdotal  
Your whole crew softer than tofu  
Most of y'all don't even know the "Truth"  
If you did then you knew I was a soldier too  
Doing what you already sold your souls to do  
I'm doing shows and my wrist stays frozen too  
But I own my shit who owns you?  
I should sign to the Roc'  
Battle you in the lobby or worldwide plaza make you resign on the spot  
Give me that mic' back Mack Bitch you can't spit  
I don't even know why the fuck Jigga passed you that shit  
I'll embarrass you with that shit, blast you that quick

Wrap you in plastic and toe-tag you as a Jacker

Jackers...Jackers

Jackers...Jackers

Jackers...Jackers

Jackers...Jackers

# Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

## "V For Vaccine"

*[Marty McKay:]*

Allow me to step on a land mine of health discussions  
Our population is headed for self-destruction  
With a vaccine and scheme toward health reductions  
People of the world, I'm here to tell you something  
This vaccine isn't some wonderful savior  
It's Covid X mania, the government gave ya  
Take a look through the curtain waitin', to a mass extermination  
Then ask yourself – "do these facts disturb the nation"?!  
But that's the fake news purpose, to make YOU nervous  
So once it's introduced, half y'all wait to purchase  
They want us wantin' some vaccine in some welfare line  
Thinking the governments lovin' us, and our health care's fine  
Uh – this new vaccine for Covid seems quenching'  
Until you notice it change your genomic sequencing  
We morph the minute ingested  
Half will wait in line, the rest will be forced to get it injected  
Changes change us from medication  
Passed to the next generation, and their kids' generation  
Till one day we're wondering how'd our flesh get erased then  
While scientists are writing it off on just "innovation"  
Are the side effects the difference between life and death?  
Is my blood type susceptible to any type of threat?  
"Chimp Medics" hit at first, making our defense better  
Then, when it quits, we need synthetic shit?!

*[Marty McKay:]*

It's a science rush, scientists thinking they got the "Midas Touch"  
So they try and rush it right to us, to shut the virus up  
Shit, I ain't laughin', kids this FIXED!  
Think it's a joke? Search "(BILL) GATES PATENT 666"  
A sad scene mentally, wearing a mask seems thin to me  
Wondering why nobody talks about the vaccine injuries  
Beware of the organisms that self-replicate  
And make your health deprecate, while the wealthy catch a break  
First seems it's clean, till the words seem similar to this theme  
"In revelation 13:16"  
Can't buy or even make a purchase, it seems  
Unless you let them invade your blood stream  
They ain't gotta flame Molotovs to make dollars off  
What our problems cost in this modern-day holocaust  
You up here in a mask, ain't ya? That's danger  
The cash maker, the new age gas chamber  
Travel ain't in the script, unless your fam's vaccinated and chipped  
Damn, this doesn't make any sense  
So yes indeed I'ma say, the bullets from the heater will spray  
For trynna take my families freedom away

*[Marty McKay:]*

A war going down and I can't fight it  
Unveil the truth that they've been hiding  
All lies, all eyes

Killing me  
Of what's left to survive  
I feel so abused  
Caught up in a fight  
I can't escape  
This ain't no holy water  
Poison in your heart and veins  
They'll erase – all that  
Makes us so human  
Changing our truthful ways  
You'll take your last breath

*[Canibus:]*

The Church, they took the vaccine first, can you believe that – yeah it get's worse

Imagine a war nobody can win? What if we never see normal again?

They're gonna' kill you as an offering

Then they're gonna' make your children orphans

They're gonna' inject vaccines into their organs

The supreme lawless getting sued with some court shit, so pick your poison!

Then they're gonna' pay your great children a fortune

Then make a movie out of it – awesome!

This is the calm before the storm, you've been told you've all been warned

The voice of God is hoarse no more remorse, coz this da' calm before the storm

The virus is fake? Maaaan whatever you say

Wait till it mutates, white people are coming from space

Allah who ubers far, all the way to Minnesota in a Uber car with a box of computer Parts,  
One zebra was white, The other was black, they joined together, vaccines work like that  
Lethal injection might as well be demon possession it increases your adrenal aggression,

I'm the asshole coz I called you a maskhole?

Even tho I'm wearing face diapers too... what you mad for!?